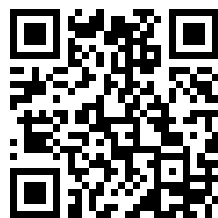

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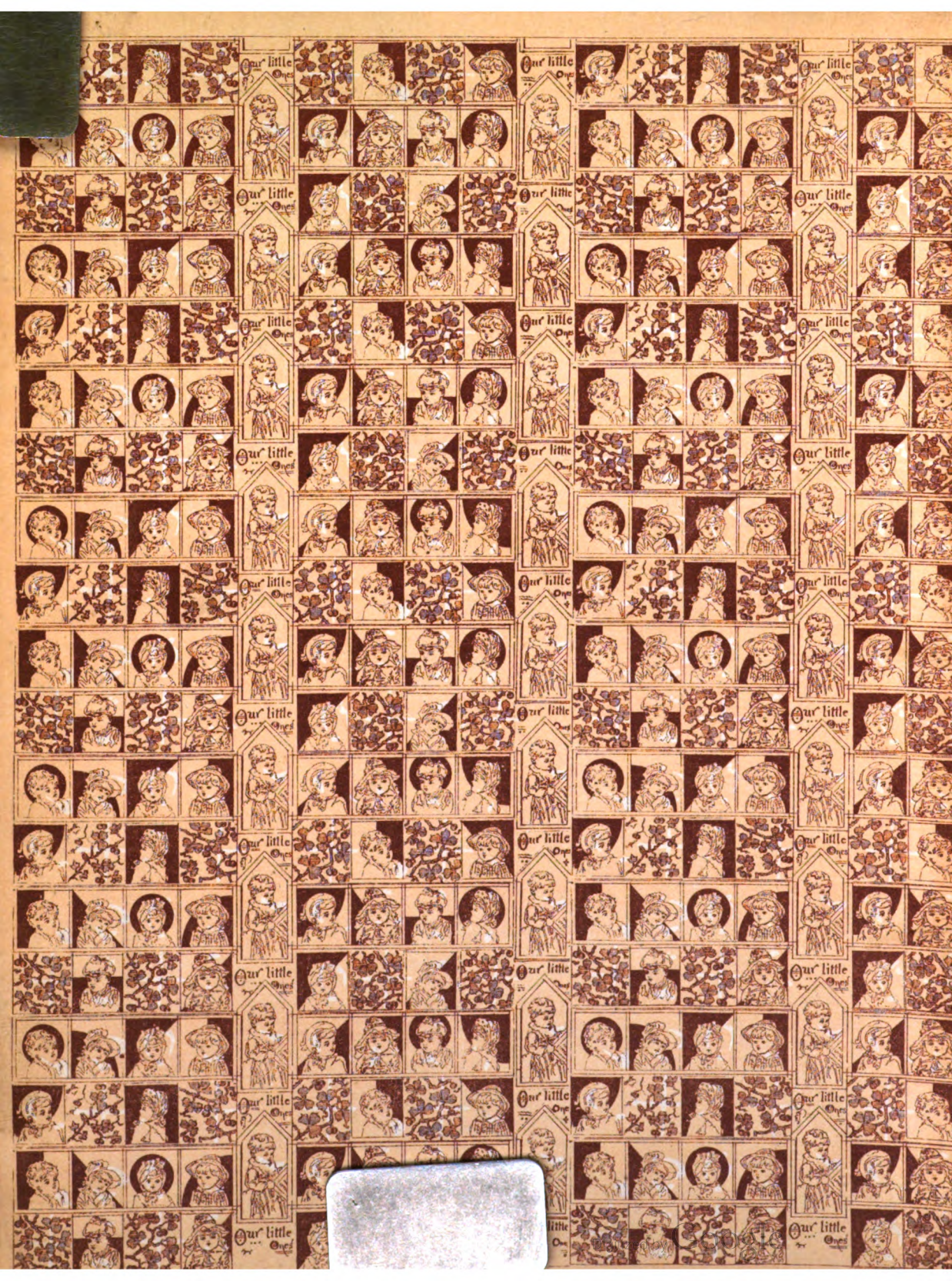
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FOR LITTLE PEOPLE
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OUR LITTLE ONES:

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FOR

LITTLE PEOPLE.

WILLIAM T. ADAMS

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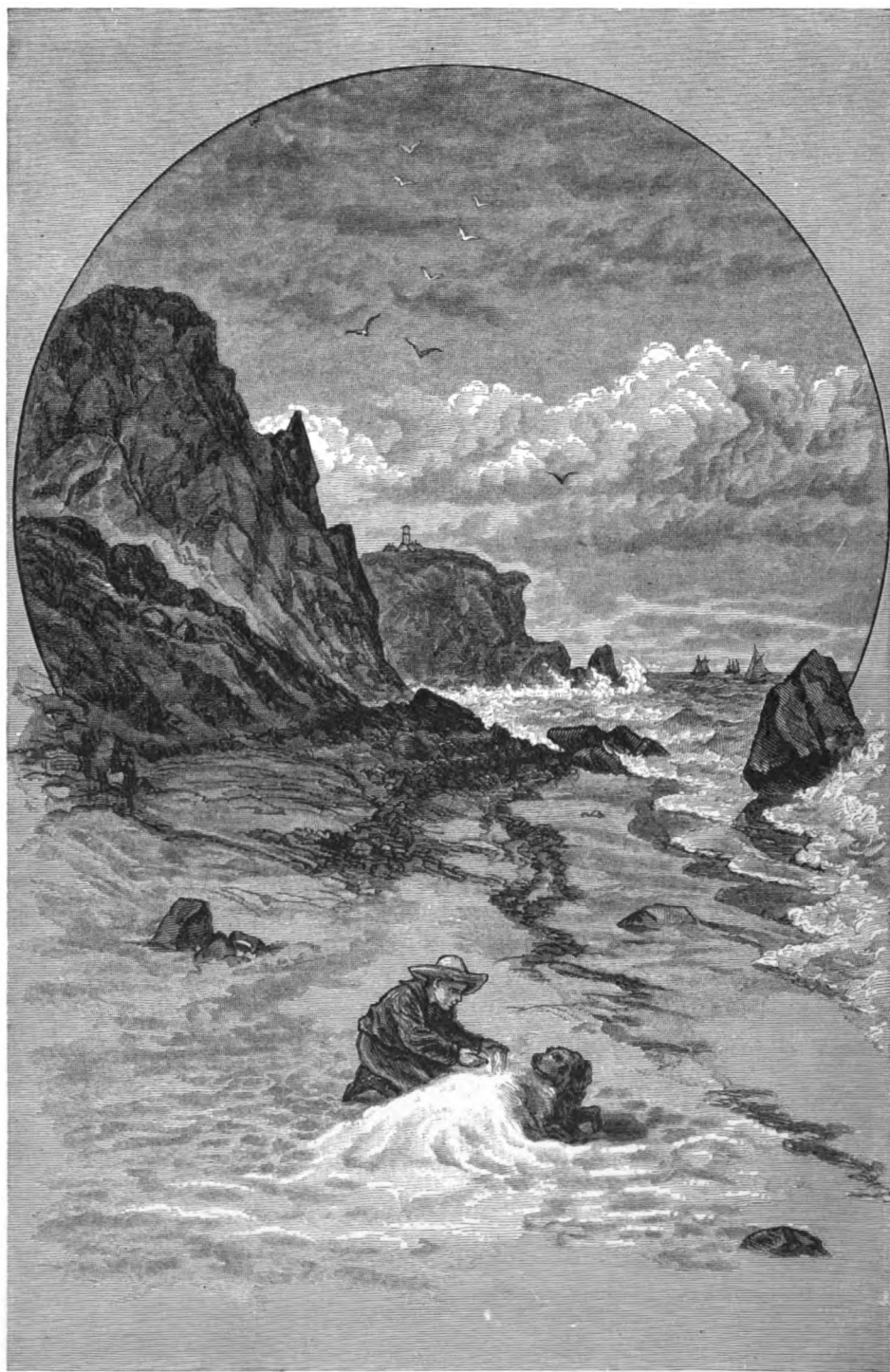
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With many original Head and Tail Pieces, by Garrett, Merrill, Shute, and other artists.





GENERAL HARRY AND HIS DOG.



VOL. I.

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No. 1.

GENERAL HARRY AND HIS DOG.

LITTLE HARRY HANDY was an only child. His parents lived in the city in winter; but their summer cottage by the seashore he loved best. There he and his splendid dog Jack had great frolics.

Harry's papa called him General, because he was so brave; and Jack always obeyed the orders of General Harry.

"Jack! Jack! Jack! where is Jack?" asked Harry.

"Under the lounge, fast asleep," said Mrs. Handy.

"I think a General's horse should not go to sleep."

Harry soon aroused Jack, and, jumping on his back, away they ran to the beach. As they saw the waves dash the white foam on the sand, the little General ordered Jack to stop.

After a few moments' thought he sprang off Jack's back. Clapping his hands, he said, "O Jack! I think of a splendid play; we will pretend you were lost at sea, and the waves cast you on the shore, all dead; and I buried you in the sand."

Jack looked up very wise, ready to obey orders.

"Just splendid! isn't it, Jack? Lie down, sir, and don't move."

Jack lay down at once, and shut his eyes, to play dead. Harry dug a hole by Jack's side with a clam-shell; when he was tired digging, he made Jack roll into the hole. Then he piled up the sand over his back and tail. Luckily for Jack, the dinner-bell rang before he could cover his head.

The General knew he must go home at once, or his papa would

not like it. He ordered Jack to lie still. Jack waited until his General was out of sight; then he sprang up and shook off the sand.

After dinner he told his mother he and Jack had been playing "lost at sea," and Jack was drowned, and the waves threw him on the sand, and he had 'most buried him when the bell rung.

Mrs. Handy told Harry to dig him up at once.

Jack heard Harry's whistle and hid himself under a rock.

When Harry reached the beach, the waves had covered the place where he buried Jack.

General Harry thought Jack was drowned in earnest.

He knelt down on the sand, and holding both little hands up to the sky, he cried, "O good God! please save my Jack, and don't let him be all dead." Then he took off his shoes and stockings, and waded into the water. He could not even find the hole.

Then he climbed the rocks, and whistled, and called Jack. Looking over a rock, he slipped, and rolled down into the water.

As he fell, he sprained his ankle so he could not stand, and the waves dashed over his head. He called, "Help! help!" No one heard him but Jack. Harry put his arms around Jack's neck, and the good dog dragged him out of the water.

The poor General was in such pain he could not get on Jack's back, and all the dog could do was to lick his face and hands, run up the rock, and bark for help.

At last the waves sang Harry to sleep. Jack ran home, and, seizing hold of Mr. Handy's coat, tried to drag him from the house. He acted so strangely, Mr. Handy followed him, fearing Harry was in trouble. Then Jack was overjoyed, walking ahead, looking back now and then, to see Mr. Handy.

When he got to the shore, he went down under a rock, and there lay Harry, fast asleep, in spite of pain and wet clothes.

As Mr. Handy lifted the poor child, he awoke with a groan. When he saw his dear papa, he threw his arms around his neck in joy, saying, "O papa, papa! your little General would have been an angel if Jack had not saved him!"

Very soon Mrs. Handy had her darling dry in bed. The doctor said he must keep quiet until his ankle was well.

Poor Harry declared he would never play "lost at sea" any more.



THE BABY AND THE BEE.

SAID the baby to the bee,
“Good morning, Mister Bee:
I am but a little baby,
And you ’ll please to let me be.”

To the baby said the bee,
“If I am to let you be,
I will let you be a baby,
For you cannot be a bee.”

Said the baby to the bee,
“If you let me be a baby,
You must let me be a bee:
For b-a-bee is baby,
And that is what I be.”

“KHAM.”

FLAXIE STAYS TO TEA.

FLAXIE FRIZZLE had so many grandmothers she did n't know what to do. There were five of them, and they were always wanting her to come visiting.

One summer she went with her mamma to see Grandma Pressy; and of course the baby had to go too, though Flaxie was rather ashamed of him. She loved him dearly, and he was the "beautifullest baby," and could stand on his head "just as cunning"; but, O dear! he was thirteen months old, and not a sign of a tooth! Was n't it awful?

Well, Grandma Pressy lived in a great white house by the river, and wore a white cap with white ribbons; and Grandpa had two cows and a boy, and a dog and some hens. And there was an aunt in the house, called Aunt Hester, who hoed in the garden, and wore spectacles, and wrote books, and was always putting out words for Flaxie to spell.

Then there was a red school-house away off in the sand, — not far enough, though, for you to carry your dinner, — and Flaxie went there to school a few weeks, just while they were waiting for the baby to cut a tooth.

The first day she came home very, very dirty, after the dinner was quite cold, and Aunt Hester "wondered if such a child ought to have any pudding."

"O mamma," said Flaxie, shaking her flying hair, "I saw a little girl up on that hill, and says I, 'What's your name?' and says she, 'Mabel C. Palmer.' And I thought you'd want me to go up and play with her, and I did."

This was the first that mamma had ever heard of "Mabel C. Palmer"; but she was Flaxie's dearest friend all in a minute, and came every day, after this, to play dolls with her under the trees.

She was such a dear, sweet, good little girl that she was actually willing to take half Flaxie's medicine for her, — even when it tasted very bad, too, — though mamma never knew about this. Flaxie

loved her for a great many reasons ; but most of all for swallowing rhubarb without making a face.

But you can't be quite happy in this world ; and Mabel's baby sister, only nine months old, had four whole teeth, and I won't say



this was n't a trial to Flaxie. "Poh ! but they're eeny-teeny things," said she ; "Phil's will be lots and lots bigger — when he gets 'em !"

Mabel came up to the fence one day, where Flaxie stood, smelling a pink.

"How d'ye do ?" said she.

"I do as I please, 'cause Aunt Hester's gone," replied little Flaxie,

with a saucy twinkle in her eye. She was really very bold and naughty sometimes, and you will have to know it; so I may as well tell you beforehand.

"And my mamma's gone, too," said Flaxie.

"Then why can't you come up to my house and see me?"

Flaxie knew why. It was because she ought to take care of the baby. But she asked her grandma all the same, and grandma never could say "No" when little folks teased; so she told Flaxie she might go and stay till half-past four, — no longer.



Nothing was said about supper; but the children thought there would be time enough for that, and breakfast too, almost, — it seemed so very long till half-past four. "Very well," said Mabel's mamma, when they went into her bedroom down stairs, where she was holding the baby; "you may both run out to play, and when

it is time to call you in, I'll ring a bell."

It was very pleasant running about the garden and orchard, and raking little wisps of hay after the men in the field. Only somehow, way down in her heart, Flaxie knew she was n't doing quite right.

"I never saw such a splendid visit," said she, as Mr. Palmer kindly let them feed the pigs.

"I s'pose it's most supper-time, and that's why they're so hungry," she added, gazing into the pen. "I like little pigs; but don't they have the awfulest-looking smell? Why, what's that?"

It was — O dear! — it was the bell; and there was Mrs. Palmer

at the back door, ringing it. Grown folks are always thinking what time it is; they never forget!

"Sorry you can't stay to tea, Miss Flaxie," said Mrs. Palmer, politely.

"O, I guess I can; I'll go ask grandma," replied the little girl, dashing off down the hill, followed by Mabel.

"O, gramma, they want me to stay orfly!" she cried, out of breath before they got to the house.

"Well, stay another hour, then," said the dear grandma, though her arms ached, and the baby was cross, and Flaxie might have been such a help.

So Flaxie went back and stayed "one little more hour"; and then it was n't tea-time. She could see the pretty pink and white dishes on the dining-room table, and smell gingerbread baking in the oven, and she felt very hungry; but just as Mrs. Palmer was opening a can of preserves, who should come but grandpa's boy, Johnny, to say it was half-past five, and Flaxie was wanted.

"So you can't stay to tea, after all," said Mrs. Palmer, putting a small covered dish

on the table. What could there be in it?

Flaxie dropped her head and blushed. "O, yes 'm, I can stay. I've sent Johnny home, and locked the door too!"

Mrs. Palmer could not help smiling into the oven as she watched



the gingerbread, thinking all the while that Miss Frizzle was a very queer child.

It did seem as if that gingerbread never would bake. A cloud came up, the wind blew, the baby cried so Mabel could n't play; and the kitten flew round in a fit.

Nothing seemed as nice as it did an hour ago; and when supper was ready, that gingerbread was burnt, and, as true as you live, the preserves were sour. There was n't anything in the little covered dish but cheese, which Flaxie did not like; and she wished she had n't stayed to tea, for it was a very poor tea indeed.

It began to rain just as hard as it could pour, and grandpa came for her in the chaise, — his back so lame too! When she got home, there was mamma looking grieved and surprised, and there was Mrs. Prim, who had come and found out about Flaxie's actions, and brought her a new doll she did n't deserve.

"Baby has cut a tooth, too," said Aunt Hester; "but he's asleep, and you can't see it to-night."

This was the last drop.

"I feel as if my heart was breaking," sobbed Flaxie, tottering up stairs behind her mother. "I don't care if Baby Palmer has got fo-ur teeth; they're very small."

"I'm afraid you did n't have a good time, dear."

"No'm; Baby Palmer's so squirmy and wigglesome! But they wanted me to stay orfly!"

"And, O mamma!" burst forth Flaxie, "if you'll forgive me, I'll never stay anywhere to tea any more as long as I live!"

"We'll talk about it to-morrow," said Mrs. Gray.

And then she put poor little Flaxie to bed.

SOPHIE MAY.





If I were a bird, I would warble a song,
The sweetest and finest that ever was heard,
And build me a nest on the swinging elm-tree;
O, that's what I'd do if I were a bird!

If I were a flower, I'd hasten to bloom,
And make myself beautiful all the day through
With drinking the sunshine, the wind, and the rain;
O, if I were a flower, that's what I would do!

If I were a brook, I would sparkle and dance
Among the green fields where sheep and lambs stray,
And call, "Little lambkins, come hither, and drink!"
O, if I were a brook, that is what I would say!

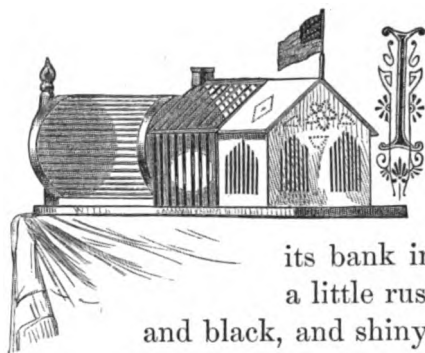
If I were a star, I would shine wide and bright,
To guide the lone sailors on oceans afar,
And travellers lost in the deserts and woods;
O, that's what I'd do if were a star!

But I know that for me other tasks have been set,
For I am a child, and can nothing else be;
I must sit at my lessons, and day after day
Learn to read and to spell, and add one, two, and three.

Yet perhaps by my books I shall some time find out
How the birds sing so sweet, how the roses grow red,
What the merry brook says to the moss-covered stones,
And what makes the stars stay so high overhead.

M. E. N. HATHEWAY.

THE EMPTY CAGE.



HAVE an empty cage. It is a very pretty one. It is a squirrel-cage. I will tell you the story.

May is a bright little girl who lives in a very pretty home by a large river. If you walk along on

its bank in the spring, you will sometimes hear a little rustle, and see two bright eyes, — round and black, and shiny as little beads.

May has a large gray cat. He sees these round black eyes quicker than a child would. His name is Spring Velvet.

One day Spring Velvet was stealing softly along the bank. He heard a noise and made a sudden dash, and in a moment he was trotting home to Bridget with a striped chipmunk in his mouth!

Bridget knew Spring Velvet. She knew he did not care for mice or birds or squirrels. O, no! He liked steak better, and he liked milk better. So Bridget took the little brown striped fellow out of his mouth.

May came running to see what her cat had found. She was delighted; but she saw some little narrow white teeth, and she said, "Oh! he will bite! but I do want him! What shall I do?"

May's mother got a nice starch-box, with a picture on one end. She took a gimlet and bored a row of holes along its sides. Then she put in some wires, and, as one end had a slide, the cage was ready.

Bridget put Bunny in the box, and May clapped her hands for joy. He soon had some milk in a saucer from May's tea-set, a little pile of corn, and some cotton for a bed.

He shook the cotton with his teeth, and pushed it about until she laughed aloud. Then he curled down to sleep. *

May's father smiled when he saw the cage, and tried the wires with his finger, but he did not say anything.

One day he kissed May good-by, and went to the city. May

could not see his thoughts when he kissed her, or she would not have done what she did after he was gone.

She was watching Bunny a long time that morning. She was sure he looked out with sad eyes between the wires. He pushed and tugged at them so hard that May grew very uneasy herself.



Her mother was watching her from behind the blinds. Pretty soon May came in and stood by her mother. She looked down, and she was pulling her fingers. Her mother knew what this meant. She was "making up her mind" about something.

"Mother, I wish you would let Bunny go. He does n't eat much corn, and he does n't lap his milk. He wants to be out. Say,

mother, come, and let us take him to the bank and open the slide!"

May's mother kissed her, and said, "I am afraid you are not quite sure you want Bunny to go back."

"Yes, I am sure," said May.

So her mother took the cage, and they went to an old beech-tree on the bank, and she drew back the door. May laughed as Bunny sprang out, and darted under some bushes, out of sight.

She was very brave the rest of the day. She tried to believe her dolls were better than squirrels; she swung, and read in a new story-book — and at last she heard a whistle, and ran to the end of the front walk to watch.

Pretty soon she saw somebody coming up the lane that made a short walk from the depot, with a valise in one hand and a big parcel in the other.

"O, what have you brought for me?" she called, as her papa came up.

"Where's Bunny?" he asked in reply, as he opened the package, and held out to May a new and handsome cage. It was all bright and fresh, with parlor and bedroom, and a flag at the top!

Then for the first time some tears came to May's eyes.

"O papa! if I'd only known! Would n't Bunny be sorry if he knew?"

Papa looked puzzled.

"Bunny's gone! We did it! He's down the bank! O, what a lovely house! But these wires would trouble him too. After all, I believe he's happier!"

Then May's papa understood. And he said he would keep the cage, that he might never forget he had a dear little daughter who would rather have an empty cage than a pet in prison.

MRS. JULIA P. BALLARD.



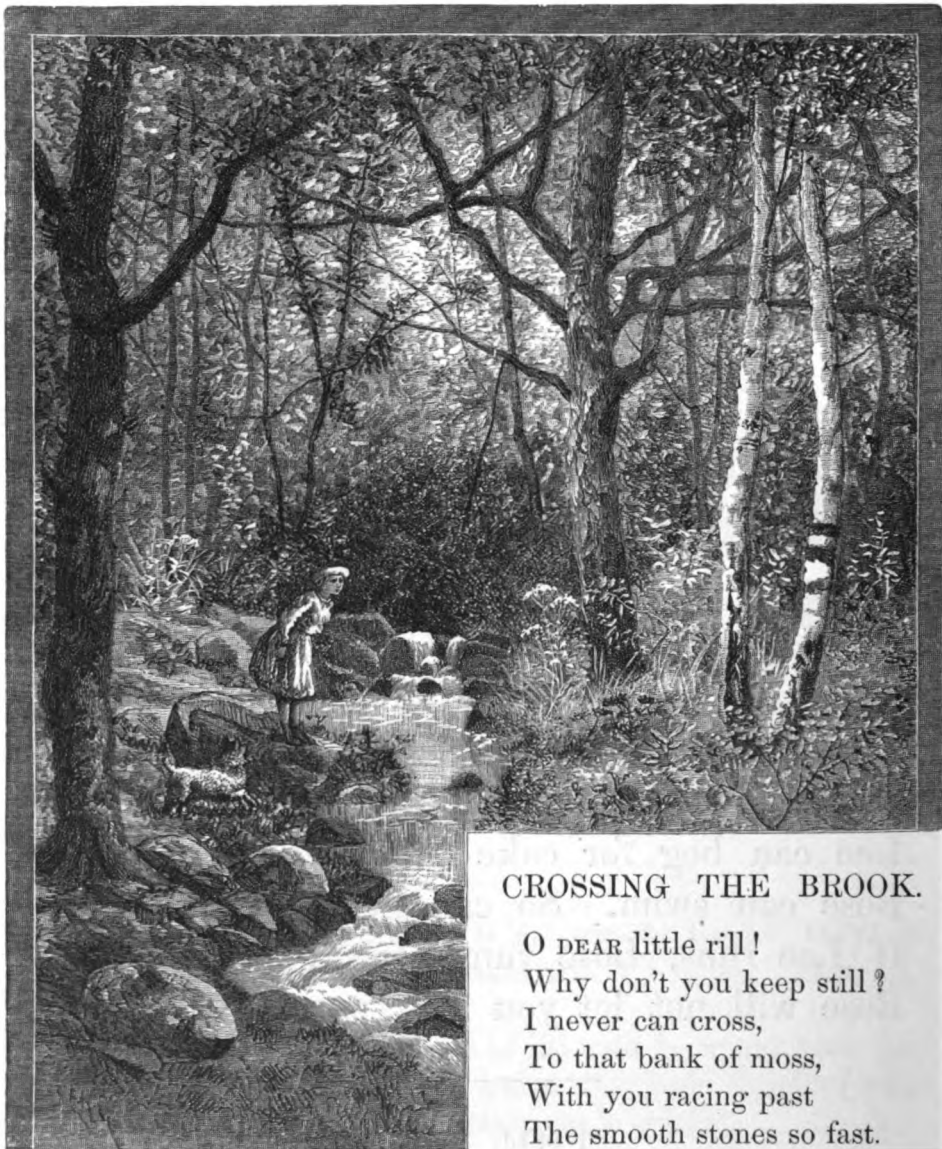


LEE AND HIS DOG.

It is Lee and his new dog.
The name of the dog is Bose.
Bose can stand up and beg for meat.
Lee can beg for cake and pie.
Bose can swim. So can Lee.
If Lee runs, Bose runs after him.
Bose will not let you put your hand on Lee.

THE BEE.

Take care! It is not a fly, it is a bee. A bee can sting. If a bee gets on your arm, do not try to hit it, and it will fly off. If you hit it, it may sting you. A bee has six legs. So has a fly.



CROSSING THE BROOK.

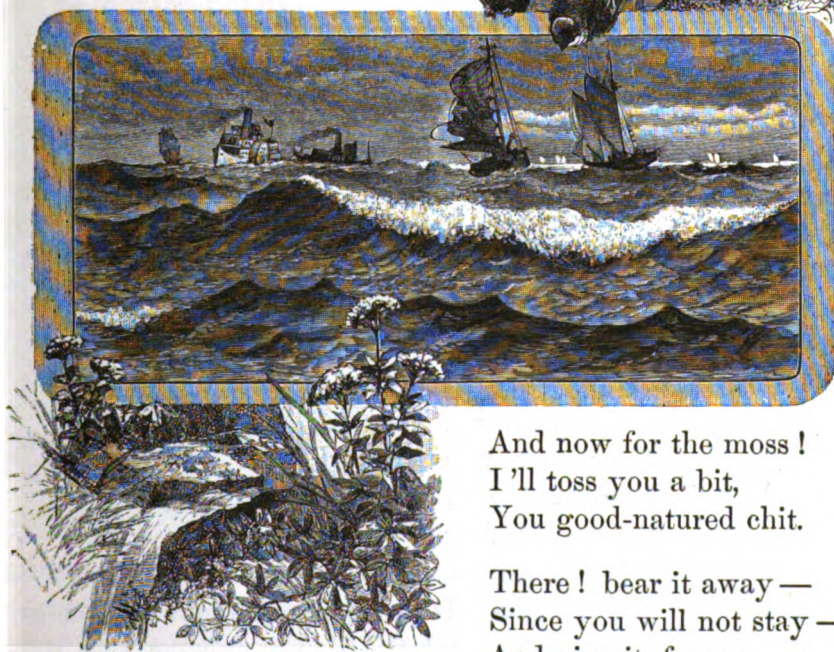
O DEAR little rill !
Why don't you keep still ?
I never can cross,
To that bank of moss,
With you racing past
The smooth stones so fast.

Are you ever still,
You swift little rill ?
Don't you sometimes stay
In cool nooks to play,
For days or for hours,
With bees, birds, and flowers ?

If only I knew,
I'd come and play too,
I don't think you'd mind,
Your voice sounds so kind.
Who taught you to sing,
You dear little thing ?

Now please don't be rude,
Though I must intrude,
And wade fairly through
Your ruffles so blue.
How pretty they look,
You dear little brook !

Come on, Snip ; don't fear !
You can't drown in here ;
And, if you do get
Your dainty toes wet,
'T will not make you sick :
So come along, quick !



Thanks, kind little rill !
Though you can't keep still,
You did n't get cross.

And now for the moss !
I'll toss you a bit,
You good-natured chit.

There ! bear it away —
Since you will not stay —
And give it, for me,
Dear rill, to the sea, —
The great sea so wide,
With ships on its tide !

MRS. M. J. TAYLOR.

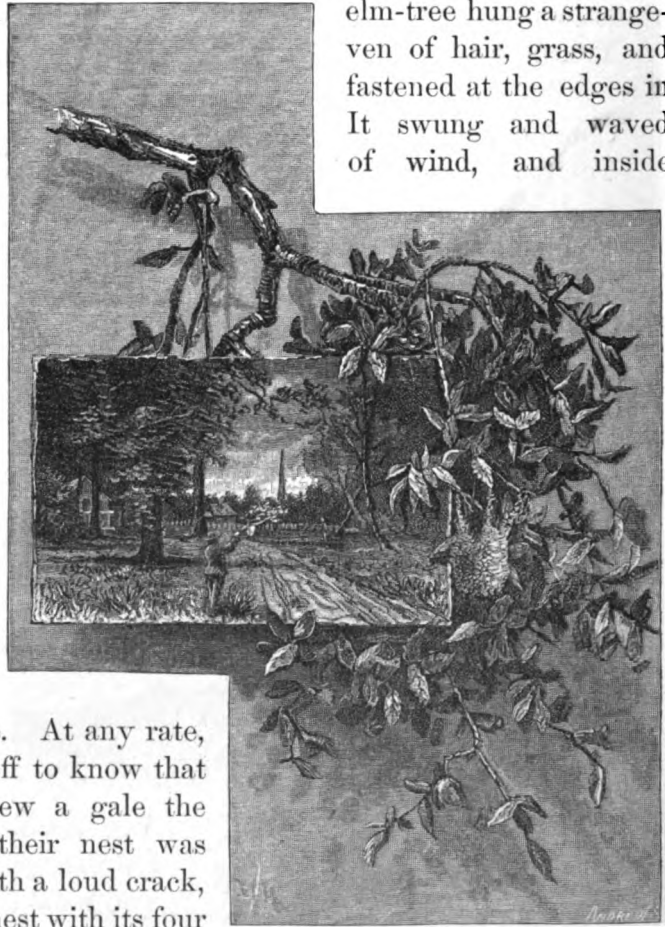
THE ORIOLE'S NEST.

A TRUE STORY.

HIGH up in an looking nest, wobits of string, and the fork of a limb. with every breath four little half-fledged birds trembled with fear when a strong blast shook the branch that bore them.

The old birds were out one day getting food for the little ones, and perhaps they did not watch the weather, or see the dark clouds in time. At any rate, they were too far off to know that when the wind blew a gale the branch to which their nest was bound broke off with a loud crack, and down fell the nest with its four

little half-naked birds. Their mouths were wide open, and they squeaked with all their might. It was well for them that the great hungry cat with its green eyes and tail slowly moving from side to side was not there to spring upon the nestlings. Instead of that, a kind boy, who never looked for bird's-nests to break them up, and twist the necks of the young ones, saw the branch when it fell. He



elm-tree hung a strange-
ven of hair, grass, and
fastened at the edges in
It swung and waved
of wind, and inside

ran to see if there was anything in the nest, and found the little soft bodies tumbled out on the grass.

"Look here!" he called to his brother. "Come, Harry, and get a ladder. Let us put these poor little things up in the tree."

"They will just fall out again," said Harry. "I will show you a better plan."

So he got a ladder, and the two boys placed it firmly against the tree, and then Harry brought a round gourd filled with soft grass.

"What are you going to do now?" asked Johnny, the first boy.

"Wait and see," said Harry; and he cut a hole in each side of the gourd. Through these he passed a twine string, and then put all the little birds one by one into this new nest. There was also a hole in the bottom. He climbed up the ladder with them in his hand, and finding a forked branch like the one that had been broken by the storm, he carefully tied his gourd into this fork, saying, "Now the old bird will fly to her young ones, and feed them herself. She knows better than we do how to manage them."

The two boys hid themselves behind a tree, and the little birds opened their mouths very wide, and chirped very loud.

Presently a clear, strong chirp was heard, and with a flutter one of the parent birds lit on a twig above the gourd.

She put her head first on one side, then on another, as if to see that all her little ones were safe, then flew away. In a few minutes back she came with a worm in her bill, and, flying down, filled one gaping mouth. So she went on, flying back and forth, until each throat had been crammed, and the boys stood and looked on. The other old bird hovered about, and took turns in feeding the young brood.

This was kept up for many days, until the little birds were fledged, and strong enough to flutter about themselves.

At last, one morning early, the boys missed their pets. They were all gone, and as no cat could reach them, Johnny and Harry hoped they had learned to fly so well that they needed no further care.

PINK HUNTER.

TWO LITTLE RUNAWAYS.



Two little runaways,
Faces round as moons,
Up to their waists in
Red clover blooms.

Two little Spitz-doggies,
Noses in the air,

Looking for the two rogues
Here and everywhere:

Wagging their little tails;
Searching in vain,

Through the big farm-house,
Down the long lane.

Two little tired boys,
Losing their way,
Fall fast asleep upon
Sweet clover hay.



Two anxious mammas,
Hunting the house,
Look in every corner
That can hide a mouse.



One shaggy big dog,
On the right track,
Brings the stray little ones
Home on his back.

Two little bath-tubs—
Soap not amiss—
Make both the runaways
Clean enough to kiss.



One pretty cot-bed,
Smooth as your hand,
Carries both the darlings
Off to sleep land.

M. J. T.

MY CAT, HOP.



Y name is Amy, and I am seven years old, going on eight; I have not been going on eight very long, — only three weeks.

My mamma tells me very often that I am only a little girl; but I do not see how that can be, for I am a head taller than Tom, and Tom thinks he is big, — almost a man.

That's my brother, — Tom; he is five.

He loves dogs, drums, and fire-crackers; and hates cats, dolls, and needles.

Mamma says he is a great trial, and makes too much noise; but he always gets the biggest piece of cake, for all that.

Papa says he is the finest boy on the street, but he does not take him with him when he goes out to walk; he takes me.

Tom is a good boy, and I should love him if I could forget the way he treated my cat, Hop.

I am trying to forgive him; I think I will some time, but I am afraid I have not begun yet. I would tie a tin can on his dog's tail if I dared to, and papa says that is no way to forgive.

My cat, Hop, was white, and the dearest little dear you ever saw.

I named him Hop after our wash-man, because he gave me a funny Chinese doll with a big white head, and a tuft of hair sticking out behind each ear.

One day, when I was coming home from school, I kept thinking how I would love a kitten, if my mamma would only let me have one, and when I got to our door, there was a white kitten on the doorstep.

When I came up on the doorstep, the kitty rubbed against my feet and purred; he was thin, but as white as snow.

Mamma does not love cats as I do, so it was a long time before I could coax her to say that I could keep Hop; but at last she said "Yes," and told Tom not to set Jack on him.

Tom said he would not, — at least, until Hop got fatter.

The very first time that dog saw my poor kitten, he growled. I covered Hop's head, but he scratched out of my apron, and spit at Jack. Even Tom said that was pretty good for a small cat, and a white one.



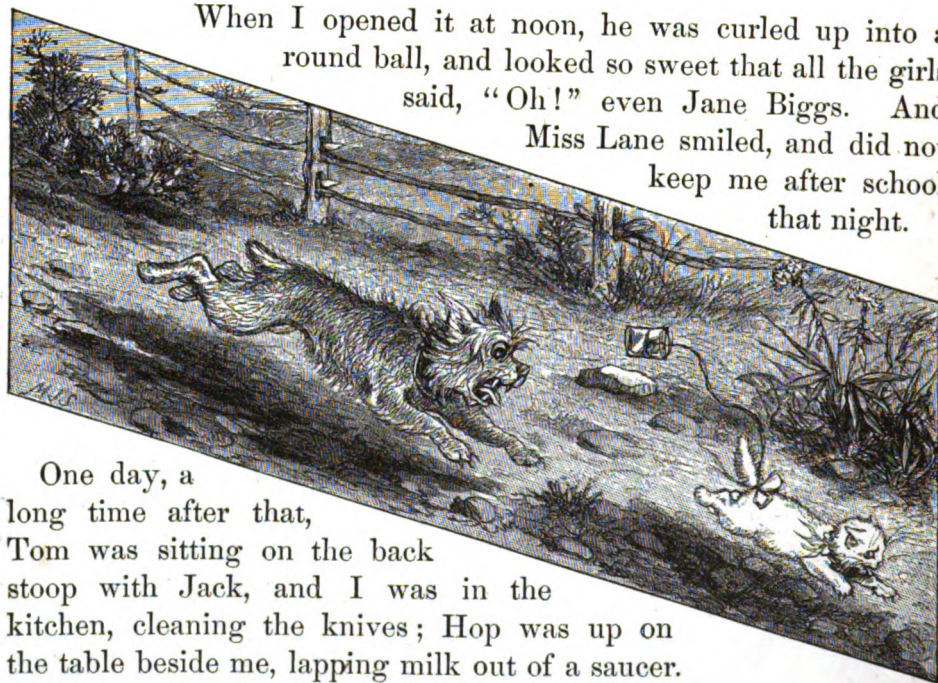
Two days after, they had a dreadful battle, in which Hop beat. Tom did not say anything, but the next day he set Jack on Hop, and Hop beat again. Then Tom said Hop was a wicked old witch!

You cannot think how cunning Hop was; if he scratched Jack, he never scratched me, nor even Tom.

I took him to school one day, under my shawl, and put him in my desk ; he was as still as a mouse, and my teacher would never have known he was there if that hateful Jane Biggs had not told. I cried, and hugged and kissed Hop when Miss Lane told me to put him outside, because I knew he would get lost, or bad boys would catch him.

I cried so hard that at last Miss Lane said I might put him in the closet until noontime ; so I made a bed of my shawl, put him on it, and shut the door.

When I opened it at noon, he was curled up into a round ball, and looked so sweet that all the girls said, "Oh!" even Jane Biggs. And Miss Lane smiled, and did not keep me after school that night.



One day, a long time after that, Tom was sitting on the back stoop with Jack, and I was in the kitchen, cleaning the knives ; Hop was up on the table beside me, lapping milk out of a saucer.

Tom called to me to come and look at the worms that he was going fishing with. I knew mamma would not let him go fishing, but I took Hop, and went to look at the worms. He had only one, but before I had time to look at it, Hop began to make faces at Jack ; that is, he made his tail get big, and spit. Jack whined, and ran down the steps into his kennel, and I laughed.

Tom was mad ; he ground his teeth, and said Hop was a wicked old witch ; that they often went about looking like cats, Charley Biggs told him so.

He said no cat could beat a dog, unless it was a witch; but I asked papa, and he said it was all nonsense.

I went the next day to see my grandma, and had a very nice time.

The first word I said when I came home was, "Where is Hop?"

Nobody said a word, but I looked at Tom, and he could n't look at me; so I began to cry. Papa told me not to cry, that I could have another cat, — as if I could ever find another Hop. Mamma said Tom was very sorry, and I must forgive him. I said then I never would, but I think I shall — some time.

Tom said he did it to see if Hop was a witch, and Charley Biggs told him there was no other way to find out; and he told me, as well as he could for crying, that he supposed I would be glad to know that Hop was not a witch.

Charley tied the can on, — a yeast-powder can!

Then they chased him, Tom and Charley and Sammy Biggs and another boy, and Jack and the Biggs's dog, until he ran under an empty house, and papa said he must have died there of fright.

My poor darling Hop! I hope I can forgive Tom some time.

CLARA G. DOLLIVER.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

MOPSIE'S WALK.

It was a bright, sunny morning in early spring, and little Mopsie thought she would walk part of the way to school with her brother Hugh. When they reached the gate leading into the high-road, Hugh told her to run back home and say her lessons; then, if she was a good girl, she might come to meet him in the afternoon.

Mopsie stood and watched him till he was out of sight. She thought she would not go home just yet. The sun was warm and nice, and the birds were singing sweetly. Over in the field across the road a woman was walking slowly, with such a funny thing in her hand. She was looking down on the ground, and dropping something white out of a bag slung across her shoulder, into holes made with a curious half-hoop, which she held in her other hand.

What was it, Mopsie wondered. She would run across and see. Mopsie was very short and fat, and it took her a long time to waddle over the rough, ploughed field, to where the woman was at work.

"What is you doing?" she asked, panting, and falling over a heavy clod of earth as she spoke.



"Planting corn, little miss," said the woman. "Did you never see that done before?"

"No," said Mopsie, for she had only seen five springs in all, and could not well remember any before this one.

"What is that funny thing in your hand?" she next asked. She

tried to keep step with the woman, who walked very slowly. She dropped her grains of corn in the holes made by the stick, and carefully covered them with her foot.

"It is a corn-stick; not like your papa's fine machine, but it does as well for me."

"O, look there!" cried Mopsie, who was soon tired of looking at the corn. "What is that under the dirt?" And she pointed to a little reddish-brown ball, with bright eyes and a long tail, that seemed to be wriggling about. "There are three! O, just look!"

"They are horrid little field-mice, that will eat up all my corn," said the woman, sharply; and she took up a stick.

"Don't kill it; please give it to me," said little Mopsie. "I will keep it at home, and it sha'n't eat your corn."

But it was too late. The woman struck the mouse on the head, and it rolled over, quite dead. The two young ones on the big clod crept up to their mother, but perhaps they saw she could not move or help them any more, for both rolled off the clod, and died too.*

"Oh! are they dead? I am so sorry!" said Mopsie, ready to cry herself; but the woman only laughed.

"Yes, their hearts broke because their mother was dead, I suppose; but I will make sure"—and, with a parting blow to each little mouse, she went on. As Mopsie stood quite still, she was soon left far behind.

"I am going home," she said to herself. And away she toddled to tell her mother about the poor little mice who lost their mother and died of grief.

ROTHA.

* A fact.



WHERE 'S WEEZY ?

THIS time it was Papa Haynes that missed her; but there was not a half-hour in the day that some one of the family was not asking for little Louise.

"Dear, dear! the porch door is open," said Mamma Haynes; "I'm afraid Weezy has run away again."

"I'll put a button on that door before I'm an hour older," said papa, rushing out without his hat.

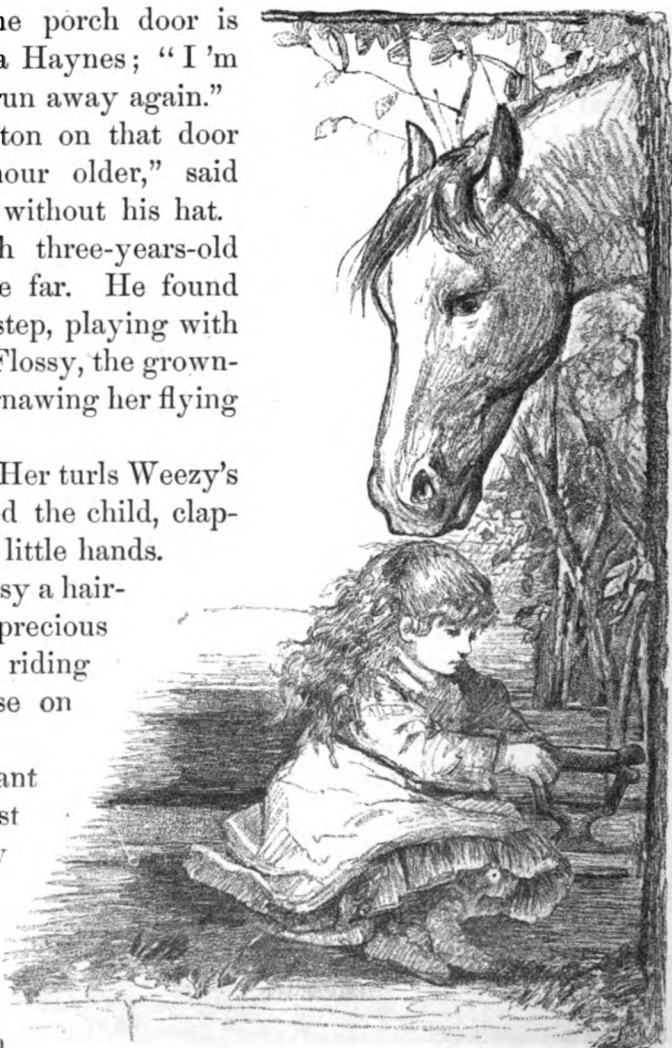
But the roguish three-years-old baby had not gone far. He found her on the lower step, playing with the scraper, while Flossy, the grown-up colt, stood by, gnawing her flying curls.

"Dood Fossy! Her turls Weezy's hair all pitty," cried the child, clapping her cold, red, little hands.

"She's too clumsy a hair-dresser for my precious pet," laughed papa, riding her into the house on his shoulder.

Weezy did n't want to go in, and I must say she cried very loud for a little girl; so loud, in fact, that she waked her new baby brother. Such

a pity to spoil the little fellow's morning nap, when she really did n't care much about crying after all, and stopped short next moment to throw kisses through the bay-window to Flossy.



"Weezy's storms always turn into sun-showers," thought papa, smiling. "Well, now she's amusing herself, I'll slip out to put a button on that door."

He could n't find the screw-driver in a second, because Weezy had dropped it into the swill-pail; but as soon as he could find it, he brought a stout wooden button and screwed it to the side of the porch door, high up, where Weezy could n't reach it, even if she should stand on tiptoe in a chair.

"There, the little midget can't run away now, I warrant you," said he to mamma, who was coming down stairs from rocking the baby to sleep.

"No, I don't see how she can," said mamma. "But where is Weezy?"

"In the bay-window," answered papa, putting on his overcoat.

Of course papa thought he was telling the truth, but he was n't. Weezy was not in the bay-window; nor, indeed, in the parlor. Neither could they find her in the dining-room, nor in Bridget's kitchen, nor anywhere in the house, though they searched and searched till the baby woke again.

"Little mischief! She must have stolen out while I was getting ready to fasten her in," said papa, opening the door.

"The river! O, what if she should fall into the river!" cried mamma, wringing her hands.

"Nonsense!" said papa; but, for all that, he rushed across the street to the river-bank.

Right before him, the first thing that he saw, was Weezy's little tumbled sun-bonnet, hanging from an alder twig on the edge of the water.

"O, she's drowned! my little girl is drowned!" cried poor mamma, with white lips.

But it was no such thing. Weezy was n't drowned, I'm thankful to say. Where was she? Well, I was going to tell you. After her bonnet blew off, she had stubbed along across the covered bridge behind Flossy, who wanted to nibble the early grass in the meadow. When the toll-keeper saw the bare-headed child toddling by his shop in her short, red dress, he took a great stick of candy from the glass

jar behind the counter, and held it towards her, asking, "Do you know what this is, little lady?"

Weezy turned about so quickly that she tumbled down in the mud; but she was up again next minute, with both hands stretched out to the toll-keeper.

"If I give you the candy, will you let me take you home to your mamma?" asked he.

Weezy nodded.

Then the toll-keeper's wife wrapped her in a nice, warm shawl, and the toll-keeper ran home with her so fast that just as poor Mamma Haynes was crying, "My little girl is drowned!" he laid Weezy safe in her arms.

And mamma hugged the muddy, sugary baby close to her breast, and said, "Thank God! here's Weezy."

PENN SHIRLEY.

THE BAD BOY.

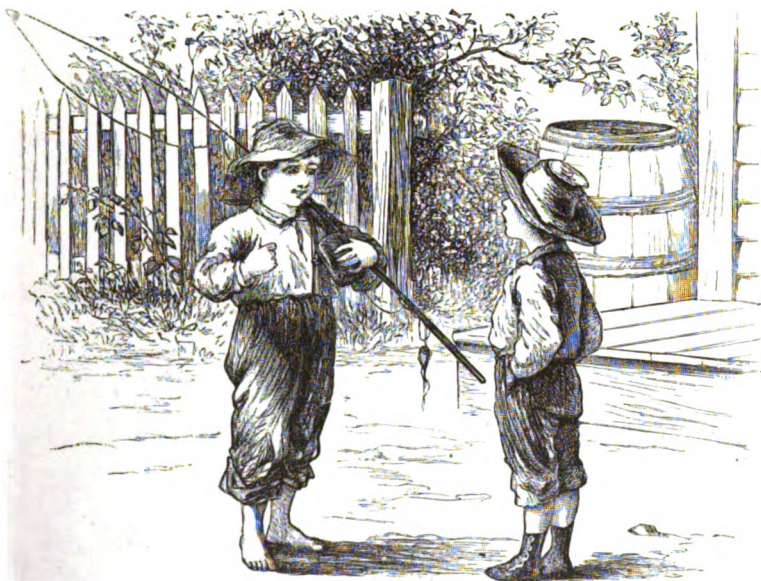
I AM a bad boy. I was sent to the store for some salt, and sister May told me not to stop. I told her I would run all the way, and so I did. I do not mean to be a bad boy. I mean to be good, so that Mamma and May will love me.

But just as I came to the store I met John Dole, and he was on his way to the creek, with a pole, and a line, and a box full of bait. He said, "Come on, Roy; you may fish part of the time."

Then I forgot all about the salt, and went

with John. We were gone a long time. I caught one fish, and John two. Then all at once the salt came into my mind. O, how bad I felt!

I went back to the store, but May had got the salt. So I went home. Mamma was sad, and May would not speak to me. I hate to make



mamma sad. I told her I forgot, and was sorry. But she said I must not forget.

Then she told me to put on my night-dress and go to bed. I feel very bad, for it will be a long time till dark, and I must eat bread and milk, and the rest will have cake and tarts. I will try and not forget next time.

MRS. L. A. B. CURTIS.

KITTY'S ROBIN.

KITTY lived in the country. It was spring, and all the apple-trees were full of blossoms.

Kitty's room was in the second story of her father's farm-house. At the corner of the house was a great apple-tree. The branches were so near her window that she could pick off the blossoms.

But she did not pick them off. From almost every blossom a red apple would grow, and be ripe in September. Kitty wanted to see the red apples at the window; so she did not pick off the blossoms.

In this great apple-tree was a robin's nest. She could see it; but she could not reach it with her hands. There were four eggs in the nest. Kitty wanted to see the little birds when they came; so she did not try to get the eggs.

She put crumbs of bread on the window-stool, and Mother Robin came to pick them up. She used to sit at the window, and chirp and sing every morning till Kitty brought her breakfast.

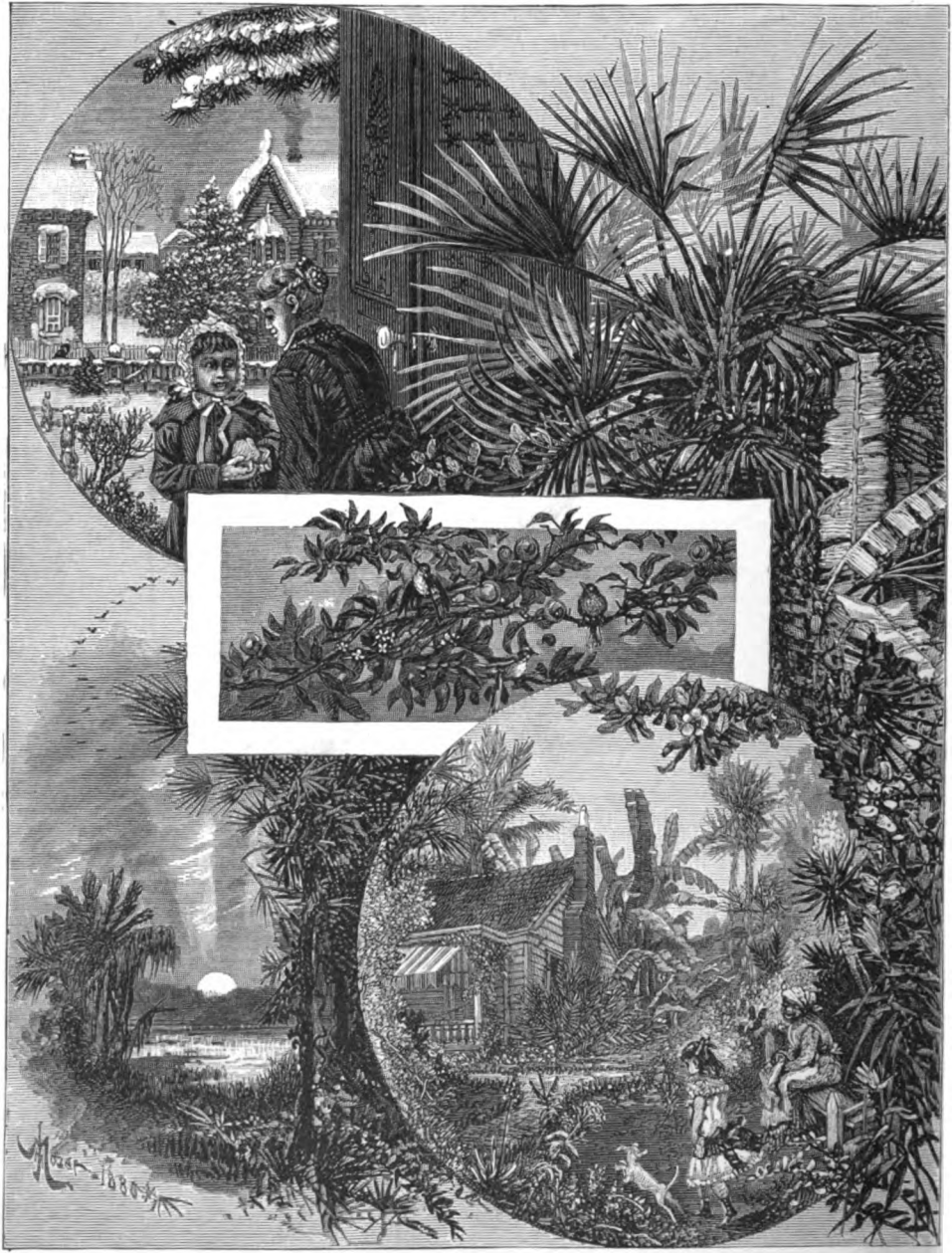
When the four little birds were all hatched, Kitty still gave food to their mother. She did not eat it all herself, but carried most of it to her little ones. Kitty could see them open their mouths when Mother Robin came with something for them to eat.

The old bird worked hard, and the young ones grew fast. In the summer they were big enough to fly, and get their own food. Then Kitty lost her dear little neighbors. But the red apples came to take their places. Kitty picked them from the tree, and ate them at the window.

Kitty hopes the old birds will live in the same nest next year, and let her help take care of the little ones.

MARY BLOOM.





AUNT KATE'S WHITE SUGAR.



VOL. I.

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No. 2.

AUNT KATE'S WHITE SUGAR.

MYRA'S home is in the far South. It is always summer there.

She can go out of doors for a walk with Maumer, her nurse, on the coldest days of the year without mittens or a hood.

At Christmas time she can have a chase with Fido on the clean bright grass in the park, and not feel a bit cold.

She can find plenty of wild-flowers whenever she has a mind to search for them.

From the trees in her father's grove she can pluck the sweetest oranges. Yet this little Southern girl prizes a nice red apple far more than she does an apronful of ripe oranges.

Myra's nurse is a faithful negress. Nurse's mother was a house-servant in the family of Myra's grandmother, and a slave.

So Nurse Maumer was once a little slave girl. But when her freedom was given her, she begged that she might remain in the service of the family she loved. And so in time she got to be Myra's nurse.

She is a kind-hearted, trusty servant, and Myra's good papa has given her the charge of his little girl on a journey to Detroit.

Myra has an auntie living at Detroit. Mr. Hall, who has been at the South, looking after his orange groves there, is going with them.

The mocking-birds are singing when she starts, and the woods and fields are sweet with blossoms.

Roses bloom in the gardens, and strawberries and cream have been on their breakfast-table for many weeks.

It is not yet light when the train glides slowly into the long depot at Detroit.

Myra has to pull her eyes open with her chubby fingers when the man in charge of the sleeping-coach comes to tell her that they have arrived.

She is wrapped in thick shawls, and taken in a cab to her Aunt Kate's house, which is on Fort Street. In the nicely warmed rooms she does not dream of the keen, cold weather outside.

As soon as it is light her aunt throws open the blind in the pretty breakfast-room, and asks her little guest to come and look.

Myra gazes in wonder.

"O Auntie!" she cries, "where did all that nice white sugar come from; and what do the ladies of your city do with so much of it? No wonder you are the sweetest auntie in the world." And she perches on the tips of her French kid boots to kiss the smiling face bending over her.

"Run down the area stairs, Myra, and fetch me a handful of the sugar for my coffee," says her aunt.

Off scamper the nimble feet, and soon their owner's voice is heard in the hall, calling out:—

"Please open the door quick, Aunt Katie! The sugar is so cold that it hurts. And it is all melting and running through my fingers."

Myra's auntie takes the dripping mass from the small, red hands of Miss Myra. As she tenderly dries the cold fingers on a soft towel, she tells her how the good God has formed the beautiful snow-crystals. He has spread the white mantle of snow over the shrubs and flowers that they may not be harmed by the cold Northern winter.

JENNY JOY.





BOSE AND THE PUPPY.

BOSE was a large gray Saint Bernard dog, that lived at Squire Horton's on the hill. He was brought there by a Frenchman. The man said he was poor, and would be glad to sell his dog. So Squire Horton took Bose, for he was a fine watchdog, and the Frenchman went on his way.

At bedtime Bose was shut up in the kitchen, and told that he must take good care of the house. In the night Squire Horton was waked by a growling in the kitchen. Soon he heard Bose give two or three low barks. Then there was a strange noise, and growls from the dog.

Squire Horton went down stairs with a light, and what do you think he found? That bad Frenchman had come back in the dark to steal his dog. He raised the window and called softly, "Bose! Bose!" But the good dog growled, and did not come.

Then the man put his head in at the window and called again.

Bose barked, and seized him by the coat. He held him till Squire Horton came. Don't you think Squire Horton was proud of Bose that night?

Bose lived on the hill for many years. One night Squire Horton heard a puppy crying in a field near the house. Bose heard him too, and in the morning he ran out and was not seen again till night.

At supper time he came back, hot, tired, and hungry. Squire Horton told him he was a bad



dog to run off. But he gave him some supper. Bose wagged his tail, winked his eyes, and crept off to bed.

The next day a farmer drove up to Squire Horton's door, and said: "Squire, what a good dog your Bose is! He brought my lost puppy home yesterday. I saw them a mile off from my house; and Bose was smelling his way along the track which the puppy took when he ran away the day before. He must have gone over twenty miles before he found his way to my farm."

Then Bose walked up and wagged his tail for joy.

And what do you think Squire Horton did? Why, he gave Bose a real nice dinner, and one bone more.

"KHAM."

BE A MAN.

O, fie!
Do not cry.
If you hit your toe,
Say "Oh!"
And let it go.
Be a man
If you can,
And do not cry.





FUN ON THE HEARTH.

SNOWFLAKE, Bunny, and little Bo-peep,
All on the hearth-rug, fast asleep.

Old mother Pussy snug as can be,
Right in the midst of the children three.

Old mother Pussy is shining and black,
With a long gray stripe on the top of her back.

Snowflake is white from her ear to her toe,
And looks like a little round ball of snow.

Queer little Bunny's warm coat of fur
Is brown as the nut in a chestnut-burr.

Little Bo-peep is rose-pink and white,
His eyes are merry and blue and bright.

The curls on his head are sunniest gold:
Bo-peep is a boy just three years old.

Bo-peep, Bunny, and pretty Snowflake,
All on the hearth-rug, wide awake.

Bo-peep has a ball tied fast to a thread,
A ball made of leather, yellow and red.

He runs, and the kitty-cats after him run,
While mamma sits by and laughs at the fun.

NELLIE M. GARABRANT.

PEARL RAIN-DROP.

"I AM afraid to fall," says little Pearl Rain-drop, with a shiver, as her hold on Nurse Cloud grows less and less.

"Tut, tut, child!" says her fat nurse, "you need have no fear. It is nice down there, I think."

"Were you ever there?" asks the little one, all in a tremble.

"I suppose so, but I do not remember," is the reply.

"I am sure I had much rather stay up here," said Pearl; "I don't see why all my big sisters and cousins are in such haste to leave the bright sky and their good nurses. Shall I find you when I get back?"

A heavy peal of thunder drowns Nurse Cloud's reply.

"O, that cruel, cruel thunder! It very nearly shook me off," cries the little trembler. "I am dreadfully scared. I am afraid to go down! I wish my sisters would n't crowd me so, in their hurry to get away. Do you think it hurts to go?"

"I am sure it cannot," says nurse. "See how brisk and happy the others are! Here is little Silver-ball tugging to get away; but I shall keep her with me until she is larger."

"O, please, nurse, let me stay until it is time for Silver-ball to go!" pleads Pearl, in tears.

"No, my dear," says Nurse Cloud, kindly, but firmly. "It is your time now, pet. Don't be scared; good-by!"

Down, down she went, with scores of tiny drops no bigger than herself chasing after her. Faster and faster, until our timid little Pearl would gladly escape from the hubbub, and go down to earth quite alone.



But now the sun comes out from the darkness, and sends his rays of bright light far down to the regions beneath her. Looking eastward, she sees a broad circle of rain-drops decked in red and green and orange and blue, bending over a beautiful wood.

"How happy they all seem to be," she thought, "and I alone am

sad and homesick. I wonder what will become of me ! Shall I fall into that broad blue lake, or be lost in the great forest ? ”

Now the towers of a princely mansion appear beneath her. Nearer and nearer come these massive towers, and poor little Pearl Rain-drop is gazing down at the hard paved court below. She may be dashed to atoms. Just then from an open window in one of the towers is thrust a golden head. A pair of eyes, blue as the sunny sky, gaze upward to see if the storm is over. Down comes Pearly, plump into the open eye of the princess ; and the little lady laughs, although her poor eye is blushing scarlet. Grateful for her escape, our pretty rain-drop has no notion of staying in that blue heaven to cause its owner pain.

So she tumbles about,
And tumbles out.

She falls pat into the white cup of a sweet tuberose which rests in a knot of lace upon the bosom of the little princess.

What a soft, sweet bed is this for the tired little traveller !

The rain-drops have ceased to fall. Many of them have already stolen away, while others have started on their homeward journey to the clouds. Pearl is pining to go back. So narrow is the place, and so deep, that, try as she may, she cannot get out.

Out into the sunshine of the court trips the happy princess. O, how warm shines the summer sun !

The sweet tuberose wilts a little. Pearl feels her gossamer wings slowly unfolding. Her heart grows lighter and lighter. Then in sweet trust she mounts the trackless air, and finds herself once more in the region of her delight, in the clouds.

How did she go ? And who saw her ?

JENNY JOY.



BABY CALLA.

BABY CALLA had been put into her little bed by the kind gardener.

It was not a clean white bed with pretty hangings, in which she lay.

There were no great, fluffy pillows for her golden head to nestle against.

The sheets that covered her were brown and damp, and the place was very dark.

When the man made up the bed for the little baby, he took great pains to have it smooth and nice.

He patted it gently with his trowel, and left the blankets off all day, that the sun might warm it.

Then he laid the little baby in very carefully, and covered her over with the brown blankets. He did not allow even the tip of her nose to show above them.

Baby Calla did not want to be covered up. But the wise old gardener knew what was best for such little tots, and packed her snugly in.

"O, how very cruel to make me lie here in this dark place!" cried the little one. "It was bad enough, I am sure, in the box, but this damp, musty bed is a thousand times more dreadful!"

Then she lay quite still, thinking.

"I wonder how long I am to stay here!" she cried, after trying in vain to drop off to sleep.

Then she tried to throw off the blankets, but they were so heavy she could not lift them.

"O dear—O dear! How very tiresome it is, to be sure! If



I were only a little bigger, I would not be many minutes in getting these dirty old bedquilts off my poor head. How I do wish that I could grow!"

Just then a clear, soft light from a pretty lantern lit up the place where she lay, and something cool touched her face.

"Wait," said a queer little voice close beside her, — "wait, and you shall grow!"

"How do you know that?" asked baby Calla, gazing in wonder at the handsome lamp which the stranger carried.

"O," was the reply, "I have seen hundreds of nice babies, just like you, put in the beds and They always come up
"How do they get baby Calla.

"Well, — they grow — and grow — and grow, until they are quite large enough and strong enough to throw off the covers and look out. You will be very beautiful by and by."

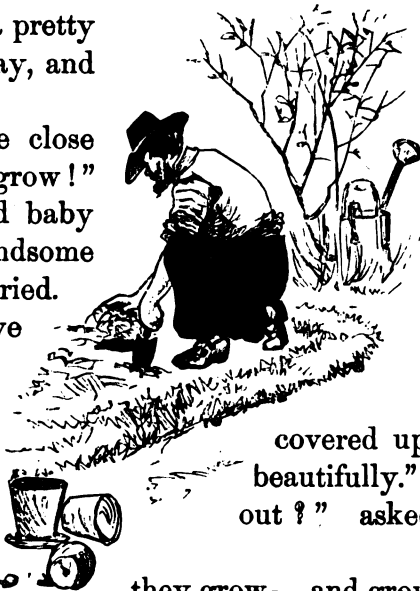
"My good friend, you seem to know everything," said baby Calla. "Perhaps you will tell me your name."

"Indeed I will! It is Glow Worm."

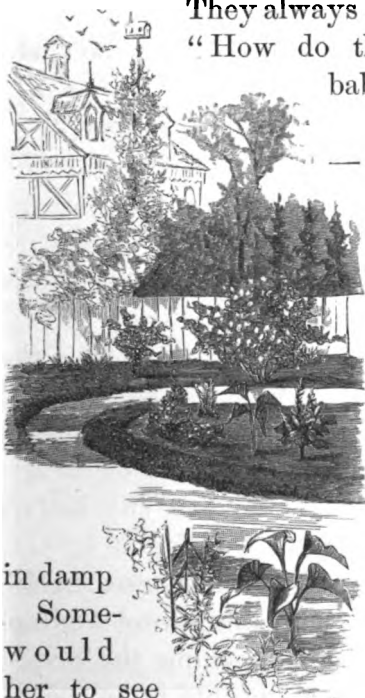
"That is a rather pretty name. Do you always carry a lamp with you?"

"Yes, always. But it burns brightest places. Now I must be going. Good-by." times a small army of tiny creatures tramp past her, but it was too dark for them.

Once baby Calla tried to follow a huge beetle, but the heavy covers settled back so quickly that she could not get on.



covered up beautifully." out?" asked



in damp
Some-
would
her to see

But soon she found a new and strange feeling swelling within her bosom. Then a voice which seemed to be the voice of God, said, "Arise, my child, for it is morning!"

And, as she lifted her head above the brown coverlet, lo! the plain wrapper she had worn so long unclasped itself from about her neck, and slipped off. She stood bathed in the beautiful sunlight, robed in the finest green satin, with diamonds on her bosom.



And she grew, and grew, fairer and fairer, taller and more stately, until the dear little glow-worm's light could no longer shine upon her face.

Then the gardener came one day, and with his trowel lifted her and placed her in a lovely vehicle of gold and silver. After this she was carried to the palace of the good little princess Lightheart.

Here she was made much of; in fact, she was the admiration of all who came to the palace.

And the dear little princess Lightheart called her Calla Lily.

MOTHER CAREY.

RUN-AWAY FLOSSIE.

I KNEW a little girl once, named Flossie. She ran away into the woods to starve to death. She got very angry with her mother, and rushed out of the house, dragging her hat by one string. She meant never to return, but to go off into the woods and starve to death.

She thought how bad her mother would feel when she had n't any little girl to hug and kiss, and Flossie was very glad of it.

She walked along in the dusty street, past all the houses in the village. At length she came to a wood. The birds were singing, and it looked cool and pleasant. She began picking the lovely wild-flowers that grew near the edge, before going into the wood.

"O dear!" she thought, when her little white apron was full of Lady's Slippers, Jack-in-the-pulpits, Indian Pipes, and I don't know

what all, — “O dear! now if mamma only had n’t been so naughty to me this morning, I’d run right home and give them to her.”



But Flossie was n't quite over her anger yet, and kept on till she saw a path leading through the wood to a saw-mill.

Back of the saw-mill was a house where lived two little girls she knew. What better time than the present to make them a morning call? Then she forgot all about starving to death, and making her mother feel bad. She found her little friends busy in the care of a family of little kittens.

Now Flossie had never had a kitten of her own, and she gazed upon the soft little creatures with real delight.

"If you'll stay, and help us make our play-house," said Lottie, "you may have 'em all but one to carry home."

"Really, truly mine?" cried Flossie; and she hoped they'd leave the white one. It had eyes like a rabbit, and it nestled up close to her as she took it in her arms.

The play-house was begun at once, Flossie helping to put up tiny shelves for the tea-sets, and placing dollies' things. But every once in a while she stopped to take a peep at the kittens, feeling so happy to think that they were to be all her own.

She stayed to dinner with her little friends, and had a good time. In the afternoon she grew tired, and began to think of home. Then she took the three little kittens in her apron, the pretty white one sitting up in the middle, and ran as fast as she could towards home.

She had n't gone far when she met her papa coming in search of her. He looked so tired and anxious that Flossie could have cried to think what a naughty girl she had been.

He took hold of her arm without saying a word, and hurried her along to her mother, who had passed a very unhappy day, not knowing but that her little daughter was lost.

"O mamma," she cried, "I'll never do so again;" and she kissed her mother's hand, and threw her arms around her neck. She was so sorry that they forgave her. But she never saw the dear little kittens after that night. They were taken from her to make her feel that it is wrong to make anybody unhappy. And I am glad to say that Flossie never again went into the woods to starve to death.

ELIZABETH A. DAVIS.

NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

In the middle of winter there came a thaw. The ice began to move down the river, and the sleighing was all gone. There was n't enough snow left for a ball, and the boys hung up their skates with a sigh. One or two robins came out of the woods to look for crumbs.

"Spring has come, I am sure," said the little peach-tree; "now I shall begin to blossom."

"Begin to blossom, indeed!" cried her old neighbor, who had lived so many winters that she knew "all their tricks and their ways."



"Nonsense, child! take the advice of your elders, and don't let this thaw deceive you. We shall have plenty of frost yet."

"I don't believe a word of it," replied the younger peach-tree. "You can't fool me. Don't you see that my buds are swelling?"

You had better hurry, or folks will think you're dead, and cut you down."

"Hoity-toity! shall the egg teach the chicken? Blossom, if you will; but by and by, when the orchard is all blushing with flowers, and only you have none, remember I warned you."

"I know you don't want me to bloom at all. You want to keep all the pretty things for yourself. There was a robin in the orchard this morning. He whistled, 'Spring is here — is here.' I believe him."

"And I heard a crow flying from the north, saying there was a cold wave coming."

"Let me know when it comes."

"You'll find it out, when it kills all your buds."

But the young peach-tree only waved her branches, and soon her buds began to swell. What sweetness would drop from her boughs! What birds would build nests among them!

One cold night the sap seemed to freeze in her veins. The buds shrank on the stems. In the morning boys were skating on the river. Ice-boats were beating to and fro, and sleigh-bells tinkled a merry tune. The young peach-tree heard a neighbor saying, "Did you see that last night's frost killed all the buds on the little peach-tree?"

"I told her it would," was the answer.

Well, the spring really came at last. The air rustled with birds. The tree-toad sang every evening for dear life. The little housatonias came up and opened their wondering eyes. Bees began to look about them, hornets flew by with tiny bundles of wood to build their nests, the grass crept out of prison, and the peach orchard was a cloud of rosy blossoms.

"How beautiful we are!" said the little peach-tree, proudly; "how the pines and the birches, in their plain gowns, must envy us!"

"You chose to bloom in January, you remember," said her friend, "and the frost killed your buds. The old red-cedars are as gay as you are."

By and by the rosy blossoms had all fallen.

"I am as fine as the finest of you, now," cried the unhappy peach-tree.

"Wait and see," the other said to her. And soon there were great blushing peaches on every bough but her own. The children came and picked up the windfalls.

"Nothing but leaves," she sighed, — "nothing but leaves."

MARY N. PRESCOTT.

THE CHIPMONK.

WHEN Nell came home from school one day, she found her favorite kitten with a little chipmonk in her mouth. It was the chipmonk which had lived in the hollow tree in the garden. He had paid fly-the piazza all was almost as as the kitten was plain that taken him for gave chase garden, in tangle of rose-the kitten fled booty. She to follow, could see the of the chip-were full of pleading, as her to take



ing visits to summer, and well known herself. It puss had mis-a mouse. Nell across the among the bushes, where with her found it hard though she bright eyes monk. They pain and if he begged his side.

was caught till she drop-monk. He limp away

At last Puss and shaken ped' the chip-could only and hide himself.

Nell hoped his friends would take care of him. But at night the poor, hurt fellow hobbled towards the piazza, and seemed to want

comfort. He was too feeble to keep himself from the cat's paw, if she had come near.

Nell made a little house for him in the garden of a small box. She raised it upon four stones at the four corners, so as to give him air. She slipped water and chestnuts underneath for his supper.

A good doctor came to the house and looked at his wounds. He said the chipmonk could get well, with care.

I wish I could tell you that, thanks to Nell, he was able to leave his hospital at last, and be still a resident of the old hollow tree.

But somebody, passing through the garden after dark, overturned the box. When Nell went to feed her squirrel in the morning, she found nothing but some empty nutshells, and puss washing her face close by.

M. N. P.

WEEZY'S PICKLE.

"WEEZY naughty, Hebe, defful naughty," cried little Louise, scrambling up the porch steps, clinging to mamma's finger.

"Why! Why! What did Weezy do?" said Phebe, skipping down to meet her.

"Yun away. Make poor mamma ky!" answered Weezy, drawing in her lips.

"But she won't run away any more," said Mamma Haynes, kissing the pretty lips back again. "There, Phebe, you can amuse Weezy in the sitting-room, but you must n't go into the dining-room. Now, remember; I want that kept tidy, because the minister is coming to dinner."

"Yes, 'm," said the little nurse-girl, rather crossly. "If the minister is coming they'll have out the new china and all the fine silver," she was thinking to herself, "and it's real mean not to let me see the table!"

Of course she was very silly, but Phebe Redlan dearly loved pretty things, and there were so few in her poor little home!

As she built block houses for Weezy it set her nearly wild to hear the rattling of the dinner service, and by and by, after Bridget had

gone into the kitchen to see about the pudding, she opened the dining-room door — just the least crack, you know — and peeped in. Weezy always did what Phebe did, so she peeped too.

“Weezy must n’t go in,” said Phebe, with a longing look at the silver fruit-stand on the side-board.

“Yes, Weezy must!” cried little Louise, who had n’t thought of going in till Phebe spoke, as the crafty nurse-girl very well knew.



“Weezy must go!” repeated she, stamping her small foot.

“Well, then, hush!” whispered Phebe, lifting her over the threshold.

“Mrs. Haynes does n’t want her to cry while she is getting the baby to sleep, now does she?” reasoned she. “I can say I had to come in to keep Weezy quiet.”

But, dear me! Phebe did n’t have a good time in the dining-room, after all! When she stopped to look at the gold-lined ladle, Weezy nearly tipped over the oranges. And she had hardly set the basket in place before Weezy was in the closet, dipping her fingers into the

pickle-jar. And worse than that, while she was pushing the jar back the little witch ran away with the best silver teapot, and would n't give it up.

Phebe was ready to cry. She did not dare to snatch it, for she might injure it; besides, Weezy would scream, and that would



bring her mamma. Hark ! The crib had ceased to rock ! The baby must be asleep ; and Mrs. Haynes would come right down, and find them in the dining-room ; and she would know Weezy could n't have opened the door without help. Oh ! Oh !

Really I can't say what Phebe would have done if the minister had not walked up the path just then ! At sight of him Weezy dropped the teapot, crying, —

"The doody man, Weezy must tee the doody man !" And Phebe whisked the teapot upon the waiter, and let Weezy through the long window while he was mounting the steps. She closed the window and opened the front door in the time that he was saying, "How do you do, my little lamb ?" and they all three went into the hall together as Mamma Haynes came down stairs.

"Did n't I do that well ?" thought breathless little Phebe, hurrying Weezy back to the blocks. "Mrs. Haynes never will suspect where we've been !"

Sly, foolish Phebe ! A strange thing happened at dinner, and she saw the whole from the sitting-room where she was waiting with the baby.

After grace had been said Mamma Haynes lifted the teapot, and lo ! she could n't pour the tea. Then she tipped the spout lower and lower, and suddenly something — guess what ? — flew out of it and bounced into the minister's plate ! What, indeed, but a wee, wee cucumber pickle !

Mamma was too mortified to speak, but Weezy clapped her hands, crying, —

"Weezy's topper, mamma. Weezy put it in all nice."

"I suppose the funny 'stopper' must be a present to me," laughed the minister while Bridget changed his plate.

"And Weezy must have tucked it into the nose of the teapot since breakfast," said mamma. "But I charged Phebe to keep her out of the dining-room, and I thought I could trust the child."

"I hope you can henceforth. Little girls should always obey," said the minister, gravely, and he looked through the doorway straight at Phebe.

Do you wonder she blushed, and hung her head ?

PENN SHIRLEY.



WHAT THE RAIN-DROPS SAY.

“PITTER-PATTER, pit pat,”
Is what the rain-drops say;
“We won’t let little Charley boy
Come to play to-day.

“Pitter-patter, pit pat,
We fill the gutters all,
We roll upon the window-pane
And dance upon the wall.

“If you put out your nose
We jump upon that too,
And fall upon your nice new frock,
And wet you through and through.”

Our naughty little Charley
 Is very cross to-day!
 He says, "You ugly rain-drops, you,
 Why don't you stay away?"

But Charley must be good,
 And not scold the rain-drops so;
 'Tis God who sends them from the
 clouds
 To make the flowers grow.

To-morrow, when they are gone,
 And the sun shines out again,
 The fresh, sweet blossoms all will
 tell
 How much they love the rain.

NELLIE M. GARABRANT.



ROBBY'S SNOWBALL.

ROBBY'S grandmother lived on a farm in the country. Robby lived in the city. Grandmother had a great many cats. Robby had no cat at all. One day grandmother's white pussy brought in one little mite of a white kitten.

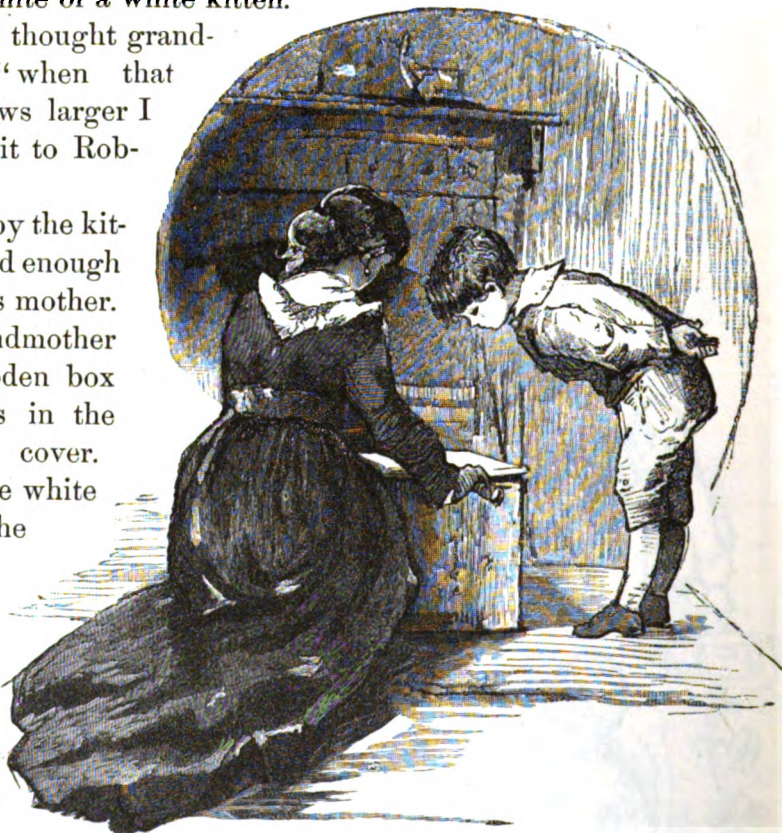
"Now," thought grandmother, "when that kitten grows larger I will send it to Robby."

By and by the kitten grew old enough to leave its mother. Then grandmother got a wooden box with holes in the sides and cover. She put the white kitten in the box, and sent it by express to Robby.

When the box came Robby wanted

it opened right away. Mamma did not know what was in the box. Kitty was so frightened she did not even mew.

Mamma took the nails out of the box with the hammer. Robby stood looking on with his nose very close to the box. Mamma took off the cover. Out jumped kitty right into Robby's face. Mamma screamed. Robby fell head over heels. Pussy, more scared than any of them, ran right into the summer grate, and up the chimney.



"Mamma," said Robby, "what was that?"

"I think," said mamma, "that was the kitten grandmother said she would send you."

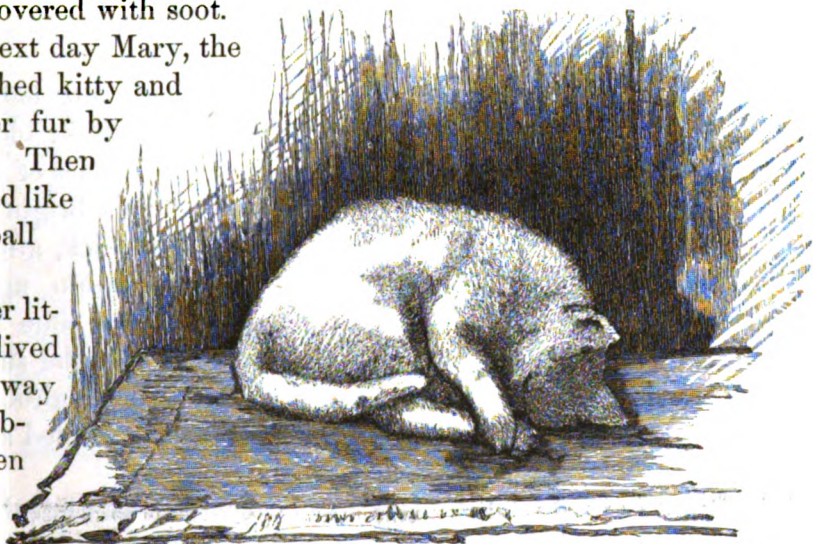
"Yes," said Robby, "I hear her mew. She is all white. I shall name her Snowball. But how shall I get her out of the chimney?"

"O, just let her alone," said mamma; "she will come down when she is hungry."

Robby put a saucer of milk on the hearth. After a while kitty came creeping down, looking like anything but a snowball. She was all covered with soot.

The next day Mary, the girl, washed kitty and dried her fur by the fire. Then she looked like a snowball again.

Another little boy lived over the way from Robby. When Robby went



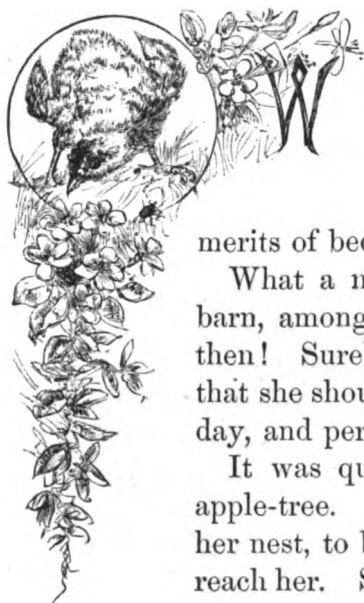
with mamma to the seaside, poor pussy was left to take care of herself. Every morning Snowball would go over the way, and stand by the window, and say "Meow, meow." In cat language that meant, "Robby's gone away; please give me something to eat."

Then that other little boy would take a plate of meat and a pan of milk out to Snowball. He was a very kind little boy, to feed the kitten while Robby was away.

By winter-time kitty grew to be a very large pussy-cat. Every hair in her body was pure white. When she lay curled up asleep on the rug, she looked like just what Robby named her,— "Snowball."

NELLIE M. GARABRANT.

THE DISOWNED CHICKEN.



HEN Dame Partlet had sat on her nest of eggs a fortnight, she became weary of such a still life. It was dull to sit day after day in the old barn without any company. She heard the other hens talking outside in the sun over the merits of beetles and angle-worms.

What a nice long run they had, too, behind the barn, among the wild-rose bushes, all in bloom just then! Surely it was too much to expect of any bird that she should sit in the shadow all the bright summer day, and perhaps not hatch a single chick, after all.

It was quite different with the robin up in the apple-tree. She had had such a gay time building her nest, to begin with. She sat where the sun could reach her. She could look out on her neighbors while her mate brought her daily bread and whiled away the hours with song.

So Dame Partlet stepped down from her nest, and left the warm white eggs. Farmer Burke, observing that she had left her task, put some of the eggs under an old Dorking, who had just begun to sit. She was more surprised than pleased, at the end of a week, to hear a little voice piping in the nest.

"Here I was in for a good three weeks' rest, out of the way of the noisy flock," perhaps she thought, "and now there's a chick out already! I've never brought off less than five, and I shall sit till my time is out, in spite of this early bird."

And when the Dorking strolled off to roll in the sand, to stretch her legs and pick up a luncheon, Farmer Burke took the little chicken away. The old hen went back to her nest. "I must have been dreaming," she thought, as she settled herself on the eggs. "No chicken ever hatches under three weeks!"

But what was to be done with the little chicken? Her own giddy mother refused to receive the charge; she was out among the rose-bushes, basking in the sun, pluming her feathers, and regaling herself upon the banquet that Sir Black Cochin-China unearthed for her.

Who, then, would hover the chicken at night? who scratch for it by day? Who would protect it from cats and hawks and weasels? Must she shift for herself? The old Bantam was small, but her heart was large. She felt for chickens; perhaps she remembered when she was young herself, and liked to creep under the wing. Just then she saw with regret that her own brood had outgrown her.

Some of them were larger than herself already; they could scratch for themselves now. They no longer obeyed her call; one or two had even begun to crow feebly, and they all went to roost at night, without heeding her anxious "cluck." She followed where they led, now, but they went too fast and far for her.

She wished they had not grown so fast. They no longer needed her care, and she felt useless and idle.

One day she discovered the chicken trying to keep itself warm in the sun. She took it under her care without ado: here was some one who needed her. Happy moment!

MARY N. PRESCOTT.



HOW MINNIE WAS LOST AND FOUND.

WHEN Minnie was only a year old she could run about everywhere. She could open all the doors; she could go up and down stairs without any one to help her; she could say a great many little words, too.

She would only stop to take one short nap at noon; all the rest of the day she would be running around from one room to another. Once she got lost in a very funny way.

The house was full of people, yet for a while nobody could find Minnie. Her mamma was there, and her grandma, and her Aunt Nelly. Her grandpa was there, and her Uncle John, and her Cousin Katy; and there was a dressmaker in the sewing-room, and the cook was in the kitchen. But not one of all these persons could find Minnie.

She was lost till Major found her.

Major was the dog.

I will tell you how it happened.

Uncle John and Cousin Katy were going home; they lived in the city of New York. Cousin Katy was in her chamber, packing her big trunk; Minnie's mamma and her Aunt Nelly were in their chambers, busy about their work.

Minnie was going around just as she pleased. She stopped to watch Cousin Katy fold her clothes. She sat down on a little stool. By and by she began to feel sleepy. Cousin Katy went out for something, and left her alone. She looked into the big trunk. Some of Cousin Katy's dresses were in the bottom. Minnie thought this would be as nice a bed as her own crib. She climbed into it; she crept under Cousin Katy's pretty silk dress, and shut up her eyes. In a minute she was fast asleep.

After a short time, mamma said, "Where is Minnie?"

And grandma said, "I have n't seen her for a good while; where can she be?"

But nobody could tell them.

Then they began to search for her. Cousin Katy ran into her room, and looked about. The trunk stood in a corner, against the wall ; she did not go near that, so she did not find Minnie. Aunt Nelly went into all the closets ; grandma looked under all the beds ; Uncle John looked behind all the doors ; the cook went down cel-



lar, and looked in the coal-bins ; while mamma was running up and down, looking everywhere.

But the lost child could not be found.

Grandpa had a lame foot, so that he could not look anywhere. He told Uncle John to search the barn.

So Uncle John went out, and looked all over the barn. He knew very well that Minnie could not get in there ; but he looked because grandpa told him to.

When he came back into the house, Major came with him.

Then Uncle John thought that perhaps the dog could find her. So he said, "Major, go and find Minnie."

Major understood what he said. He went around the rooms, smelling and pricking up his ears.

When he got into Cousin Katy's chamber, he walked towards the trunk. He stopped in front of it, he put his nose into it, then he wagged his tail and gave a little bark.

Uncle John followed him, and there he found Minnie covered up in the dresses.

O, what a time there was over her!

Mamma and grandma came and looked into the trunk.

Aunt Nelly and Cousin Katy came and looked in.

The dressmaker and the cook came, and they all laughed together.

Grandpa was so lame that he could not come to see the pretty sight, but he laughed at the foot of the stairs.

After a while mamma took her out of the trunk, and put her into her own little crib.

And this was the way that Minnie was lost and found.

M. E. N. H.





A VISIT TO SANTA CLAUS'S SHOP.



VOL. I.

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No. 3.

A VISIT TO SANTA CLAUS'S SHOP.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

It was nearly nine o'clock when Tommy and Rosy went to bed on Christmas Eve. Their stockings had been hung up, and they wished very much for the next morning to come. Sallie Ann was Rosy's dolly, and she wore stockings. One of them had to be hung up with the others.

In ten minutes Tommy and Rosy and the dolly were all fast asleep. In the middle of the night Tommy woke, and found Rosy sitting up in bed. She was looking at something. Tommy wanted to know what it was. He turned over, and what should he see but Santa Claus himself!

The dear old man was buttoned up to his chin in a coat of white fur. He was busy filling the stockings.

"There!" said Santa Claus, "I've forgotten Rosy's doll, and I shall have to go all the way back and get something for it."

"I wish you'd take me with you," said Tommy, boldly.

"An' me too, if you please, Mister Santa Claus," added Rosy.

"Halloo!" shouted Santa Claus, "you awake, youngsters?"

"Yes, sir," answered Tommy, "and we want you to take us to ride in your sleigh."

"Well, well, well!" laughed the old man. "Santa Claus can't refuse the children anything; make haste, I've no time to lose."

Out of bed jumped the two children. "Don't wait to dress," said Santa Claus. "I'll put one of you into each of my big pockets, and you'll be warm enough. Come on!"

Out on the roof they went. There stood the sleigh, drawn by eight tiny reindeer. Santa Claus got into the sleigh, and drew the fur robes over him. Tommy and Rosy, peeping out of his pockets, felt very nice and warm.

"Come, Dasher! on, Dancer! hie, Comet!" said Santa Claus to his team. "Away we go!"

And away they did go, right in the air and through the falling snow-flakes. Over the tops of the houses and trees, over the towns and cities, faster, faster, faster they went, till they came to Santa Claus's country.

Here everything was of snow, — trees, streets, houses, all made of snow. It was as light as day, for high in the pink sky hung a great bright silver moon.

"Is that your house, Mister Santa Claus?" asked little Rosy as they passed a beautiful castle all built of ice.

"O, no, my dear!" said Santa Claus. "My house is made every bit of rock candy. Here we are now. Hie, Prancer and Cupid! stand still!"

Santa Claus jumped out of the sleigh with Tommy and Rosy still in his pockets. Sure enough, there stood Santa Claus's house, all made of white, yellow, and red rock candy, and lighted up from top to bottom with Christmas tapers.

"I'll take you right into my workshop," said Santa Claus, bouncing into a big room where hundreds of little men were at work. They were tying up toys, books, and candies into thousands of parcels. These were to go at twelve o'clock by Santa Claus's express to all parts of the world.

At the sight of so many lovely things Tommy and Rosy both jumped out of Santa Claus's pockets.

"Oh!" screamed the workers, "where did the earth-children come from?"

"I brought them in my pockets," said Santa Claus. "I forgot this little girl's doll. Hurry and find a gift for it, my men, for I must away again."

The tallest of the little men went to find the gift. Others gathered about Rosy, who was too frightened to speak.

"Is n't she lovely?" said one, touching her long curls.

"Yes, indeed," added another; "she is prettier than the prettiest wax-doll we ever made."

"She must be cold; let's give her one of our little seal-skin coats," said a third, helping Rosy into a warm fur coat.

"Let's put candy in the pockets," said a fourth, stuffing the pockets with sugar-plums.

"Let's give her a cap to match the coat," said a fifth, putting a cunning cap over her yellow curls.

"Let's all kiss her," said a sixth.



But at this Santa Claus popped Rosy back into his pocket. "No, no," said he, "you might change her into an elf like yourselves."

Tommy, who was never frightened at anything, had mounted a bicycle, and was flying up and down the hall. The little men, forgetting their work, ran up and down after him, playing on trumpets, horns, fifes, and drums.

"Bless my heart!" cried Santa Claus, "I never heard such a din in my life. Come, you youngster, the doll's gift is found, and I'm going to take you right back to bed."

"No, you don't," shouted Tommy, "not unless you let me ride this bicycle."

"You can't," said Rosy. "I can," added Tommy, "I know I can!"

"I'll go with you," said one of the little men; "I can ride in the air like Santa Claus."

The little man got on Tommy's back, and away they went! Rosy and Santa Claus were in the sleigh, Tommy and the little man on the bicycle. On, on, on! faster, faster, faster! Tommy shouted in glee. Suddenly the wicked little man bit Tommy's ear. He screamed, and knocked the elf off his back. The little man jumped on one of the reindeer.

Tommy was no longer able to ride on the snow-flakes, and began to fall—down, down, down! O, how frightened he was! Down, down, down! The bicycle turned over two or three times, and down he went, head first, into—bed.

Yes, when Tommy opened his eyes he found himself in bed.

He only dreamed this story. Rosy was asleep beside him. The stockings were twice as big as when hung up. Right in the middle of the room stood a splendid new bicycle.

The early sunshine was coming through the nursery window. It was Christmas morning.

NELLIE M. GARABRANT.



THE FIRST
SNOW-STORM.

How fast the flakes fall
 On the left and the right !
 The trees are soon covered,
 The fences are white.

The sheep hurry home,
 The cows gladly stay
 Shut up in their stable
 To munch the dry hay.

But Herbert and John
 And Charley and Joe
 Run hither and thither,
 And laugh at the snow.

They are so happy
That winter's begun ;
They like the rough weather,
The sports and the fun.

To-morrow the hills
All over the town
Will be lively with coasters
That race up and down.

Their sleds are in order,
New-painted and bright ;
No wonder the owners
Are wild with delight.

O, how fast the flakes fall
From morning till night !
The ground is deep-covered,
The whole earth's in white.

M. E. N. H.

WOODEN SHOES.

IN Holland and some other countries in Europe the little children of poor people wear wooden shoes. They are shaped like a shoe, and the place for the foot is dug out of the wood. It would hurt your feet to wear them. They make a great noise as the little ones go clumping along on the floor.



In Italy some little girls wear pattens. They are made of wood, and are like the soles of your shoes. A leather strap is nailed on, which passes over the instep of the foot. It is hard to keep them on, and they clatter



when the child walks. Sometimes they stick in the mud, and the little girl loses them off her feet.

o.



HONEYSUCKLE HALL.

LITTLE PATTY was eight years old. She lived in the "Sunny South." Her father was a planter, as great farmers are called at the South. He lived in a village where there were a great many good and kind people.



A poor man who lived near Patty lost his life on the railroad. He had three little children. Patty used to play with Mary, the oldest child. Mary's mamma was not strong, and could not earn money enough to feed and clothe her little ones.

One day Patty found her little friend, Mary, crying. Mary was hungry. She had had no breakfast or dinner. Her mother was sick abed. Patty cried, too, when Mary told her what the matter was.

But she did something more than cry. She went home and told her mother about it. Then she carried ever so much food to the poor woman and her hungry children.

Patty wanted to do still more. She called together five of her little friends to help her. It was in the early spring, and the woods were full of honeysuckle all in blossom.

Patty's two big brothers helped too. Before night they had covered the inside of an old shop, near the house, with honeysuckle vines and blossoms. They borrowed pictures, and other pretty things, to put in the shop.

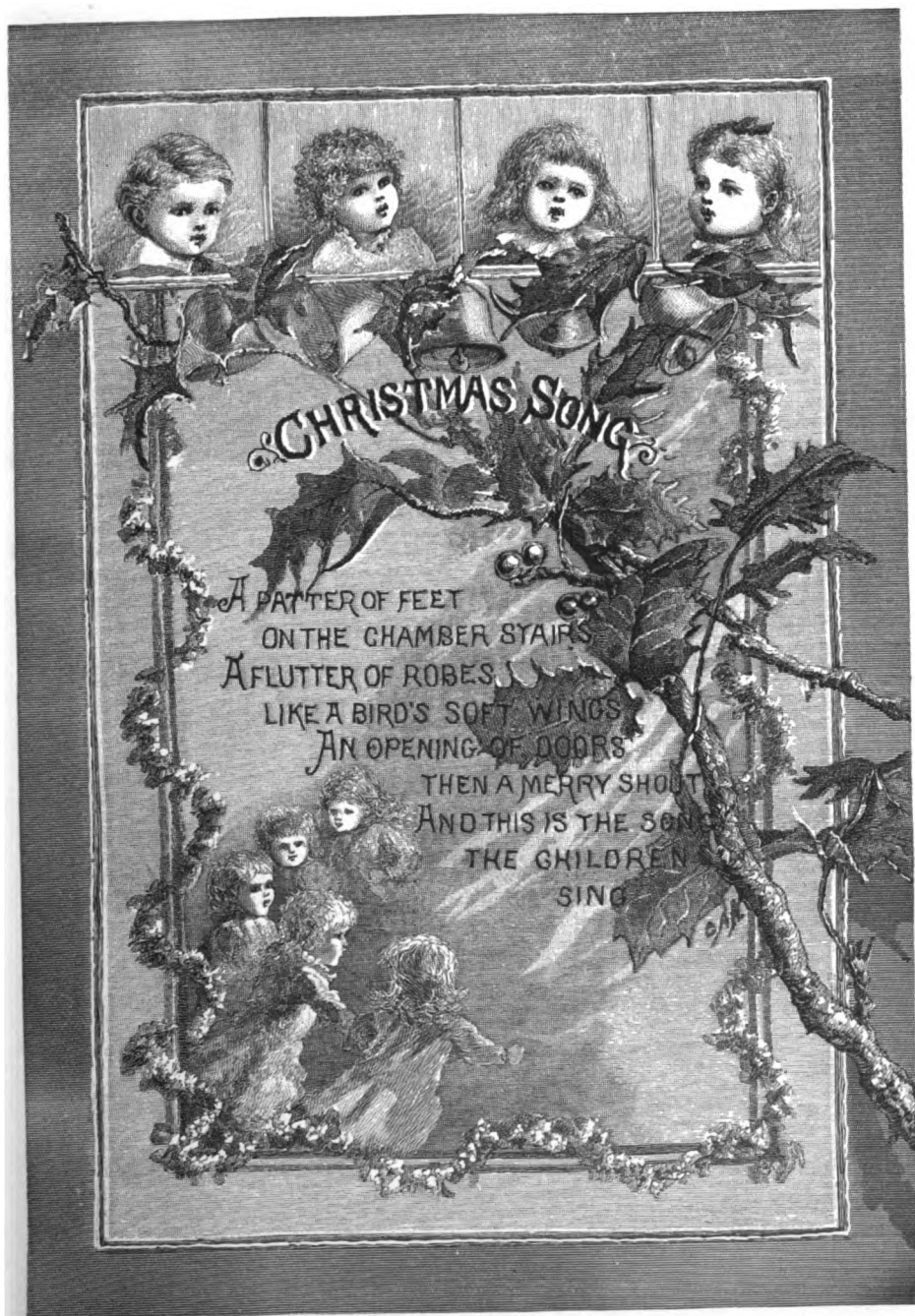
But the honeysuckle was the prettiest thing there, except Patty; and they called the shop "Honeysuckle Hall." Then the little ones asked the good people to come and see it. They charged five cents to go in; and before night nearly all the people in the village had been into Honeysuckle Hall.

One of the big brothers stood at the door and took the money. The six little girls "did the honors" inside the hall. Most of the folks who went in wanted to give more than five cents. Many of them put a dollar into Patty's little hands. At night they had taken over fifty dollars. Every cent of it was given to Mary's poor mother.

Patty was happy all day long. Her great black eyes seemed to speak her pleasure. Her face was all a smile. As she stood by a window, with honeysuckle in her hands and all around her, Mr. Moser made a picture of her.

Do you want to know why she looked so happy? It was because she was doing a good deed. The poor woman and her three little children were hungry no more.

OLIVER OPTIC.



“ Wake up! wake up! Old Santy has come
With oceans of goodies and toys!
Wake up! wake up! the chiming bells
Proclaim our festive joys.”

From cellar to attic the riot begins;
Up and down, up and down, their voices ring,
Their bright eyes glance, their sweet lips meet,
And over and over the song they sing:

“ Ah! jolly Old Santy, you’ve come once again
With gifts for your girls and your boys!
We greet you, we love you, we speed you away,
For millions are waiting your joys!”

Shout on, happy hearts, hearts pure as the snow;
Shout on, for the years their measures will bring, —
For the bright eyes tears, for the sweet lips sighs, —
But now, O, merrily, joyfully sing:

“ Santy has come again, Santy has come,
The silvery bells are ringing;
We’ll crown him with holly and mistletoe,
And give him a joyous greeting!”

ELIZABETH A. DAVIS.



THE FAIRY IN THE PINK.

Just when the rosy day peeped over the hills a lovely pink bloomed in the garden. Its sweet breath floated away on the air,



and wakened a fairy who was sleeping under a blade of grass. The little lady sprang up.

"O dear," she sighed, "it is too late to go home to-day!" And she flew swiftly to the pink and nestled in its fragrant leaves.

By and by little Helen came down the garden path, and spied the blushing pink. She ran to it, and stooping down she cried, "You darling pretty flower!" and kissed it.

Then the fairy raised her tiny head and kissed little Helen on the lips. Helen did not see her, but her heart became so glad that she folded her soft hands over the pink and said, "You have made me so happy that you shall be my only own."

She picked the rosy pink with the fairy still nestled in a fragrant corner. "O, mamma," she cried, as she saw her mother in the garden, "I have found such a lovely flower, and I've taken it for my only own, and I never was so happy!"

"Very well, Helen," answered her mother. "See if you can be as sweet all day long as your lovely carnation. But come now with me. I am going to carry some oranges and jelly to poor sick Flora. You may bring your pink with you and show it to her."

So they went to the room where little Flora lay upon her bed. Her face was thin, and as white, almost, as the pillow. She smiled as Helen and her mother came near, and her eyes brightened as she saw the jelly and the oranges. But when little Helen came to her side she reached out her hand for the sweet carnation.

Then Helen held the pink to Flora's hot lips, and the little fairy crept slyly out and kissed them.

"Keep it," whispered Helen, softly ;
"it makes your eyes look like heaven."

Flora clasped the flower in her fingers, and pressed it again to her lips. Then a sweet smile swept over her face, as she sighed, "How glad it makes me !"

"Yes," replied Helen's mamma, "you look as if you would soon get well now." And the fairy in the fragrant corner of the pink laughed. Her name was Heart's Content.

"What a happy day !" said little Helen.



C. BELL.



WHAT THE LITTLE MAIDEN SAW.

WHY stand you there,
Sweet maiden fair,
With eyes upon the sea,
Forgetting play
To gaze all day
On ocean rolling free ?

Have you a ship
From foreign trip
Now coming up the bay,
That brings you gold
For treasures sold
In countries far away ?

Ah, there's a line
Of black smoke fine
Upon the distant sky !
She sees a speck
The ocean fleck
Beneath the smoke on high.

It grows and grows
Until she knows
It is the steamer due.
Her little heart
Beats wild its part
As comes the ship in view.

She turns her head ;
Her cheeks are red,
Her eyes no longer roam.
" I want no gold
For treasures sold, —
That ship brings papa home ! "





High and low
The spring winds blow !
They take the kites that the boys have made,
And carry them off high into the air ;
They snatch the little girls' hats away,
And toss and tangle their flowing hair.

High and low
The summer winds blow !
They dance and play with the garden flowers,
And bend the grasses and yellow grain ;
They rock the bird in her hanging nest,
And dash the rain on the window-pane.





High and low
The autumn winds blow !
They frighten the bees and blossoms away,
And whirl the dry leaves over the ground ;
They shake the branches of all the trees,
And scatter ripe nuts and apples around.

High and low
The winter winds blow !
They fill the hollows with drifts of snow,
And sweep on the hills a pathway clear ;
They hurry the children along to school,
And whistle a song for the happy New Year.

M. E. N. H.



THE LITTLE GOLD-DIGGER.

MINNIE's papa was in California. He wrote letters home. He told how he dug gold in the sand. Minnie was only six. She knew that gold was money. It would buy things to eat and to wear.

Her papa had not sent home any money for two months. All he had sent was spent. Minnie's mother felt very bad because she had no money. This made Minnie feel very bad, too.



One day Minnie followed her brothers down to the pond. While they were throwing stones into the water, she was digging in the sand with her little shovel.

Minnie knew that her papa dug gold out of the sand. She wanted to find some gold. It would make her dear mamma smile again.

Would you believe it! She found a five-dollar gold piece!

Jennie and Eva, her older sisters, looking for her. At last they came to the pond. Minnie had filled her basket with sand.

"What are you doing, Minnie?" asked Jennie.

"I'm looking for gold for poor mamma."

"You won't find any," added Eva, laughing.

"But I have found some," replied Minnie, showing the gold piece.

"Mr. Jones lost that. You won't find any more," said Jennie.

"But mamma has a letter from papa, with a hundred dollars in it."

"I don't want to dig gold any more," exclaimed Minnie.

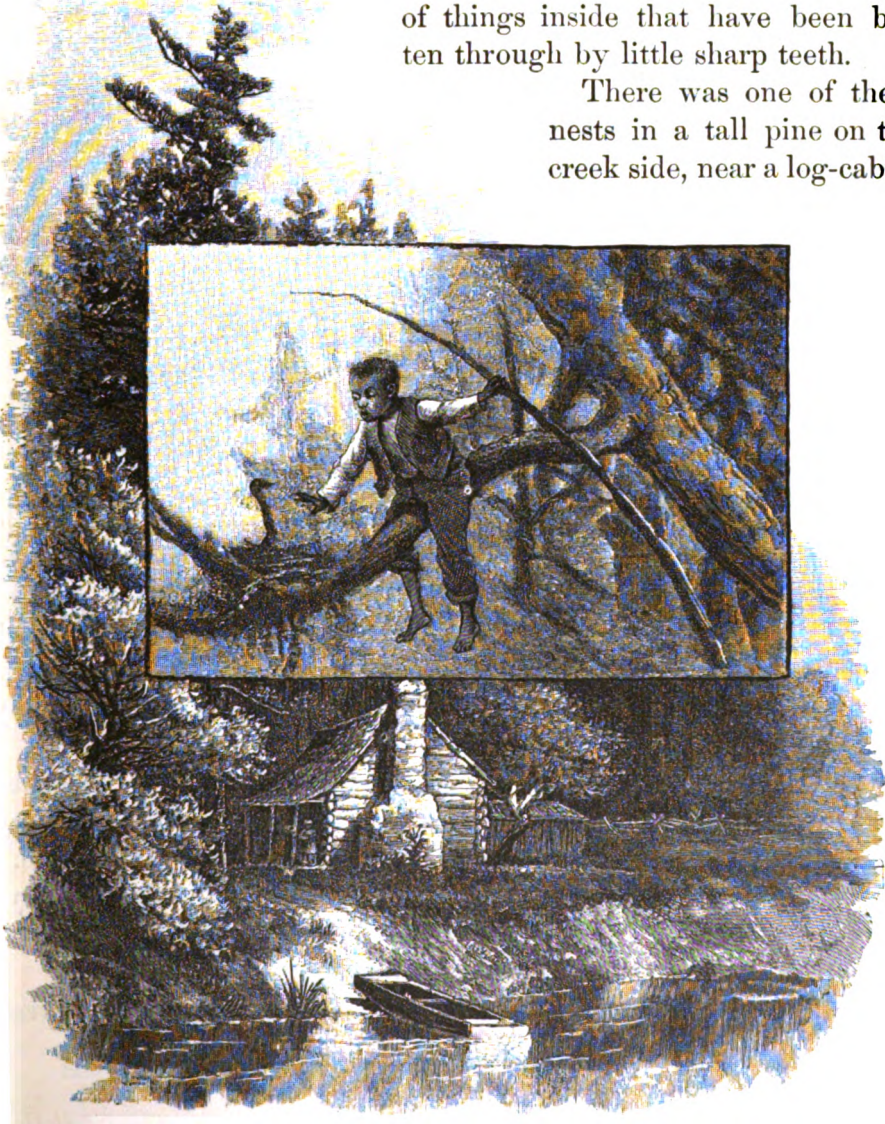
Mamma did smile again. The gold piece was sent to Mr. Jones. The whole family loved little Minnie for trying to do something.

RUTH G. BROOKS.

TOMMY AND THE SNAKE.

DID you ever see a squirrel's nest, built in a high tree? A large rough nest, made of sticks and leaves, with shells of nuts and acorns, and all sorts of things inside that have been bitten through by little sharp teeth.

There was one of these nests in a tall pine on the creek side, near a log-cabin,



where a little black boy lived. He had watched the squirrels a long time, and wanted to take out the little ones when they were big enough for him to raise them. Little Tommy was always hunting for nests of birds or squirrels, or any other nests he could find.

He never wore any shoes or hat, and his clothes were very ragged; but he could climb any tree, clinging on with hands and knees.

One day Alfred, a white boy of about his own age, showed him a silver quarter.

"I will give you this," he said, "if you will bring me a live squirrel for a pet."

"Yes, I will," said Tommy. "I know a nest up de pine-tree on de creek side. I will take de old one out by her neck, and bring you a young quirl."

Tommy could not say "squirrel," so he called it "quir!" and he did not talk as little boys and girls ought to talk. He said "de" instead of "the," and a great many other wrong words.

He climbed up the tall, straight tree. When he reached the branch where the nest was, he swung himself up, and leaned over to see whether the old squirrel was there. He knew how the sharp teeth could bite. Though his hands were hard and rough, he would not put them into the nest without looking. What do you think his eager black eyes saw, instead of the soft young squirrels?

A long black snake raised its head and glided out of the nest. Tommy did not wait to look again, but slid down the tree so fast that he nearly fell to the ground. He was so frightened that he lay quite still for several minutes.

When he looked up, he saw that the snake had only stretched itself out on the branch, and did not want to move either. Tommy ran away as fast as he could, and told his father what he had seen.

I am afraid Alfred will never get his pet squirrel, for Tommy says he will not climb another tree to look for one. He did not know before that snakes swallow squirrels when they can find them.

PINK HUNTER.

VIRGINIA.



THE DAWN OF NEW YEAR'S DAY.

“WAKE up, brother Willie! wake up! do you hear?
It is time we were wishing a Happy New Year
To mamma and papa; to their room let us go,
And give them some kisses for New Year, you know.”

Then four little feet patter swift on the floor,
And four little fists hammer loud on the door,

And two little voices call loudly and clear,
“Wake up, mamma! papa! a Happy New Year!”

And two little figures in nightgowns so white,
And two little faces so merry and bright,
Snuggle in mamma’s bed like wee birds in their nest,
And close to her warm, loving heart they are pressed.

Then the kisses begin, oh! so freely and fast,
That the two little kissers grow bankrupt at last;
And which are the happier no one can tell, —
May and Will, or the parents who love them so well!

The sunbeams are calling, “Come, up and away!
’Tis time you were dressed for the glad New Year’s day!”
Ere down from the bedside the children are slipping,
And four little white feet go merrily skipping

In search of the stockings and shoes which await
Their four little owners who linger so late.
And the beautiful New Year, so gayly begun,
Is flooded with sunshine and frolic and fun!

MARY D. BRINE.



ROY'S HORSES.

WHEN Roy was a little boy he had many fine horses.
I will tell you about them.



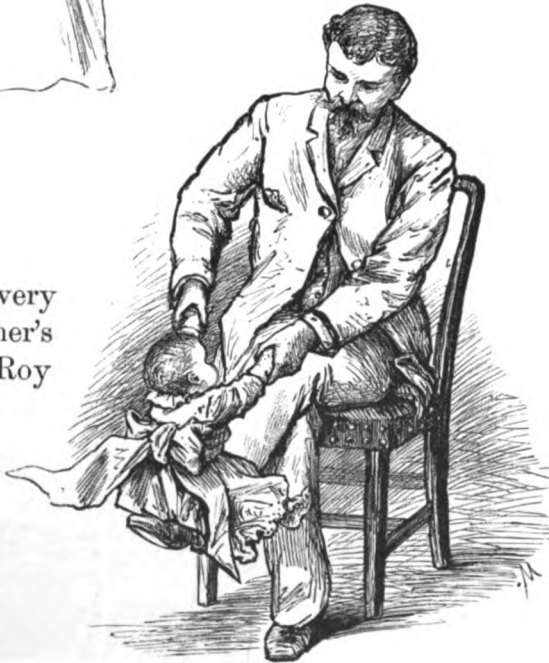
His first horse was nurse's knee. It was a hard horse to ride, for it could only trot.

Roy was very small when he rode this horse, so small that he could not hold his head up. When the horse would trot, Roy's head would roll round as though it would drop off; and nurse would sing as loud as she could : —

"Trot away to Boston,
Trot away to Lynn,
Trot away to Boston,
Trot home again."

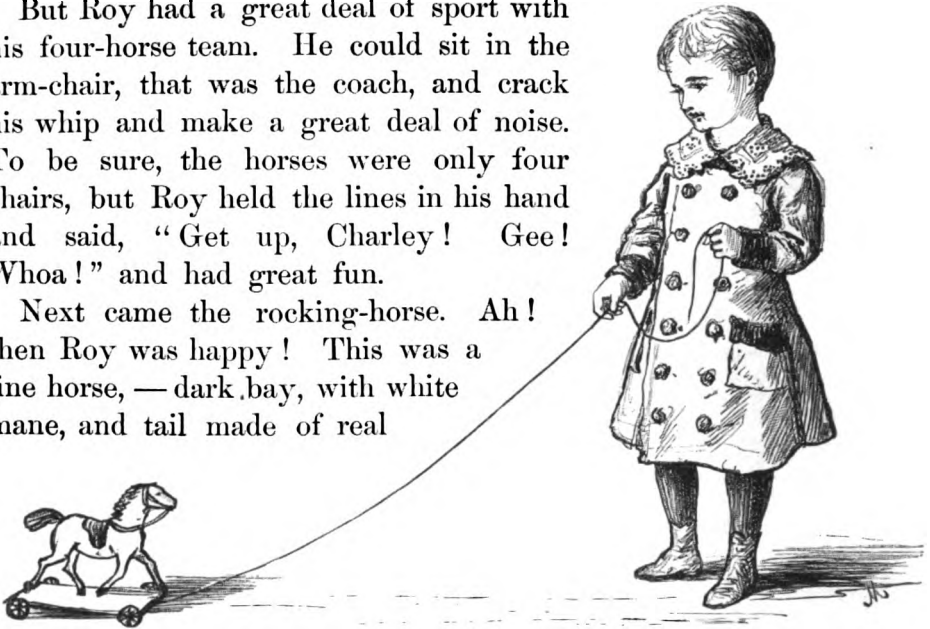
Roy's next horse was a very gay one. This was his father's foot. O, what fine rides Roy had on this horse! His father held his hands so that he could not fall off.

His next horse was a pretty tin one. It was a red horse with blue mane and tail. He held his head high, and was a fine horse to look at, but Roy could not ride him. He could only lead him about with a string, so he was soon tired of him.



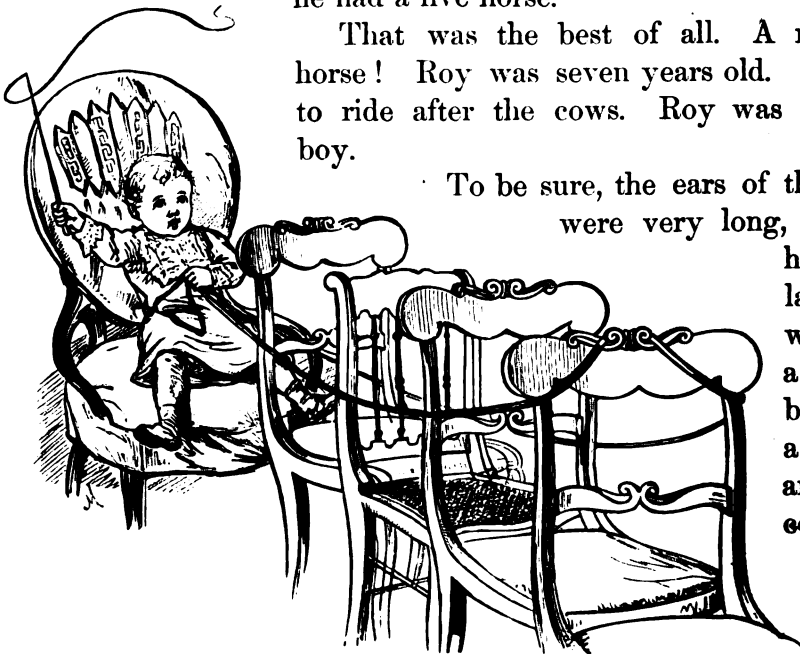
But Roy had a great deal of sport with his four-horse team. He could sit in the arm-chair, that was the coach, and crack his whip and make a great deal of noise. To be sure, the horses were only four chairs, but Roy held the lines in his hand and said, "Get up, Charley! Gee! Whoa!" and had great fun.

Next came the rocking-horse. Ah! then Roy was happy! This was a fine horse, — dark bay, with white mane, and tail made of real



horse-hair. Roy named him Dick. He never got tired of Dick till he had a live horse.

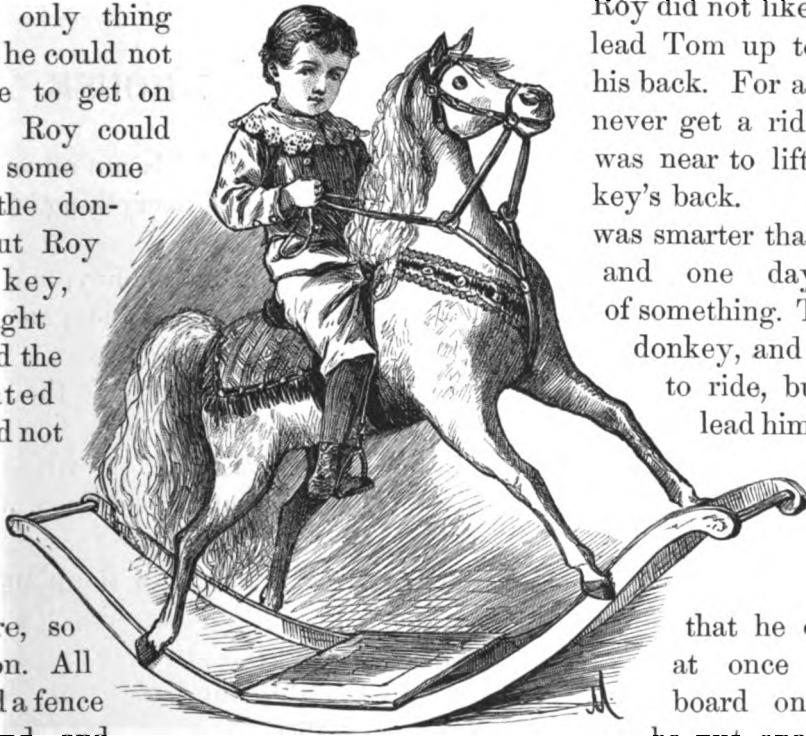
That was the best of all. A real live horse! Roy was seven years old. He used to ride after the cows. Roy was a happy boy.



To be sure, the ears of this horse were very long, and his head was large. He was only a donkey; but he was a live one, and Roy could ride him all day.

The only thing that he could not fence to get on time Roy could less some one on the don-

But Roy donkey, thought stood the wanted could not



where, so get on. All spied a fence ground, and

on the donkey's back, and then crawled up on the board and got on. Roy never had any more trouble about getting on his donkey when he could find a board.

Roy did not like was, lead Tom up to the his back. For a long never get a ride un- was near to lift him key's back.

was smarter than the and one day he of something. There donkey, and Roy to ride, but he lead him any-

that he could at once Roy board on the he put one end

L. A. B. C.



THE OPOSSUM IN THE HEN-HOUSE.

"O GEORGE, the circus is coming! the handbills are all up, and such pictures of horses and lions and tigers, and everything!"

Ned jumped about for joy, until George said, —

"But how are you going, Ned? We have no money, and papa said he could not give us any more this month, if he gave us a gun."

"The' new gun, — so he did," said Ned, sadly. "But the circus takes so little; they would let us in at half price."

"I will tell you," exclaimed George; "let us sell our white Leghorns to mamma. She wants them, I know, and the money we get for them will take us both to the circus."

This was settled, and at dinner mamma was told of the plan.

"Put them up in the hen-house to-night," she said, "and to-morrow I will look at them and we will fix the price."

The boys went to bed early that night, but had hardly settled themselves to sleep when Melissa, the little servant-girl, rushed in with a light in her hand.

"O, git up, boys, git up! Sompen's in de hen-house, killin' all de fowls."

They jumped up and huddled on their clothes as fast as they could, then ran after Melissa, who held the light while they armed themselves with sticks.

There was a great stir, sure enough, in the hen-house, — fowls were cackling and screaming with fright, and a curious snapping sound came from one corner. When the light fell here they saw a rough, hairy little animal, with small bright eyes like a pig, and a long smooth tail. But, worst of all, one of the beautiful white Leghorns lay before it, all mangled and bleeding. The horrid creature was tearing its soft body, and would hardly stop eating when the children attacked him.

At last Melissa caught up a stick, and killed the little beast with a quick blow. She held it up in triumph by its long tail. It looked

very much like a little pig, and had five fingers, like toes, on each foot.

"'Tis a 'possum," said Melissa, "and very good to eat. I's right glad *I* kill it, cos now 'tis mine."

"You are welcome to it," said Ned, half crying. "What shall we



do now our pretty Leghorn rooster is dead? We can't go to the circus."

Next morning they told their tale at the breakfast-table.

"Never mind," said their father; "I think you may go, after all, as I owe you something for killing the opossum. He would have destroyed the rest of the fowls."

"Yes; but, papa, Melissa killed it; we only struck at it."

"Well, I think I must treat the whole party, as all did their best. We will set a trap to-day for the next opossum that may come to see us."

The boys and Melissa went to the circus, and enjoyed all they saw, and Melissa had a fine opossum stew into the bargain.

VIRGINIA.

PINK HUNTER.

HOW ROY WENT A FISHING.

Roy had fished in the ditch by the side of the road a great many times; but he had only a bent pin for a fish-hook, and a piece of twine for a line. He never caught any fish there.

When he was six years old his uncle James gave him a real fish-hook and a line, and after a good deal of coaxing his mother said that he might go down the cow-path to the brook and fish for trout.

Uncle James caught a great many trout in the brook.

Alice wanted to go with Roy; and Roy, who is very kind to his sister, asked his mother to let her go.

Alice carried the basket, — a pretty large one. Mary, the cook, told them to be sure and get it full of fish, so that she could fry them for dinner.

How proud and happy they were! Their mother could see them from the window all the time.

When they reached the brook Alice sat down on a rock. Roy put a worm on the hook, and dropped the end of the line into the stream. But it was a long time before he got a bite. At last he thought he felt a nibble.

"I've got one, Ally!" he shouted. "O, such a big fellow! You will have to come and help me pull him out!"

They tugged away on the line, and then they both fell over backwards.

"There he is!" cried Roy. But when they got up and looked, it was not a trout at all. It was only a piece of a black root that broke off and gave them a tumble.

Roy tried again, and after a good while he felt another nibble. He jerked the line out so quickly that the hook caught in the back of Alice's dress. It pricked her shoulder so that she had half a mind to cry.

Roy could not get the hook out of her dress, and they went home for their mother to help them.

Mary laughed at Roy a good deal. She told his uncle James, at dinner-time, that Roy caught the biggest trout she ever saw, and he had to come home for his mother to get it off the hook.

L. A. B. C.





HOW MISCHIEF TOOK THE ROSEBUD.

ONE little rose had Mamma Fay,
Deep in the window growing,
And on its slender, drooping stem
A pink-white bud was showing.

Now little, darling Mischief Fay,
The pink-white bud espying,
Crept softly to the window-seat,
And quick on tiptoe standing,

Nipped off the bud, then ran away,
And when his mamma, crying,
“O naughty, naughty Mischief Fay!
So bad, so disobeying!”

He only laughed, and lisping said,
Careless of what he'd done,
“Why, mamma, here 'th the ittle bud,
Take it, and thew it on.”

ELIZABETH A. DAVIS.

BOSE AND SAM.

YOU knew Bose, who lived at Squire Horton's on the hill? He was a large, gray, shaggy dog.



Sam was a small yellow terrier, and his home was in the village.

One day Bose was near Sam's house, when he all at once grew sick. He lay down and cried, and the big tears ran down his cheeks.

Little Sam came up, and I think he asked Bose how he felt, for soon Bose rose up and tried to walk home. Sam ran by his side, and now and then jumped and barked as if to help poor Bose to bear his pain. Bose lay down to rest two or three times, and Sam lay down with him.

At last they reached Squire Horton's, and Sam barked till Jane came to the door and took care of Bose. Then Sam ran home.

The day after he came to see Bose and cheer him up. Then he came again the next day, and ran about the house and the barn, but could not find his friend.

Poor Bose was dead. After a time Sam found his grave, and there he lay down and howled. But soon he went back to his home, and he did not go to Squire Horton's any more.

KHAM.





WHAT THE SNOW-BIRDS SAID.



VOL. I.

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No. 4.

WHAT THE SNOW-BIRDS SAID.

“CHEEP, cheep,” said some little snow-birds,
As the snow came whirling down;
“We have n’t a nest,
Or a place to rest,
Save this oak-tree bending down.”



“Cheep, cheep,” said little Wee Wing,
The smallest bird of all;
“I have never a care,
In this winter air,—
God cares for great and small.”

“Peet, peet,” said her father, Gray-Breast;
“You’re a thoughtless bird, my dear.
We all must eat,
And warm our feet,
When snow and ice are here.”



“Cheep, cheep,” said little Wee Wing,
“You are wise and good, I know;
But think of the fun
For each little one,
When we have ice and snow.”

"Now I can see, from my perch on the tree,
 The merriest, merriest sight, —
 Boys, skating along
 On the ice so strong, —
 Cheep, cheep, how merry and bright!"



"And I see," said Brownie Snow-bird,
 "A sight that is prettier far, —
 Five dear little girls,
 With clustering curls,
 And eyes as bright as a star."

"And I," said his brother, Bright-Eyes,
 "See a man of ice and snow ;
 He wears a queer hat,
 His large nose is flat, —
 The boys made him, I know."



"I see some sleds," said Mother Brown,
 "All filled with girls and boys ;
 They laugh and sing,
 Their voices ring,
 And I like the cheerful noise."

Then the snow-birds all said, "Cheep and chee,
 Hurrah for ice and snow,
 For the girls and boys,
 Who drop us crumbs,
 As away to their sport they go !



"Hurrah for the winter clear and cold,
 When the dainty snow-flakes fall!
 We will sit and sing
 On our oaken swing,
 For the dear God cares for all."

KATE TANNATT WOODS.

A STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE.

MR. MORSE was an artist. He painted pretty pictures on canvas. Sometimes he drew them with a lead-pencil on blocks of wood. Then the engraver cut them out, so that they could be printed in books. They were just like the pictures you see in "Our Little Ones."



One winter Mr. Morse was sick. The doctor told him he had better go to Florida. He went, and stayed there till spring. The weather there is like spring all through the winter.

In March, which is cold and windy in the North, the air is sweet with the perfume of flowers.

Oranges grow in Florida. They are the sweetest in the world. In March the orange-trees blossom. The leaves on these trees are green all winter long.

Mr. Morse was very fond of hunting and fishing. One day he went five miles through the forest to a lake. From the live-oak trees the trailing moss hung down like a lady's veil. As the wind blew through the pines it made a soft, sad music.

When he came to the lake he found a tree which had blown down into the water. It had been there for years. Its leaves and branches were all gone. It was nothing but a long straight stick.

The artist walked out on it and fished all the forenoon. As he started to the shore, he saw a snake asleep on the log.

The snake's bite would kill a man. Mr. Morse feared the snake would bite him. He waited a long time, but the snake did not move.

He stayed on the log three long hours more. Then a negro boy came along in a boat. The boy's name was Paul. The artist told him about the snake. Paul with one blow of his fish-pole killed him.

"Here is a silver quarter for you, Paul," said Mr. Morse.

Paul never had so much money before. As he paddled home he thought what he should do with it. He made up his mind to buy a book.

He had just learned to read a little. He wanted to learn more. The book was better than candy, better than playthings, better than watermelons. He bought the book before night.

Paul's father lived in a log-cabin. He could not read or write. There was not even a Bible in the house. Paul read his book by the blaze of light wood. He had to spell out the words. But the book was a primer, and he could understand the stories in it.

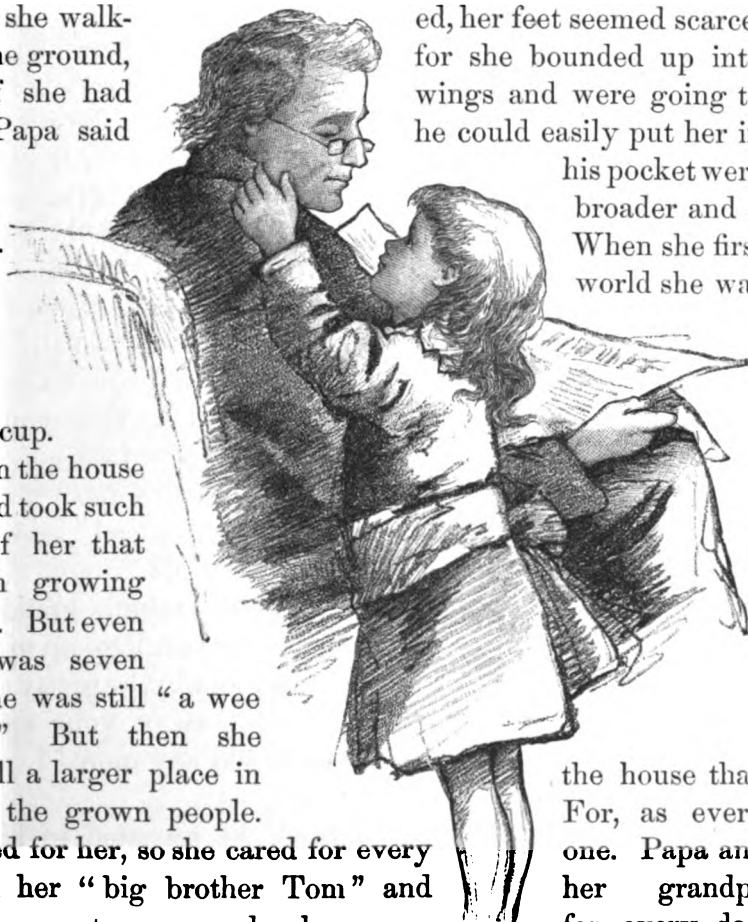
The next morning Mr. Morse went by the log-cabin. He was going to shoot wild turkeys. In front of the cabin Paul sat in a chair reading his book. He was as happy as anybody could be.

The artist took out his pencil and sketch-book. He made a picture of Paul reading his book. He put in the log-cabin, and the flowers Paul's mother had planted. Mr. Morse called his picture "A study in black and white."

MARY BLOOM.

A WEE LITTLE THING.

"A WEE little thing." That's what some people called Maggie Bell. She was a tiny little girl only seven years old, and did not look to be as old as light. When she walked to touch the ground, the air as if she had fly away. Papa said his pocket, if only a little little deeper. came to this such "a wee little thing," she could go into a quart cup.



that, she was so small and ed, her feet seemed scarce- for she bounded up into wings and were going to he could easily put her in his pocket were broader and a When she first world she was

Everybody in the house loved her, and took such good care of her that she kept on growing and growing. But even when she was seven years old she was still "a wee little thing." But then she seemed to fill a larger place in any one of the grown people. one had cared for her, so she cared for every mamma and her "big brother Tom" and and all the servants were under her care; she did something to make them all happy.

the house than For, as every one. Papa and her grandpa for every day

When she laughed and danced about the room she made them happy. If she happened to be out of sight a few minutes, some one of the family would always say, "Where is our little Maggie?" and then she would come in, with her hoop on her arm, and tell

them all what she had seen, and what was said to her on the sidewalk. Mr. Sims came along and said he wished she was his little girl. She told him she could n't be spared, she had so much to do in the house, — that, any way, grandpa could n't live without her.

Grandpa smiled when she said this, and took out his pocket-handkerchief and rubbed his spectacles, and then put them on again, to get a better look at his rosy little Maggie.



"Could you spare me, grandpa, — could you?" she said, patting his withered cheeks with her dimpled hands.

"My darling! my treasure!" replied grandpa. "Your grandpa is very old, and the world would be a lonesome place for him without his little Maggie."

"I won't ever let you be lonesome," said little Maggie, patting his cheeks again; "and I won't ever let you be tired, for I'll find your spectacles every time you lose 'em, and I'll find your newspaper too."

"Poor grandpa!" said the old man, "he's very old."

"Never mind, grandpa," replied Maggie; "you'll go up to the beautiful land by and by, — pretty soon, I guess,

— and then the angels will say, 'Put away your spectacles, and your cane too, for you won't ever be old any more.'"

Grandpa smiled.

"'Won't ever be old any more,'" he repeated to himself, as he nodded in his arm-chair.

Then he waked and slept and waked again.

"'Won't ever be old any more,'" he repeated, and as he nodded again, his spectacles slipped off his nose and dropped on the carpet.

Maggie picked them up; and grandpa said; "If there's anybody in this world who knows what 'the angels will say' to me 'by and by,' it is the 'wee little thing,' my darling little Maggie."

PAUL COBDEN.



GRANDMA AND LITTLE MAY.

GRANDMA is old, and can only sit still
From morning till evening, day after day ;
And, O, how lonely her life would be
Without her granddaughter, dear little May !

Grandma now cannot wait on herself ;
Her sight is failing, her steps are slow ;
But May has young hands that are willing to work,
And feet that are nimble and ready to go.

She never forgets that Grandma should have
The pleasantest corner and easiest chair ;
And no one can tell all the sweet, loving ways
By which she shows her affection and care.

And so, though Grandma is feeble and old,
And growing more helpless day after day,
Her life is full of contentment and joy,
With her grandchild beside her, — dear little May.

M. E. N. H.

MINDING THE COW AND PIG.

LITTLE Hattie thought it was too much to have to mind a cow and a pig too. The day was bright and sunny. Nice green grass covered the roadside, and Hattie's work was not very hard, after all.

All she had to do was to watch the white cow as she grazed, and to pull the end of a long rope if the pig strayed too far.

The rope was tied to a strap around the pig's neck. He was a very little fellow, — too small to be put into a pen.

The white cow was large and fat, with a black nose and great sleepy brown eyes; and Hattie liked to stroke her smooth sides.

The pig was a funny playfellow, and Hattie put her little calico bonnet on his head to see how he would like that. He shook his head and grunted, and Hattie rolled on the ground laughing at him.

"O how funny you are!" she said.

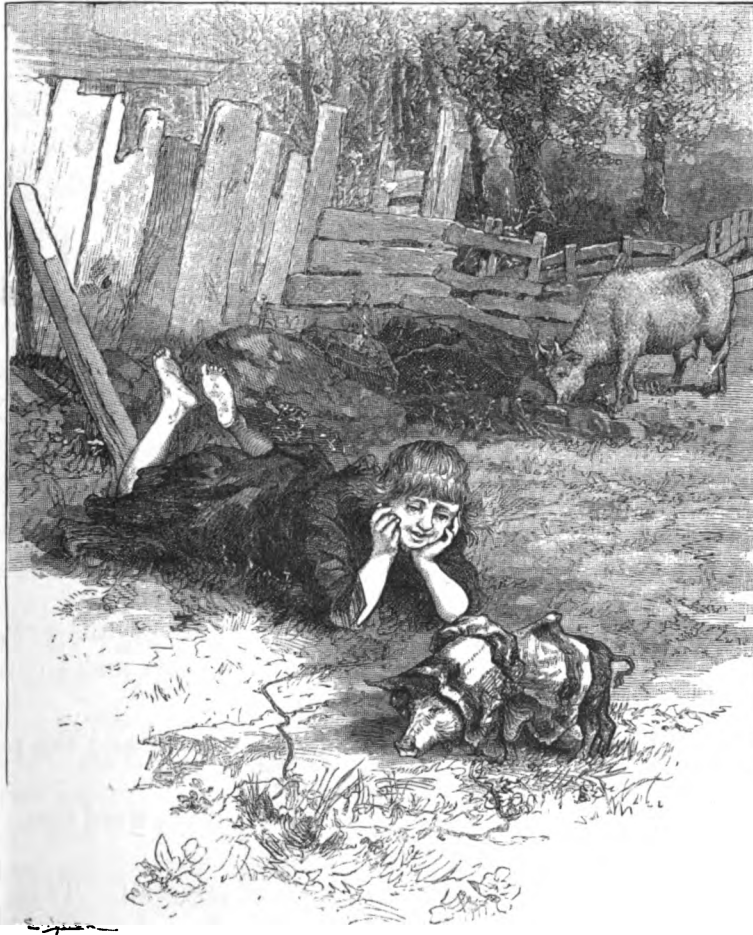
By and by she grew tired of playing, and her eyes were very heavy. She crept under a shady tree by the roadside, where the grass was long and soft, and lay down.

"I will watch them here," she said to herself; but she winked very often, and could hardly keep her eyes open. The little legs were stretched on the grass, her bonnet fell over her face, and little Hattie was fast asleep.

Very soon after she went to sleep a man came along, driving a wagon. He looked down at the little girl and smiled. He was Hattie's father, and was going to carry some wool to market. He had one of Hattie's brothers with him, and he made him get out and

take the pig home. Then he called to his wife, who was in the yard, not to let the cow stray out of sight. His house was very near the road, and he turned the cow outside, that she might eat the grass.

When Hattie's brother came back, he found his sister in the wagon, lying on a bag of wool.



The wagon jolted along, but Hattie did not wake, for she was very tired.

In a little while they rattled over some stones, and Hattie stirred. Then she sat up, and opened her eyes very wide.

There were some houses and trees she had never seen before.



Where was she? The cow and the pig were not in sight, and here she was in a wagon with her father.

When he heard her stirring, he turned and asked if she was awake now.

"Yes," said Hattie, "but where are we going?"

"Suppose I take you to the town," said her father, "and sell you with this wool? I want a little girl to mind my cow, and you are too sleepy."

Hattie looked at him to see if he was joking. He did not smile, so she

did not know whether to laugh or cry.

"You told me this morning you were tired of the cow," said her father. "Perhaps you would like to stay here, and I can carry another little girl home with me."

"No, no!" said Hattie; "I will mind the cow, and the pig too, and not go to sleep. Let us go home now."

Her father laughed, and told her he must sell his wool first. Then he would take her home, and try her again.

Hattie and her brother had a happy day, after all. Their father took them to a store and gave them cakes and candy. She liked to see so many houses and strange people; but she was very glad to get back to her mother and the white cow.

PINK HUNTER.

VIRGINIA.

FREDDIE'S POLLIES.

FREDDIE is a little boy living in the city of New York. Polly is a large green bird. He has a yellow face, and long red feathers in his wings.

Besides this large a very little polly. green too. It is fun floor together. Big polly, "Come along, can't talk; he can runs towards the big he gets near enough, catch him. I think, him, he would kill

But little polly always flies screaming away just in time. Big polly talks a great deal for a bird. He calls himself "pretty Tommy Brown." He can cry like a little baby and laugh like a happy child. He can call like the Evening Telegram, too, very nicely. "Not By and By" are his

Big polly cost a almost worth his weight in gold. He may well be proud, and call himself "pretty Tommy Brown."

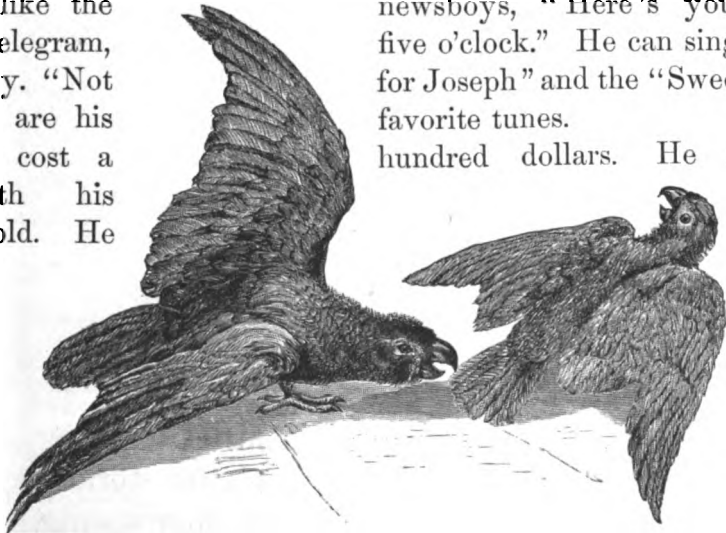
Freddy likes little polly best, because he will sit on his finger.

I am afraid big polly would nip off his little master's nose if he went too near.



parrot, Freddie has The little polly is to see them on the polly says to little sir." Little polly only scream. But he polly. As soon as big polly tries to if he did get hold of the little fellow.

newsboys, "Here's your five o'clock." He can sing, for Joseph" and the "Sweet favorite tunes. hundred dollars. He is



NELLIE.

THE LITTLE SNOW-SHOVELLER.

MERRILY whistling along the street,
With his little pug nose, and his hands and feet
Sharply bitten by old Jack Frost,
His curly hair by the rude wind tost,
Armed with his shovel, goes Pat Magee;
In search of a job, of course, is he.



Brave little chap! 't is little he cares
For old Jack Frost; and the storm he dares
With a merry face and a merry song,
As through the snow he paddles along —
This blue-eyed lad — o'er the slippery street,
Hoping the chance of a job to meet.

Give him a dime and see him work :
Pat is not a bit of a shirk ;
In goes his shovel with might and main,
Making the snow fly off like rain, —
Here, there, and everywhere, in a trice,
Till your walk grows speedily clean and nice.

Then, cheeks as red as the reddest rose,
Shouldering his shovel, off he goes ;
Merrily whistling on his way,
His boyish heart so happy and gay,
That neither for wind nor frost cares he, —
This little snow-shoveller, Pat Magee.

MARY D. BRINE.

HASTE IS WASTE.

LIVE and learn ;
Do not burn
Your fingers in the fire.
Do not run,
Just for fun,
Your little legs to tire.
Learn to talk,
Learn to walk,
But do not be in haste ;
Stub your toes,
Hurt your nose,
And learn that haste is waste.



TWO CHERRIES.

As I was going shopping one morning, I saw my little niece, Ida, coming towards me.

Ida is a sweet girl about six years old. Everybody loves her.

As soon as I saw her I knew something had happened to please her, she looked so happy. Her cheeks were redder than usual, and her eyes were shining with delight.



"Turn about, and go shopping with me," I said, after I had kissed her good morning.

"Not this time, Aunt Rosie," she answered; "I must hurry home, for I have something for mamma and baby. You can take one little peep."

She opened her hand and I saw — what do you think? — two ripe cherries!

"I would give you one, Aunty, if I had another. Are n't they nice? Uncle Tom gave them to me. Baby Alice never tasted a cherry in all her little life!"

"It will be a great treat," said I.

"How do they taste?"

"O, I don't know, but they look so nice! Uncle Tom only gave me two, and I want mamma and baby to have them!"

And that was what made her so happy, — two cherries for mamma and baby!

I have seen little girls who would have eaten them both themselves. Do you wonder that everybody loved dear little Ida?

So I had to go shopping alone. But before I returned home I went to the market and bought a quart of the finest black-heart

cherries I could find, great, plump, ripe ones. I went round to Ida's, and told Bridget, the kitchen-girl, to give them to Ida, and say that they were a present from a friend.



Of course Ida shared them with all the rest of the family ; but she found out herself how cherries tasted.

The next time I saw her she told me all about it ; but she never could guess who sent her those cherries.

SWEET-BRIER.

ROBBIE'S RIDE AFTER HIS FATHER.

ROBBIE's father was going to the city, and going on horseback too. Robbie wanted to go very much, but it was a long way. Robbie was very little, so he must stay at home with mother.

He watched his father ride away, and he did not cry, as everybody expected he would. O no, for a fine plan had crept into his small head.

After his father was out of sight, Robbie looked around until he found his stick-horse. He did n't look for his hat, for he did n't like to wear it. He only kept it on because mother said, if he did not, he must wear a bonnet.



So, in his red dress, Robbie went trotting off through the front gate. Nobody was on the watch just then, and master Rob got well out of sight before any one missed him.

He had made up his mind that he would go with father, and expected every moment to catch up with him.

The stick-horse trotted bravely along the muddy road. Father's horse had gone through the mud. Robbie could see the tracks of the hoofs; so he would not turn aside either, but

splashed along through every mud-hole.

At last the stick-horse did not trot so merrily. He fell into a walk, for Robbie's shoes were so heavy with mud he could scarcely drag them out of each miry place. His hands were very red and cold too.

Surely he would soon find father, so he trudged along the muddy road.

At last he did see a man, and on horseback too. But he was coming towards Robbie. When at last he came up to the stick-horse and its tired rider, he stopped.

"Where are you
"I'm going after
Richmond," said
"Well, I wouldn't
said the man. "You



going?" he asked of Robbie.
father, and he's gone to
Robbie.

go any farther to-day,"
get up here in front of me,
and we'll have a fine ride
home."

At first Robbie did not
want to turn back. But
the kind neighbor per-
suaded him, and
took him, muddy
shoes, stick-horse,
and all, safely home.

Whether mother
had missed Robbie
before he got back,
I don't know. But
I do know she was
glad the stick-horse
had not carried its
little rider on any
longer journey.

Robbie was washed and kissed and petted, but he never rode
after father again.

VIRGINIA.

LUCY RANDOLPH FLEMING.



TOPSY, TOBY, AND TOT.

TOPSY, Toby, and Tot,
Seven, and five, and three;
As pretty a lot of children small
As one could wish to see.



Going a berrying
Out in the woods to-day,
With sun-hats broad and baskets big
They merrily speed away.

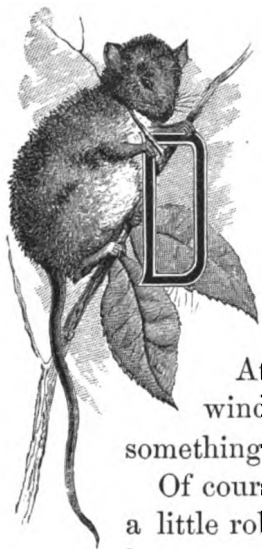
Home when the sun is low,
Frocks torn and faces soiled;
With berries few in baskets big,
And those half-dried or spoiled.



Topsy, Toby, and Tot,
All tired as they can be;
As dirty a lot of children small
As one would care to see.

N. L. G.

THE MICE IN A ROBIN'S NEST.



THE Mr. Robin, when he took his family to the South for the winter, advertise a "House to let" in the newspapers?

Grandpa Baldwin wondered about it when he found who had moved into the robin's nest on the top of the quince-bush.

Grandpa was picking quinces when he noticed the nest. He was surprised to see something move in it.

At first he thought it was a dry leaf, blown by the wind. He kept glancing up at it, and pretty soon something moved again.

Of course he did not think for a moment that it could be a little robin; for when quinces are ripe all the little robins have grown up and have gone South.

Grandpa was very curious by this time. He climbed up in the tree and peeped into the nest. He saw nothing there but a bunch of wool.

"How did cotton-wool get into that nest?" says Grandpa to himself.

Then it moved again.

Grandpa put his hand up very carefully, and was just about to lift the wool, when out jumped an old mother mouse and ran away.

Grandpa started so that he nearly fell out of the tree.

Then he lifted the wool and peeped into the nest. There he found six little baby mice, all sleeping in the softest little bed you can imagine, with a nice wool mattress and coverlid.

As the old mother mouse had run away and left her babies, Grandpa decided to carry the nest home and show it to mamma and the boys.

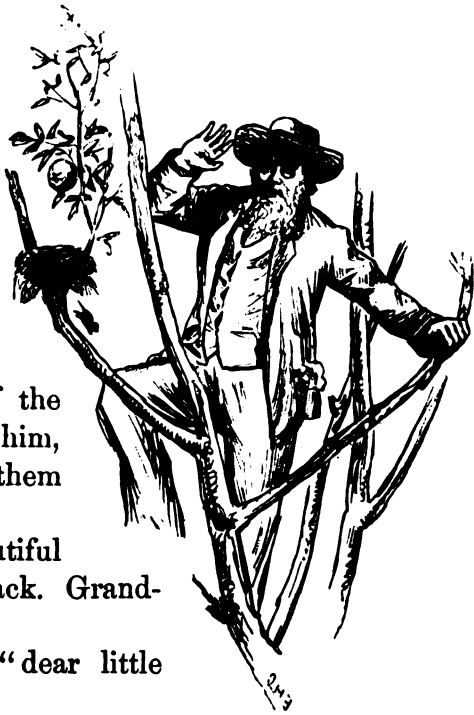
Such a shouting as there was then! The little "mites," as baby

called them, cuddled closer and closer to each other, until one fell over the edge of the nest on the floor. Then such a scrambling as there was to catch him! Mamma was inclined to get up in a chair and look on. Grandpa and the boys chased the nimble little fellow. It ran under the chairs and tables, right up the walls of the room. At last Grandpa caught him, and mamma advised him to take them all out doors.

The mother mouse had a beautiful white breast and a fawn-colored back. Grandpa said she was a dear mouse.

Hal thought they were all "dear little mice."

There are a great many of them in the fields. Sometimes when the men are mowing the mice run up their trousers-legs. Grandpa says he never before knew one to climb a tree and make a home for herself in a bird's-nest.



M. B. HORNE.



FOUR LITTLE BOYS.

THEIR names were Jack, Dick, Si, and Pete; their heads were round as bullets, their eyes as black as coals, their teeth as white as snow, and their faces about the color of soot. When they stood up side by side, they made steps, Jack at the top and Pete at the bottom. They were all barefooted, and you could not have told which was the most ragged.



The day Jack was six years old his father took him to school.

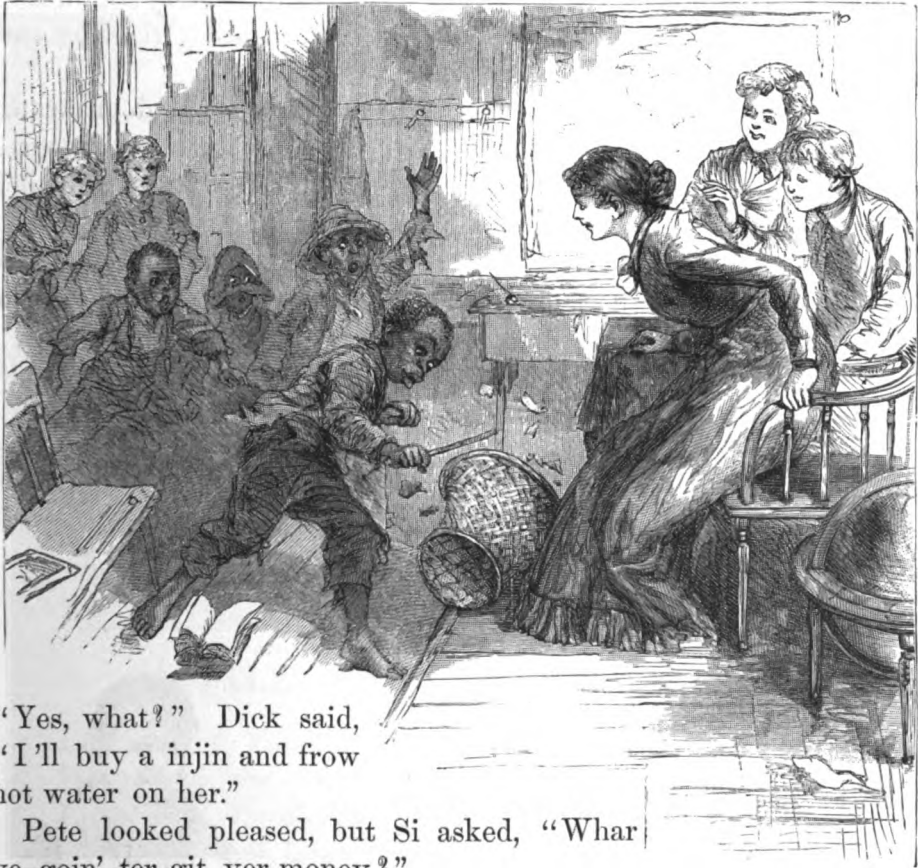
The first two or three days he was a model boy. He sat from morning until night with his arms folded tight, his mouth ajar, and his black eyes round with wonder. His teacher was delighted with him, and his father said, "I allus knowed dat boy make sunfin."

The fourth day he began to fidget. The fifth day he talked. By the middle of the second week he was in the full tide of mischief.

Before the third week was over his teacher was in despair.

Jack found that school was not what he had dreamed. He wanted to play, and he did not want to learn his letters. His mother used the slipper, and his teacher kept him after school, and

life became very dreary. Dick, Si, and Pete looked on with alarm. They missed Jack's mind and hand in their pranks, and feared they should share his fate. Dick said something must be done. Si agreed, but said "What?" Little Pete opened his mouth and eyes, and said,



"Yes, what?" Dick said,
 "I'll buy a injin and frow
 hot water on her."

Pete looked pleased, but Si asked, "Whar
 ye goin' ter git yer money?"

Dick was not able to reply, and the plan was dropped.

One day Jack came home, after a more lively day than usual. He was led by the three boys to a secure place behind the woodshed. They told of their plan to make a bold strike for liberty.

Jack said, "I knowed fur long time suffin hab to be done!"

Then after a few moments of deep thought he unfolded a plan so brilliant that the other three boys stood on their heads with delight. Then they uttered such whoops that their mother came out with a wet towel and put them all to flight.

Jack fairly outdid himself the next day. All the children giggled, and the best little boy in the school got a bad mark.

At noontime the teacher gave him a cup of water and a slice of her own bread and butter. She told him that he must stay in. This was just what he wanted; he folded his arms very tight, and sat as still as a black statue. Even when he heard a giggling and whispering at the door he did not move.

Two minutes later a terrible whoop was heard. The door swung open, and Dick, Si, and Pete, attended by four friendly savages, made a rush on the astonished teacher. Pete seized the ruler, and knocked over the waste-paper basket.

Between surprise and laughter, the teacher could do nothing. If the big scholars had not helped her, I fear Jack would have been master of the fort.

As it is, he is tied up in the wood-shed, and fed on bread and water, with Dick and Si to keep him company.

CLARA G. DOLLIVER.

DON'T FRET.

Don't be in a pet;
You never should fret,
But laugh, and try to be
good.
You never should scold;
Do what you are told,
As little ones always should.





LITTLE MISS TODDLEDUMS.

LITTLE Miss Toddledums, whither away?
Where are you walking on this breezy day?
Little Miss Toddledums, wait just a minute,
Till I ask that large hat of yours what is within it.

No? well, I'll guess, since so bashful are you:
A little fat face, and a pair of eyes blue,
A dainty pug nose, rosy mouth, and a chin,
Where kisses have dented a dimple deep in.

Little Miss Toddledums, please take my arm,
I'll go walking with you and keep you from harm;
And some of these days, when much taller you've grown,
Why, you and your hat can go travelling alone!

MRS. M. D. BRINE.

JAMIE'S SQUIRREL.

JAMIE came home from school one day and ran to find his mother.

He told her that Tommy Lee had a splendid gray squirrel.

Tommy caught it in the woods. He would sell it to Jamie for twenty-five cents.

Jamie's mother told him she could not give him any money to buy a squirrel. She needed all of her money to buy other things.

When Jamie came from school the next day, he told his mother that Tommy would let him have the squirrel for one of his bantam hens.

His mother told him she was willing he should buy the squirrel in that way, if he wanted to.

Jamie said that Willie Brown had a real nice cage that he used to keep a squirrel in. It had a wheel too, and Willie told him he would let him have it.

So Jamie started off to get the cage.

He brought it home. He cleaned it all out from top to bottom.

Then he put the hen into a basket, and carried it over to Tommy. He brought home the squirrel, and named him Bobby. He put him into the cage. Bobby ran to the farther corner and seemed to be frightened.

Jamie tried to coax him to eat some sweet apple, but Bobby would not eat a mouthful.

Jamie put some peanuts into the cage, but Bobby would not eat one.

His mother told him to leave Bobby alone for a while, and he would feel better.

So Jamie did not go near the cage again that night.

The next morning Bobby was hungry.

Jamie gave him a good breakfast.

In a few days he was quite tame.

He soon began to turn the wheel, and he made it go very fast.

He had a little room in the top of his cage to sleep in, and he had a piece of flannel for his bed.

When he was frightened, or the boys teased him, he would run up into his chamber and hide.

After a little while Jamie let him out of the cage every day.

He would follow Jamie all about the house. He would sit on his shoulder and eat nuts.

When Bobby had eaten all the nuts he wanted, he would hide the rest under the door-mat, and pat them down with his feet.

Jamie could hug him and pet him all he wanted to, and Bobby was never cross.

Jamie never forgot to feed him.

He cleaned out his cage every morning, and gave him fresh water.

Jamie had a number of other pets.

He had a dog and a cat and a large flock of hens and chickens.

But Bobby always had his breakfast first.

Bobby is still alive, and I think he must be the happiest squirrel that was ever shut up in a cage.



M. M. II.



MRS. DAISY AND DR. DON.

DON and Daisy Dingle were playing with dolls one cloudy morning. Daisy was mamma and Don was the doctor.

Two of Daisy's dolls wore long nightdresses; one lay in the cradle, Daisy held one in her lap. Little mamma looked very anxious, while Dr. Don felt of the doll's pulse, holding a tiny watch in one hand.

"O Doctor," said Daisy, "are my babies very ill?"

"Very," replied Dr. Don; "I shall have to give them pills every hour."

"O, my poor babies! Is it fever, Doctor?" asked Daisy. Dr. Don looked very wise; then, shaking his head slowly, he said, "Both your babies, Mrs. Daisy, have the red fever bad. I will bring you some pills." Bowing very gravely, Dr. Don went off for the pills.

Betty, the cook, was very kind to the children, and she gave Don some bread and helped him roll some pills. Don declared they must be

rolled in sugar, or the sick babies could not take them.

Betty then gave him some cookies, which the little doctor rolled up carefully in a napkin. The



pills he put in a box. Then he knocked on the nursery door. Mrs. Daisy opened it very quietly. Dr. Don asked, "Are the sick babies asleep?" Mrs. Daisy nodded her head.

Dr. Don then opened the napkin and gave Daisy a cooky, saying very gravely, "I fear you will take the fever, Mrs. Daisy, if you don't eat this medicine. I may take the fever; so we will both eat some."

Then the children ate up the cookies very quickly, as if the medicine was good.

"O," says Mrs. Daisy, "my babies are awake."

Dr. Don at once opened his pill-box, and gave Mrs. Daisy a pill for each. The babies seemed to take them, but I think Mrs. Daisy swallowed them.

Dr. Don said, "They must take a drive at once." Mrs. Daisy quickly dressed both babies in long dresses, cloaks, and hoods. Dr. Don got the doll-carriage, and helped place the babies in it. Then the children took a walk to see Grandpa Dingle.

Daisy told Grandpa that Don was a very good doctor, and his pills had cured her babies of "red fever." Grandpa said next time he was ill he should send for Dr. Don, and Mrs. Daisy must be his nurse.

AUNT CARRIE.





THE RUDE MARCH WINDS.



VOL. I.

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No. 5.

THE RUDE MARCH WINDS.

POOR little Daisy! the March winds are rude!
Too free with the darling are they;
And she and her doggie are having hard times
To battle the breezes at play.
O, many a kiss have they left on her cheeks,
Till she has grown rosy at last;
And, run as she may, she can hardly get rid
Of the breezes which chase her so fast.

For old Mr. March, one can very well see,
In a frolicsome mood is to-day,
And cares not a pin for whoever may dare
To venture across in his way.
“I’m ’most blown to pieces!” cries Daisy, “O, dear!”
She clutches her hat with a will;
And Fido agrees that a real blowy day
Isn’t pleasant on top of a hill!

NEW YORK.

M. D. BRINE.

CLEMMIE AND HIS DONKEY.

NEARLY every pleasant day a little boy about six years of age passes my window riding on a small donkey. The donkey is of a gray color and has on a saddle and bridle. He and his little master seem to enjoy themselves very well as they go along.

The little boy's name is Clemmie. He has just returned from a long voyage with his parents. They have been to Australia, and crossed the broad ocean.



I don't suppose many readers of "Our Little Ones" have ever been so far from home as little Clemmie. He was very glad to get back.

They stopped at many ports during the long voyage. At one of them, the island of St. Helena, his father bought this little donkey for Clemmie.

One day Clemmie took a ride on his donkey to the post-office.

What do you think the little fellow did? Why, instead of getting off at the door, he just kept his seat and rode the donkey straight into the post-office.

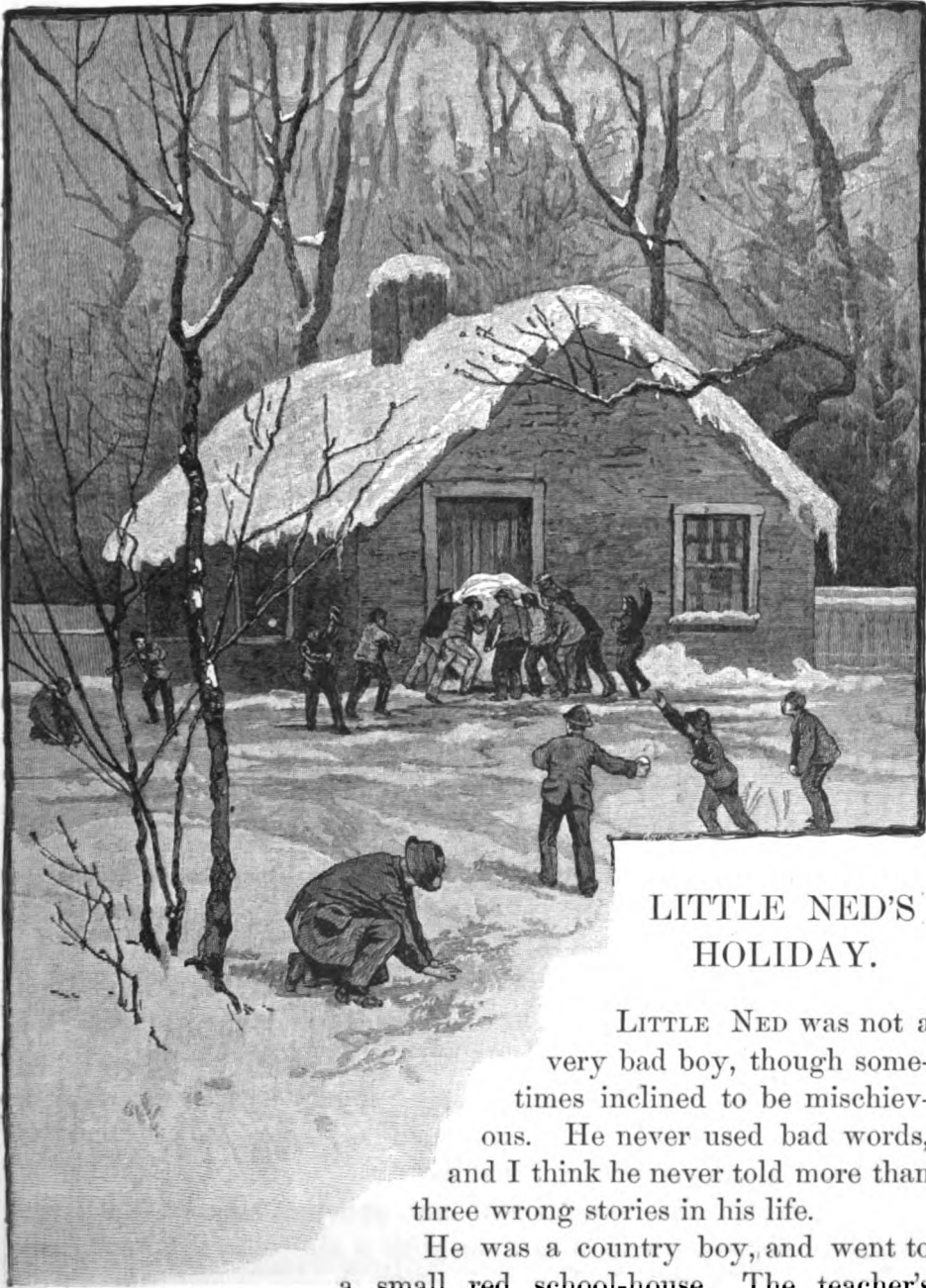
"Have we got any mail?" he asked.

There was no mail for him. The postmistress told him that the next time he came for the mail he had better leave his donkey at the door.

Clemmie had been on board of the ship so long that he was not used to the ways of people on the land.

AUNT JENNIE.

MASSACHUSETTS.



LITTLE NED'S HOLIDAY.

LITTLE NED was not a very bad boy, though sometimes inclined to be mischievous. He never used bad words, and I think he never told more than three wrong stories in his life.

He was a country boy, and went to a small red school-house. The teacher's name was Miss Brown, and most of the scholars loved her.

One winter morning, after a great storm, a part of the children went to school. Then the teacher said to them, "So many are absent to-day on account of the deep snow, that I shall dismiss you till to-morrow."

So Miss Brown and the two little girls that had come went home, but nearly all of the boys stayed in the school-yard. Little Ned was among the rest.

"Now, how shall we have some fun?" said one.

"Make a fort!" said a warlike little fellow.

"Build a snow man!" exclaimed a young inventor.

"Let's roll a big ball as round as the earth!" shouted a boy who had just "got into" geography.

And the last they decided to do. The sun had made the snow just fit to be rolled into a ball, and the little fellows went to work.

They rolled and they rolled, until a great portion of the snow around the school-house had been gathered up by the great ball. Then it became very hard work to move it, and the boys rested.

"What shall we do with it now?" asked one.

And then it was that little Ned spoke words that were very, very wrong.

"Let's roll it up against the school-house door," he said, "and when the teacher comes to-morrow she can't get in."

Some of the boys did not want to do this at first; but Ned, who acted as leader, told them there would be no harm in it, and they did it.

It took quite a while to get the great ball upon the one low step in front of the door; but at last it was done. The door was almost hidden from view by the round mass of snow. Then all the boys went home.

The next morning Miss Brown was greatly surprised when she went to the school-house and saw what had been done. How was she to get in and teach school that day?

There was but one scholar with her, and this one she sent to the nearest house to get a man to come with a shovel. The man came, and after a while shovelled the ball away, though it had frozen quite solid on the doorstep.

When the boys went to school that morning they expected to hear the teacher scold, but she said nothing. In the afternoon Miss Brown found this note on one of the boys' desks: "I gess she wun't find out who dun it. — NED."

Then the teacher called little Ned to her and said, "Did you help place the large snowball on the doorstep, Edward?"

Little Ned was much scared and replied, "N-n-no, ma'am." (Wrong story No. 1.)

"Do you know any one that helped?"

"N-n-no." (Wrong story No. 2.)

"And you did n't see who did it?"

"No — I was at home." (Wrong story No. 3.)

And these were the three wrong stories that Ned had placed against his name.

But he was found out at last, as all naughty boys will be. He was punished for helping place the great snowball against the door, and for the three wrong stories. And Little Ned stayed in at recess for the rest of the term.

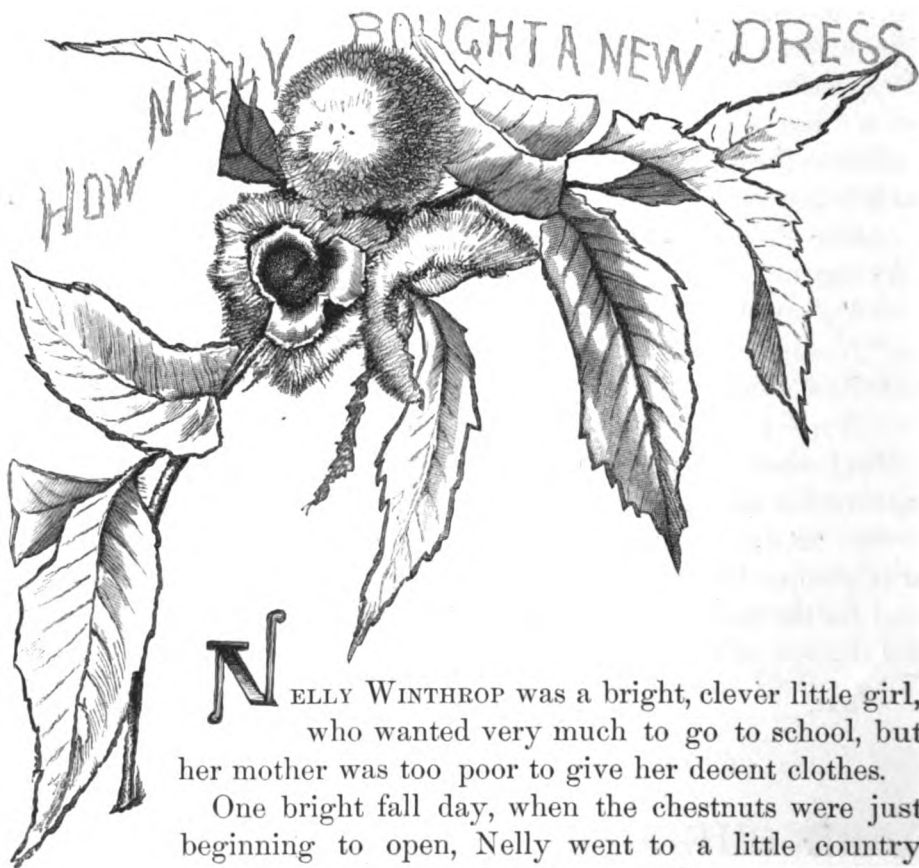
ARTHUR STACY.

MAINE.

BE CHEERFUL.

TRY to be cheerful;
Never be fearful,
Or think that the sky
will fall.
Let the sky tumble,
Fear not the rumble,
It never can hurt you at
all.





NELLY WINTHROP was a bright, clever little girl, who wanted very much to go to school, but her mother was too poor to give her decent clothes.

One bright fall day, when the chestnuts were just beginning to open, Nelly went to a little country store and saw some bright new calicoes spread out on the counter. One of them was blue and brown, and Nelly thought she had never seen anything so pretty.

"If I had a frock like that, I could go to school and learn to read. I should not be ashamed to be seen." And Nelly looked sadly at her shabby dress of brown cotton, with great holes in it, and a ragged fringe where the hem had been.

Just then a big boy came into the store with a bag on his shoulder, and went up to the counter. When he opened the bag Nelly saw heaps of smooth brown chestnuts. The merchant measured them, and paid the boy in several yards of stout cloth for his winter clothes.

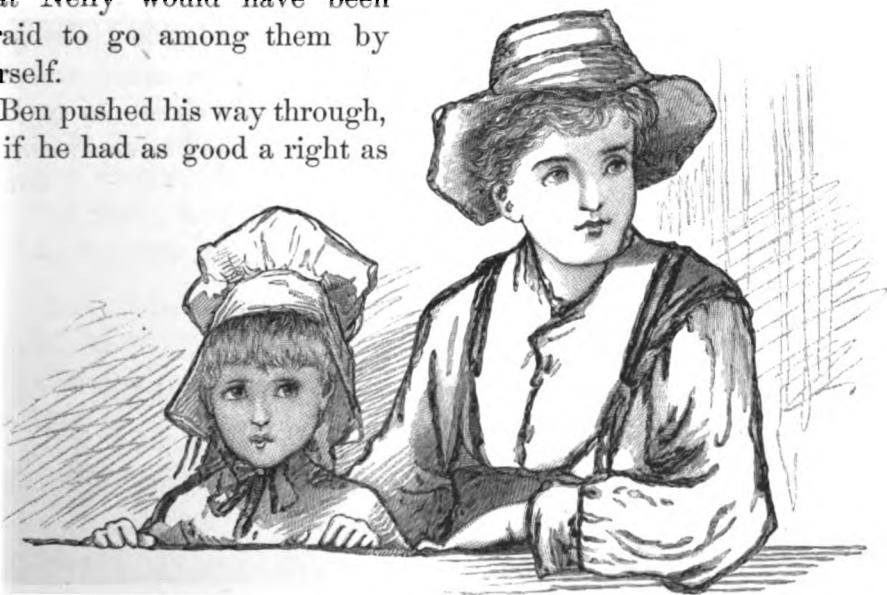
"O, I wish I could get some calico!" said Nelly half aloud; and

the boy stopped and looked at her as he was going out of the store.

"Come with me, and I will show you how to get it," said big Ben; and Nelly timidly followed him.

He led the way across the road and through a wide field into a wood of chestnut-trees. Here were children of all ages, some up the trees throwing down branches, some threshing them out with long poles, while others picked up the nuts to fill their bags and baskets. There was so much quarrelling about the different piles, that Nelly would have been afraid to go among them by herself.

Ben pushed his way through, as if he had as good a right as



any one. He told Nelly to take care of his bundle of cloth while he went up the tree and threw down some burs for her to pick out.

He threw down quite a pile of branches, and then came back and beat the nuts out of their burs, while Nelly put them into his bag. They worked a long time, until Nelly was very tired; then Ben put the bag on his shoulder and told her to come along. They stopped at Ben's home to leave his cloth and get some dinner, for they were both very hungry.

"Now we will go to the store, and you shall choose your calico," said Ben; and Nelly capered about with joy.

When they reached the store a shy fit seized Nelly, and she could not ask for anything ; but Ben asked to see some calico.

Nelly pressed his hand when she saw the blue and brown roll, and whispered, "That's it."

It did not take many yards to make a dress for Nelly, and she had chestnuts enough left to buy some cakes for Ben and herself, as well as for the children at home.

"O mother, look !" she said, quite out of breath with her good news ; "Ben got me ever so many chestnuts, and I bought this frock, and now I can go to school."

Nelly will learn to say bought, instead of buyed, when she goes to school.

Ben told her he would help her to get enough chestnuts to buy some shoes, and Nelly's mother was as much pleased as she was.

VIRGINIA.

ROTHA.

BRINDLE AND BESS.



BRINDLE is speckled,
White, black, and red;
Bess has two crooked
Horns on her head.

When the day's over,
When evening's come,
Brindle and Bess
Turn toward home.

They stop by the bars
And switch their tails,
Till the girls bring
Their milking pails.

PENNSYLVANIA.

F. H. STAUFFER.



THE SQUIRREL AND THE HAWK.

RUN, boys, run, if you want to see;
The squirrel has gone up the hickory-tree,
And I think she will find a queer old guest
Has come to dine in her leafy nest.

That sly old hawk had thought to eat,
For dinner, the plump little squirrels' meat;
But their dear mamma has something to say,
And means to drive Mr. Hawk away.

Hark, how she barks and growls and snaps,
While the keen old hawk his broad wings flaps!
And through the thick branches they tumble and fight,
While the scared little squirrels lie hid out of sight.



There, what a crash, and heavy great sound!
 Both hawk and squirrel are down on the ground;
 The squirrel has bitten the hawk through his head,
 And the hawk has killed the poor squirrel quite dead.

Now, little squirrels, your poor old mamma
 Has died for your sakes, and only papa
 Can bring you your nuts, and teach you to play,
 Up and down on the limbs where he shows you the way.*

* A few days ago a squirrel and hawk were found dead under a tree after a struggle over the squirrel's nest, as described in the verses above.

P. S. H.

VIRGINIA.

CHARLEY'S DOG.

CHARLEY has a little dog. His cousin who lives in Newport gave him the dog. So Charley's father named him Port. Port is a very pretty dog. He has long shaggy hair, and it almost covers his eyes. He is washed very often, and he always seems nice and clean.

He has a new bright ribbon tied around his neck every Sunday morning. Sometimes it is a red ribbon, sometimes it is a blue one.

Charley and his father take long walks together, and Port goes with them. Sometimes Port runs on ahead.

Then he gets to grandpa's house first, and grandpa knows that Charley is coming.

Charley loves Port dearly, and is very kind to him. They play together in the yard every day.



Charley has a little neighbor named Addie. Addie's cat had some little kittens. Charley thought they were

very pretty and cunning, and he wanted one of them. Addie gave him one, and he carried it home.

He named it Beauty. He thought he should love her, and have a nice time playing with her.

Port had never liked cats. He always chased them out of the yard. As soon as he saw Beauty, he ran after her and tried to chase her out.

But Charley's mother scolded Port, and Charley scolded him. And Charley took Beauty up in his arms and told Port that she was his own nice good kitty, and she was going to live there with him all the time.



After a little while Port seemed to know what Charley said, and he was very kind to the kitten.

He tried to take care of her.

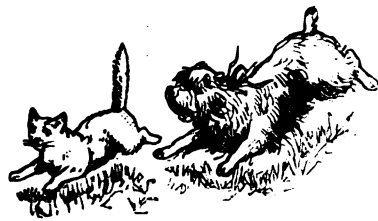
When he had a bone given him to gnaw, he would eat a little from it, and then he would carry it to the kitten.

If he saw the kitten going out of the yard, he would go after her, and push her back with his nose. Now, Port and Beauty are the best of friends.

Nothing makes Port so happy as to have Beauty climb on his back and go to sleep.

She finds it a soft, warm place to take a nap.

Charley has bought a little



bell, and tied it around Beauty's neck with a blue ribbon.

Now he hears her when she comes up the stairs, and he runs to the door and lets her in.

Charley said the other day, "O mother, I do love Port and Beauty both so well that I cannot tell which I love best."

M. M. H.

VACATION TRIALS.

JOHNIE'S STORY.

I WANTED to be good. I wanted to have lots of fun.

When I got up in the morning I said, "Here's another long day, and no school." I did n't have to hurry up. Mamma let me take as long as I liked to eat my breakfast.

After breakfast was the worst. We wanted to do the biggest lot of things you ever knew, but we could n't.



We began to play store. That was fun for a little while. Then Susan scolded because we took her new pie-pans for our angle-worms. We sold the worms ten for a cent for the boys to fish with.

When we were tired of the store, we had to put things all back in their places.

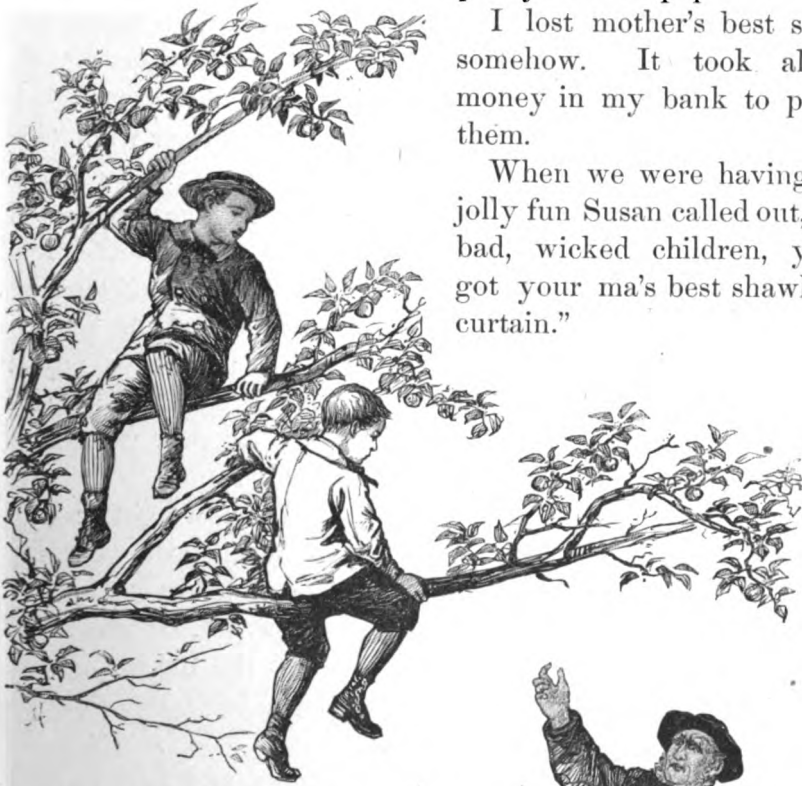
We wanted a circus. We made a good one with our cat Mopsy

for a tiger. Six boys gave us five pins each to see it. They found the pins in their mothers' cushions.

Edgar Lane's mother bought a ticket. We made tickets out of pretty colored paper.

I lost mother's best scissors somehow. It took all the money in my bank to pay for them.

When we were having some jolly fun Susan called out, "You bad, wicked children, you've got your ma's best shawl for a curtain."



We didn't know it was her best shawl. It didn't look nice. Papa said it was camel's hair. We never thought camels had such queer hair.

We didn't play circus any more. We went in the garden and camped

out. We played the trees were high mountains. I was on the Alps. My sister in the grammar school told me about the Alps.

Edgar was in the same tree on another limb.

He called his "The Catskills." He went to those mountains once. We had a splendid time. Pretty soon Grandpa came out



and said, "Here, you young rascals, come down, you will shake off all my nice fruit!"

There don't seem to be any place for boys.

I told Susan so, and she said boys were always in the way.

If we could only leave things around it would be better.

It spoils vacation when some one keeps saying, "Don't do that!" or, "O, dear, those boys!"

Edgar says clothes are hateful things. His mother wants him to look pretty. He wants to roll on the grass, but he can't. My mother lets me. I have some overalls and stout shoes, and I roll.

My papa says boys have to climb and roll and keep busy if they want to grow strong.

When we got tired of our mountains we went fishing. I tumbled in and spoiled my straw hat. It was not deep, only the mud.

Vacations would be nice if it was n't for the big folks. They want you to do as they do.

My papa and mamma don't, but grandma and aunties and my big cousins do. They make you feel prickly all over telling you about proper things.

I tell you it's real hard to feel full of fun and not let it out. It's hard to be a boy in vacation unless you can go off in the country or down by the sea.

KATE TANNATT WOODS.

MASSACHUSETTS.





THE FAIRY ARTIST.

O, THERE is a little artist
Who paints in the cold night hours
Pictures for wee, wee children,
Of wondrous trees and flowers ;

Pictures of snow-white mountains
Touching the snow-white sky ;
Pictures of distant oceans
Where pygmy ships sail by ;

Pictures of rushing rivers
By fairy bridges spanned ;
Bits of beautiful landscapes
Copied from elfin-land.

The moon is the lamp he paints by,
His canvas the window-pane ;
His brush is a frozen snow-flake ;
Jack Frost the artist's name.

NEW JERSEY.

NELLIE M. GARABRANT.

NUT-GATHERING IN VIRGINIA.

I WONDER if any of my young readers ever went chinquapin hunting. Some of you may have seen the little pear-shaped nuts, with shining brown skins and broad white ends. They look like little chestnuts. What fun it is to gather these nuts when they are ripe ! First the green prickly burs which cover them begin to turn yellow and crack open, and the sharp end of the nut shows itself.

Sometimes, in spite of many watchful eyes, the chinquapin ripens, falls out of the bur, and decays unseen.

In the South all the children around, both white and colored, assemble in the early fall, when the burs are well open, with sticks to beat out the nuts. They cut off branches heavy with chinquapins and pile them on the ground. Then all the little ones stand



around with poles, and laugh to see the brown nuts hopping about under their brisk strokes.

As soon as all the burs are threshed out, they cut more, and go on until a quantity of chinquapins lie on the ground.

Then little calico bags are filled with the nuts, and there is a contest to see who can carry off most.

When they go home, the chinquapins are boiled, and with a needle and very long thread strung into necklaces. The owners wear them for several days, biting off nuts as they want them, until they grow too hard for anything but mice or squirrels.

Chinquapins are, after all, only playthings; but when the chestnuts ripen they are worth money to the gatherers.

The great burs open later, and are more strongly guarded with sharp prickles. They are threshed out with heavy poles and carried off to market.

Many little bare feet are shod with shoes bought with chestnuts, and many garments are furnished in the same way.

It is a merry time with young folks. They crowd around the trees. Some climb them, while others collect the nuts when they are thrown down. I am sorry to say there is sometimes much disputing over the shares each shall have.

PINK HUNTER.

VIRGINIA.



IN THE HAMMOCK.

EDITH's youngest dolly, Fairy, was just up from the measles, and out for the first time in the hammock.

Her cousin Frank had never cared for Fairy. He said she was a ragamuffin sort of a thing, anyway. And now he wanted Edith to put her down, and play checkers with him.

"O, no!" said Edith; "poor little Fairy! The doctor said she must be amused, and drink lemonade a long time yet."

"Don't she have to eat oranges too?" sneered Frank. "I'll give you ten cents of my money to buy 'em for her, if you'll play ten games with me."

"How many oranges can I get for ten cents?" asked Edith.

"Six," replied Frank.

"I suppose Dolly could rest nicely under a tree in the shade," said Edith; "only, if she gets cold now, she'll die; the doctor said so."

"Nonsense!" whispered Frank, but not loud enough for Edith to hear; "your doll has n't had the measles, or if she has, it's only the German measles, and they are sick hardly a bit with them."

"Six oranges," Edith repeated, thinking how nice they were.



"Six oranges," added Frank, "right on the corner of the street, and if you can't, I'll give you a dollar out of my bank."

Upon this, Fairy was carefully laid away among some sweet-smelling ferns and fragrant mosses. Then Edith and Frank played game after game of checkers and enjoyed them very much.

When they went out to drive that afternoon Edith bought the oranges. Her papa kissed her very fondly for giving up her own pleasure for that of her cousin. She had her reward in many ways, not the least of which was that Dolly got quite well from the measles.

ELIZABETH A. DAVIS.



GRANDMOTHER TOAD AND BRIGHTYES.

My little niece Grace lives in the country. In the summer I go to visit her.

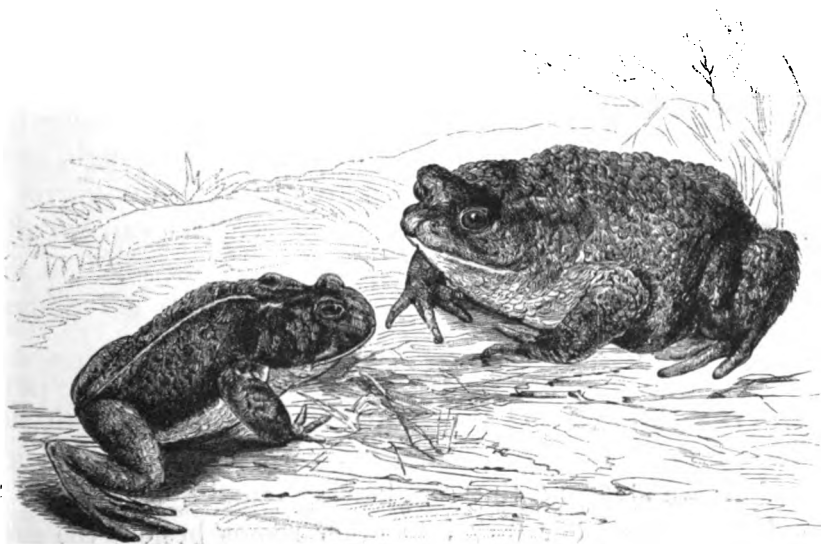
Right by the steps of the house in which she lives is quite a good-sized hole. In it lives, what do you suppose? You might guess, and you might not. I'll tell you. It is the home of Grandmother Toad and her granddaughter Brighteyes. Grace and I have tamed them.

When I am there I take Grace by the hand and say, "Come, we must go down into the garden and find a damp place to get some supper for Grandmother Toad and Brighteyes." We have with us a trowel, and after digging a few minutes find enough worms for their supper. They have to get their own breakfast and dinner.

Did you ever see a toad eat? If you have not,

try to feed one some time. I know you will laugh when its tongue comes out.

One day last summer I took a walk around the yard and down into the garden. I met Brighteyes there; she kept so very close to me that I said, "Want to go to sleep?"



I took a little stick and scratched her head awhile; soon she was fast asleep. When I thought she had slept long enough I told her to wake up; but she did not want to do so. I poked her gently with the stick and tried to make her jump, but it was some little time before she was wide awake.

AUNTIE TUTU.

MASSACHUSETTS.

THE HOLE IN THE CLOSET.

A STORY BY MRS. MOUSE.

My home is under the floor of the garret in the old wooden house. I live with Mr. Mouse and my five children in a snug corner behind a big beam. I have a good many brothers and sisters and cousins who live close by me.

We do not stay under the floor among the dusty beams and boards all the time. No, indeed. Every night when the house is still we travel about and enjoy ourselves.



There are a plenty of holes in the floor where we get through, and we find a great deal in the garret that is useful to us. We can get all the paper and rags we need to make beds of, and we can get things to eat, too.

When the weather is bad the boys and girls come into the garret to play. They bring bread and butter and doughnuts with them, and leave crumbs for us to pick up. We like boys and girls, because they are always eating and leaving crumbs.

Sometimes we find our way into other rooms besides the garret, for the house is quite old and it is full of wide cracks. Last spring I got into the closet where Madam Wood keeps the victuals. I fared like a queen for a whole month, and kept Mr. Mouse and the children supplied with the very best dainties. O, what nice bits of cheese I found, and frosted cake, and mince-pie!



Once as I was travelling around the house I happened to get near this closet, and I smelt something sweet and spicy. So I searched all about, and at last I found a little hole away up by the highest

shelf where I could get through. Mr. Mouse tried to follow me, but he was so large that he could not get through the hole. So he stayed on the other side and I carried good things to him to eat. We went night after night in this way, and feasted. Mr. Mouse would caution me every time not to eat too much. He was afraid I might grow so fat that I should not be able to get through the hole. So he ate all the richest pieces himself.

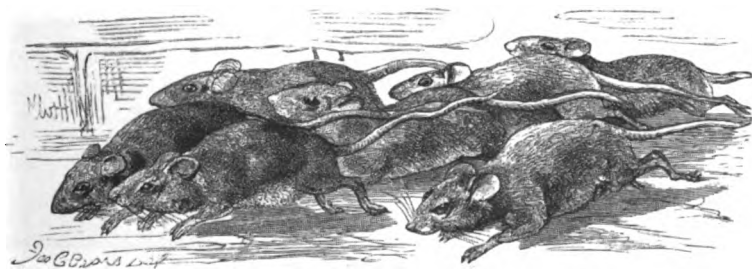
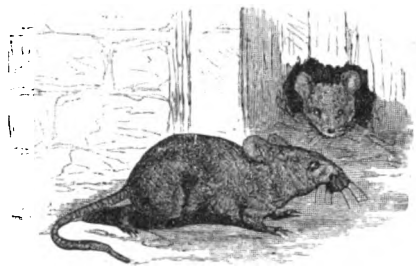
After a while Madam Wood took down a pie from one of the upper shelves, and saw that it was badly gnawed. She knew that I had done it, and she set a trap to catch me that very night.

But I did not mind the trap at all. I knew it would be foolish to try to get a scrap of cheese out of that box. I could find something else, and I kept on going just the same.

I told Mr. Mouse about the trap, and he charged me never to go near it. He said it would be dreadful if anything should happen to me and he should be left with five young children on his hands. So I was careful to do as he ordered me.

Then Madam Wood concluded that I was too wise to be caught in her trap, and she looked and looked all around the closet to find the place where I got in.

At last she spied the little hole by the highest shelf, and she set to work to stop it up so that I could not get in again. She filled it



full of broken glass and then fastened a piece of tin over it. She nailed it down very strong. I knew just what she did, because I was listening the whole time.

I am afraid it will be a good while before I shall have another such chance to feast on nice things. But I know that I am in a safer place in the old garret than I was in the closet, even if I cannot get so much to eat. And I shall keep looking around and smelling at the cracks, and perhaps I may have good luck once more.

M. E. N. H.

MASSACHUSETTS.

BOBBY AND HIS PIG BILLY.

"HURRAH! Hurrah! for Bobby and Billy!" cried a crowd of little boys and girls, as a boy riding on a pig came in sight.

The boy's name was Bobby, and his pig he called Billy. He lived in a small cottage near some thick woods. His mother, Mrs.



Rowly, was very poor; and Bobby loved to work and help his dear mamma. He gathered berries, nuts, ferns, mosses, and evergreens, all in their season, and sold them in the village.

The pig, Billy, an old farmer gave to him. Bobby had fed him and cared for him until he was now a full-grown pig.

He had a ring inserted in his nose, and a bridle passed through the ring. He used to ride him to the village.

Billy liked it, and would always stop and grunt and squeal when he saw a market, hoping to get something to eat. He was very fond of fruit.

Bobby's bright face and merry laugh were always welcome.



Every one he asked would buy something of him. When his basket was empty he would whistle a merry tune. Then he spent his money in buying what his mamma needed most.

Sometimes Billy was naughty, and would lie down in the road and refuse to move.

Then Bobby would talk to him, and tell him only good pigs could have any apples.

Billy seemed to understand, for after a few grunts he would slowly rise and jog along.

A kind friend built a nice little shed by Mrs. Rowly's cottage for Billy, and Bobby would gather leaves and make him a warm bed, and feed him with acorns.

The village children often carried nice things to Bobby. Then he would make Billy dance for them, while he whistled Yankee-doodle.

Billy could sit up and beg like a dog. Many a game of hide and go seek would Bobby and his little friends have with Billy in the woods near Mrs. Rowly's cottage. Billy would run and hide behind a tree or bush, and when found he would squeal with delight.

The birds and the squirrels all loved Bobby, and were not afraid of him.

When he gave a peculiar whistle they would come and gather around him to be fed with crumbs. They were afraid of Billy. Once he killed Bobby's pet squirrel, and ate him up.

Bobby cried hard, and shut Billy up. He would not look at him for two days. Mrs. Rowly told Bobby that pigs did not know any better, and he ought to forgive Billy.

Then Bobby went to visit Billy. The pig was so glad to see his little master that he ran squealing round and round him.

MASSACHUSETTS.

AUNT CARRIE.

THE NEW ULSTER.

THERE was a boy, I won't say who,
That had an ulster spandy new;
He started out, with cane in hand,
To make some calls. In all the land
I don't believe another boy
Was ever half so filled with joy
And honest pride, as Master Jack,
With that new ulster on his back.

"There's one thing more I'd like," he said —
"A tall black hat upon my head,

Such as are worn by other men ;
 I 'm sure I should be happy then ! ”
 He called on Auntie and his cousins—
 In fact, of names he had some dozens
 Upon his list, where he would go —
 To show his ulster, you must know.
 But, truth to tell, his courage fled
 (Jack is a bashful boy, 't is said),
 And “ Making calls is just a bore ! ”
 He murmured, ere an hour was o'er.

So home he went post-haste, you see,
 So tired of “ being a man ” was he.
 “ I 'm glad I 'm but a boy ! ” he said,
 “ A Scotch cap better fits my head ! ”
 Then what do you think did Master
 Jack ?

He pulled his ulster off his back,
 Put on his nice old coat of gray,
 And went with the other boys to play.
 “ A game of marbles, ball and bat,
 Are better than a tall black hat ! ”



M. D. BRINE.

NEW YORK.

THE ITALIAN APPLE-GIRL.

“ APPLES — oranges ? ”

I looked up from my work and saw a pretty little dark-complexioned girl. She had the blackest of black hair and eyes. She wore a bright scarlet hood tied under her chin. She carried quite a large basket on her arm, partly full of bright oranges and rosy-cheeked apples.

"How much for the oranges?" I inquired.

"Orange five cent; apple two for five," she answered, in such broken English that I saw she was a little Italian.

"Are the oranges sweet?"

"O, yes! all ver sweet, ver nice."

"I will buy an orange. Now tell me what is your name."

"My name Mary."

name, but I could not
It sounded as much like
She lived with her
one little brother. Her
in the oldest and dirtiest

She told me her last
pronounce it as she did.
macaroni as anything.
father and mother and
home was in an alley
part of the city, and



she said she was twelve years old.

She told me she sold fruit forenoons and went to school afternoons. She usually sold all she carried by twelve or one o'clock.

"Well, Mary, what is your brother's name, and what does he do?"

"He name Beppo, and he play tamborino."

I learned that Mary's father, whose name was Pietro, was a hand-organ man. Little Beppo went with him to play on the tambourine and pick up the pennies.

Mary remembered the sunny land of Italy where she was born. She told me of the beautiful vine-clad hills and blue skies they had left behind them to cross the stormy ocean.

They brought with them a pet monkey, named Jocko. He had been given to them at home. Pietro had found Jocko a great attraction. He was dressed like a soldier and sat on the organ. He had learned to perform a number of tricks, and many were the pennies that Jocko dropped into his master's pocket.

Poor Jocko could not stand our long cold winters. In spite of careful nursing he died, and Beppo had to go round with his father to take the money.

Mary's story so interested me that I bought quite a number of her oranges, and I asked her to come again.

THEO. MELVILLE.

MASSACHUSETTS.

GRANDPA'S BOSSY.

FRANK spent the month of August at the farm of his grandpa. Frank was a city boy, and did not know much about oxen, cows, sheep, and calves.

He tried to make friends with the sheep; but they all ran away when he came near them. An old ram in the flock was cross. One day he dropped his head, and ran towards Frank. The city boy was glad to crawl under the fence, and get out of his way.

Grandpa had one calf on the farm. Frank called her a "bossy," and so did grandma. It was a very fine calf; and grandpa meant to keep her till she was a cow, and gave milk.

The bossy was only six weeks old, and still took milk from the cow. Grandpa used to lead the calf out into the pasture, back of the barn, every morning, and take her back at night.

Frank was very fond of the bossy. He used to play with her in the barn and in the pasture. They had great frolics together. The

calf was tied with a long cord. She would run in a ring as far as the line would let her go. Sometimes Frank's legs got tangled up in the line. Then the bossy would jump and run, and throw Frank down on the grass.

One morning grandpa told Frank he might lead the bossy out to the pasture. He was glad to do so. He put the line twice around his hand, so that it should not slip away from him. The bossy started to run in the pasture, as she always did. The line was old and not strong. When the bossy ran, she jerked the cord very hard, and it broke.

The calf was glad to get loose, and she ran off with all her might.



Frank chased her, and caught her in the corner of the pasture. He tried to hold her by the neck, but she broke away from him.

As the bossy darted off Frank caught her by the tail. This scared the calf, and she tried to get away from him. Frank held on, and the bossy dragged

him all around the pasture. Near the spring, where the cows and sheep drank water, Frank's feet went down to the ankles in the mud. They stuck there, but the calf kept on. The city boy was thrown down on the soft wet ground.

Frank got up when the calf was gone. He was not hurt, but he was covered with black mud from head to foot. He looked like a black man then. It took grandma half the forenoon to make him fit to be seen.

Grandpa coaxed the bossy with soft words. She came up to him then, and he tied her with a new cord. Frank thinks he shall not take a bossy by the tail again, for he was sure the calf did not like it a bit.

MAUD TRINKLE.



THE RAIN-WAGON.



VOL. I.

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No. 6.

THE RAIN-WAGON.

THE air was hushed and breathless,
The day had been very warm,
And a heavy black cloud in the West
Threatened a thunder-storm.

We could hear the terrible rumble
And roar as the thunder burst;
And Teddy was grave, and left his play,
Afraid from the very first.

At last down came the shower
In a full flood from the sky,
And the lightning dazzled us with its blaze;
And Teddy began to cry.

“What is it,” he asked, “that rattles
So dreadfully overhead?”
“The rain-wagon, going over a bridge,”
The little nurse-girl said.

Ah, that was a pretty notion,—
A wagon made of the rain!
Perhaps it ran on an iron track
As runs a railroad train;

And the sound that followed the lightning,
And echoed so far and loud,
Was only the roar of the wagon-wheels
When it came to a bridge of cloud.

That comforted little Teddy:
He did not cry again;
But rather grew to like to hear
The wagon made of the rain.

Not all the truths of science
That the searching world has taught,
I am sure, could have soothed that childish fear
Like the nurse-girl's happy thought.

MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.

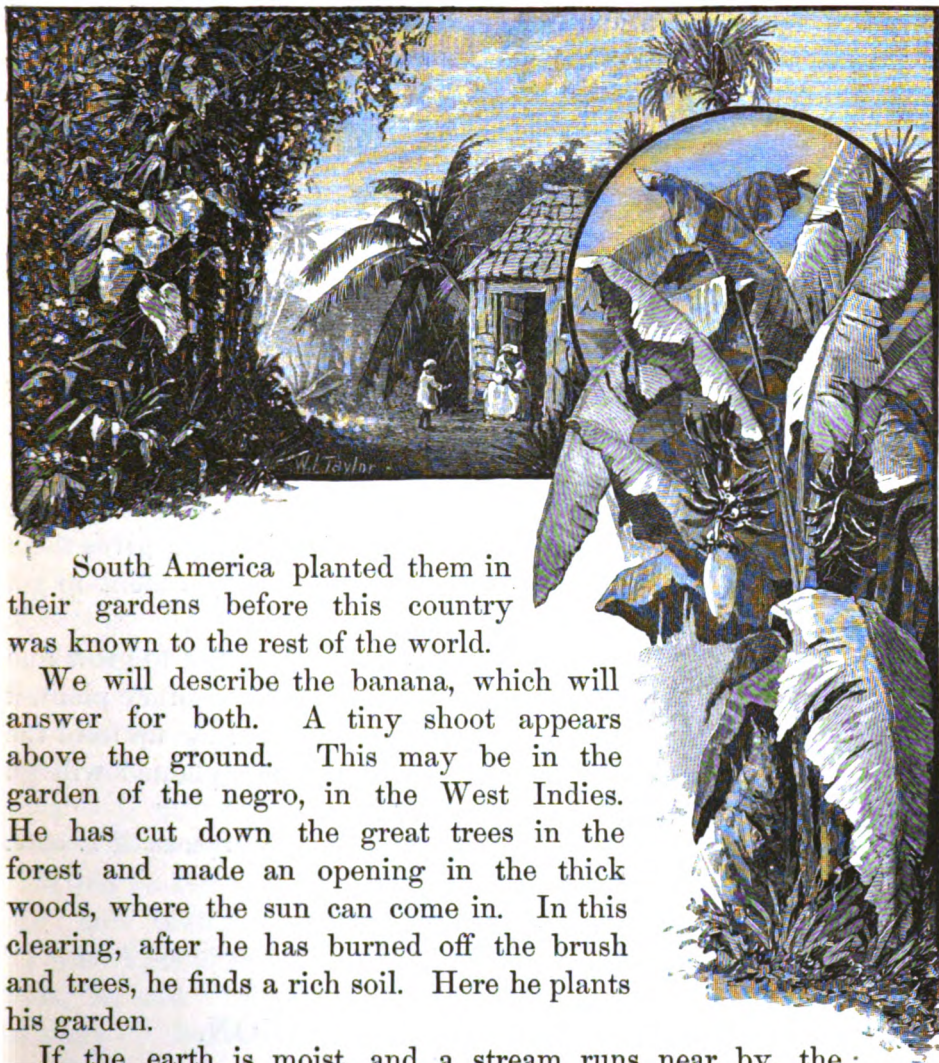
MICHIGAN.

FRUITS OF THE TROPICS.

BANANA AND PLANTAIN.

HAVE you ever eaten a banana? Yes, of course.
But do you know where it comes from? Perhaps not, and I will tell you.

Banana and Plantain are two names for plants very much alike. The banana fruit is fine and sweet, and eaten raw. The plantain is large and coarse, and must be cooked before it is fit for food. These plants grew in China many hundred years ago. The Indians of



South America planted them in their gardens before this country was known to the rest of the world.

We will describe the banana, which will answer for both. A tiny shoot appears above the ground. This may be in the garden of the negro, in the West Indies. He has cut down the great trees in the forest and made an opening in the thick woods, where the sun can come in. In this clearing, after he has burned off the brush and trees, he finds a rich soil. Here he plants his garden.

If the earth is moist, and a stream runs near by, the little green bud pushes itself up very fast. It is seeking the sunlight. It grows into a great stem, perhaps twenty feet high, and unrolls broad silky leaves. In the mountain valleys, guarded from the wind, they grow to be nearly ten feet long and two feet broad. They look like sheets of green silk, and are very beautiful. But sometimes the wind tears them into ragged ribbons.

From the stalk, now very thick and tall, a slender stem shoots out. It grows more and more, and little buds appear, which open into

flowers. These flowers are full of honey, and attract bees and butterflies and humming-birds. The flowers drop off and the fruit begins to form. Later on, the stalk is hung with bananas, in rows about it, each one five or six inches long, green at first, then turning yellow as it ripens.

They are full of soft, sweet pulp. A stem may have more than a hundred on it, and may weigh eighty pounds. In the West Indies, this bunch may be bought for twenty-four cents. Just think of buying bananas four for a cent!

It has been said that it takes as much land to yield one thousand pounds of potatoes as would give forty thousand pounds of bananas. It lives well in Florida, but north of that the frosts of winter kill it.

This picture was taken by me in Florida. There the poor people and negroes plant the banana about their houses, and it gives them shade, as well as fruit to eat. They live in idleness, content to get their food so easily.

It takes from a year to eighteen months for the plant to grow and ripen its fruit. Then its labor is done. Like the century plant, it blossoms but once, then dies. But new shoots spring up from the roots, that bear fruit in their turn. A garden once planted will go on thus for many years.

FREDERICK A. OBER.

WEST INDIES.

WILLIE'S CARRIER-PIGEON.

WILLIE's father was a sea-captain, and sailed all over the world. When he came home from a long voyage one fall, among other things he brought Willie a carrier-pigeon. This is a bird that looks like the dove about our streets, only it has been taught to carry letters from place to place.

Willie was very fond of his pigeon, and loved it more than his dog or kitten. Often when he went to see his aunt, who lived a few

miles away, he took the pigeon with him. Then he would send it back home with a letter for his mother.

Willie would tell his aunt what to write. Then he would tie the letter around the bird's neck, and away it would fly toward home.

One day the pigeon got lost in a storm.

Willie had sent his bird home with a letter, not seeing the great black clouds that were filling the sky. When his aunt came in from a neighbor's, she said, "Have you let the pigeon go, Willie?"

Willie told her it had just gone.

"I am afraid you have done wrong," said his aunt. "It sprinkles, and there will be a gale."

Willie looked out and saw how dark it was. "I wish I could call him back," he said. "O, I'm so sorry!" But the bird was far away.



It flew over a large wood where there was a big boy hunting. The boy fired at the pigeon, but it flew on unhurt.

Then the wind and rain struck the bird, and drove it from its course. The poor little thing tried to keep on, but it was no use. It had to seek shelter among the limbs of a large tree.

The next day it cleared away, and Willie went home. The first words he said to his mother were, "Did my pigeon get home all safe?"

Then he saw by his mother's look that it had not come.

"O, dear, dear!" he said, "what made me send it? Perhaps it has been blown out to sea." For the sea was not far away.

All that day Willie would not be comforted. His eyes were red with crying for his pet.

Before night, as he was standing in the door, looking up into the sky, he saw a bird flying toward him.



Was it his?

"Yes, it's mine, it's mine!" he cried. "O mother, my birdie's coming back!"

Nearer and nearer it came, till at last, weary from its journey, it nestled, panting, in Willie's arms.

Back from the wind and rain!
Birdie, lost, is found again!

And Willie never let his pigeon go out into another storm.

MAINE.

ARTHUR STACY.





THE ROBIN'S SONG.

A ROBIN sits in the cherry-tree,
 "Tur-rum, tur-ri, tur-ro!" says he;
 "I have a secret, children dear,
 Now listen, all, that you may hear.
 Tur-re, tur-ri, tur-ro, tur-rum!
 Soon the gentle Spring will come.

"The earth is hard, the bough is bare,
 And cold and frosty blows the air,
 Tur-rum, tur-ri, tur-re!
 There is no flower within the bower,
 No leaf upon the tree.
 But when the Robin's song you hear,
 You know the lovely Spring is near.

"I've just arrived from countries far,
Tur-rum, tur-ri, tur-re!
And met Spring in her golden car,—
Spring and her children three.
First came cool March, that breezy boy,
Then baby April, sweet and coy;
And maiden May, the flower-crowned elf,
Held in the arms of Spring herself."

The Robin sits in the cherry-tree,
"Tur-rum, tur-ri, tur-ro!" says he;
He whistles loud, he whistles clear,
To tell the children Spring is near.
"Tur-re, tur-ri, tur-ro, tur-rum!
Soon, yes, soon, the Spring will come."

NELLIE M. GARABRANT.

NEW JERSEY.

THE BRIGHT CENT.

DAVID DODGE lived on a farm where there was a great deal of work to be done. He did all he could to help his father and mother.

They kept a large flock of hens and Davy sold the eggs. Every Saturday he went into the village and carried them. His mother packed them in several baskets so that they should not get broken.

People liked to buy eggs of him because he did not sell any but very fresh ones; so he had as many customers as he could supply.

One Saturday he started off with his load. Mrs. Slater's house was the first he came to. Mrs. Slater was an excellent old lady, and never asked Davy to wait till another week for his pay.

And besides paying him promptly she would sometimes give him a piece of cake or pie. Once she gave him a large orange; so he was always glad to go to Mrs. Slater's. This time when he went to

her house she wanted to buy four dozen eggs. She had some visitors and had to make a good many puddings.

When she paid him for them she took the money out of a coarse cloth bag. Davy had seen her take money out of a big pocket-book, and out of an old purse with a steel clasp, but he had never seen the cloth bag before. When she was counting the money into his hand she said, "There's one bright cent for you."



Davy saw that the cent she spoke of was bright, and did not look like the other cents, but he did not say anything about it.

Mrs. Slater tied up the bag and put it away. Then she gave Davy a little cake, spiced with seeds, which was very nice.

After this he drove on to the other places and sold his eggs. At last he had only one dozen left, and these were for Mrs. Wilkins. When he got to her house she wanted him to change a bill for her. She wanted some small pieces of money. So Davy gave her the small pieces and took her bill. The bright cent was among the pieces he gave her.

When Mrs. Wilkins saw that she said, "Why, what is this? it is not a cent! This is a five-dollar gold piece."



Davy had never seen any gold money in all his life, and he looked at it with surprise. Then he told her how Mrs. Slater had given it to him for a cent.

"The poor old lady has lost her eyesight," said Mrs. Wilkins. "She did not know what she was doing."

"I shall carry it back to her when I go home," said Davy. "Won't she laugh when I tell her what a big blunder she has made?"

When he got back to Mrs. Slater's house he carried the gold piece in to her.

He told her that she had given it to him for a cent.

"O, bless me! bless me!" exclaimed the old lady. "Yes, I did have some gold in that bag. Well, I shall have to get a new pair of glasses after this."

She was much pleased that Davy had brought it back so soon, and laughed heartily over her mistake.

Davy went home that night with a funny story to tell, and he and Mrs. Slater had many a laugh together about "that bright cent."

M. E. N. H.

MASSACHUSETTS.





A GOOD FIT.

BRIGHT EYES stands before the glass;
 (Dainty, happy little lass!)
 Pleased as any girl can be
 With her pretty coat is she.

How she turns her round about,
 Tries the pockets inside out,
 Laughs to see the buttons shine,
 Laughs to see herself so fine!

Such a fit! From head to feet
 Stands the dainty form complete,
 Reflected from the mirror plain, —
 Little Bright Eyes o'er again.

Such a jolly coat to wear
In the cold! Bright Eyes won't care
For harsh winds, though Jack Frost nip
Each little ear and finger-tip.

Coat so new, so snug and tight,
Pockets, too, and 'buttons bright!
When the *hat* comes home, indeed
Nothing else will Bright Eyes need.

NEW YORK.

M. D. BRINE

A SAIL IN A TUB.

POLLIE and Peggy were two little girls who lived in a big white house beside a pretty river. Pollie's eyes were brown, like chest-nuts, but Peggy's were as blue as the sky.



One day their mamma went away to spend the afternoon. The little girls promised to be very good indeed while she was gone. They were to have bread and butter, baked apples with cream, and little sugar cakes, for their supper, with their own pretty tea-set to eat from.

It was a beautiful day; the sun shone and the birds sang sweetly. The little girls did not want to stay in the house.

"Let us go to the river and catch some fish," said Peggy. So off they started with their little poles and lines, and bent pins

for fish-hooks. The fish did not bite very well, and by and by the children took off their stockings and shoes and waded into the clear cool water.

"I wish we had a boat," said Pollie, "I would like to have a sail." Just then Peggy spied a wash-tub on the bank.

"O Pollie," she cried, "somebody has been wash-



ing, and left a tub here; that will make a splendid boat."

"Let us get in it right off," said Pollie, dancing about. "We must have some oars."

"These sticks will do," said Peggy, picking up two almost as big as herself.

They rolled the tub into the river, where it danced about like a cork. "I will hold it until you get in, Pollie, and then you must keep it steady with your stick for me," said Peggy.

Pollie did exactly as Peggy told her, and soon both were seated in their funny boat. The river was not deep, but the current was strong, and the tub floated very well. What fun it was! They

could see the white pebbles on the bottom of the river, and the bright little fish playing hide and go seek. But by and by the tub floated right on a big rock in the middle of the river, and the little sailors were upset into the water.

"We shall be drowned!" screamed Pollie, holding on to the rock, the water streaming off her.

"The fishes will eat us up!" said Peggy, beginning to cry.

Just then a man walking on the bank saw them. He waded out into the river and carried them safely to land. When the two wet little girls reached home, nurse was much frightened, and put them to bed right away. They had only bread and butter for their supper. Peggy and Pollie think they will never go sailing again.

MISS MARY B. FERRY.

CONNECTICUT.

"RATS!"

MR. HIGHT owned a flour-mill. Grant Hight owned a rat terrier, named Snap.

In the evening Miles, with some other boys and Snap, sometimes went down to the mill.

There was a coal fire in the office, and they went there to pop corn.

No; Snap did not pop corn, but he sometimes ate a little.

He went because the boys did, and to watch for rats.

Every little while he would go all about the room and look for a rat. Then he would lie down and take a nap.

Then one of the boys would call out, "Snap, rats!"

Snap would jump up as if he was shot, and rush round like a mad dog. He would hunt behind all the bags and boxes with his little ears pointing straight forward.

When he found he had been cheated he would spring at the boy who said "Rats!" and bark at him, and try to bite him.

But the next time anybody said "Rats!" he would jump up as wildly as before. Then he would try again to punish the boy for making a fool of him.

L. A. B. C.

CALIFORNIA.



THE FIRST SNOWDROP.

"DEAR little snowdrop," murmured
the breeze,

"How you do shiver cold days like these!
Why come so early? What was your
haste?"

Woodland and meadow, see, but a waste."

"So much more reason why I should cheer .
Meadow and woodland: don't mind me, dear!"

"Poor silly snowdrop, see yonder cloud!
Night brings the tempest, gathering loud.
Earth is so dreary; falls but the sigh, —
'O, will these dark days ever go by?'"

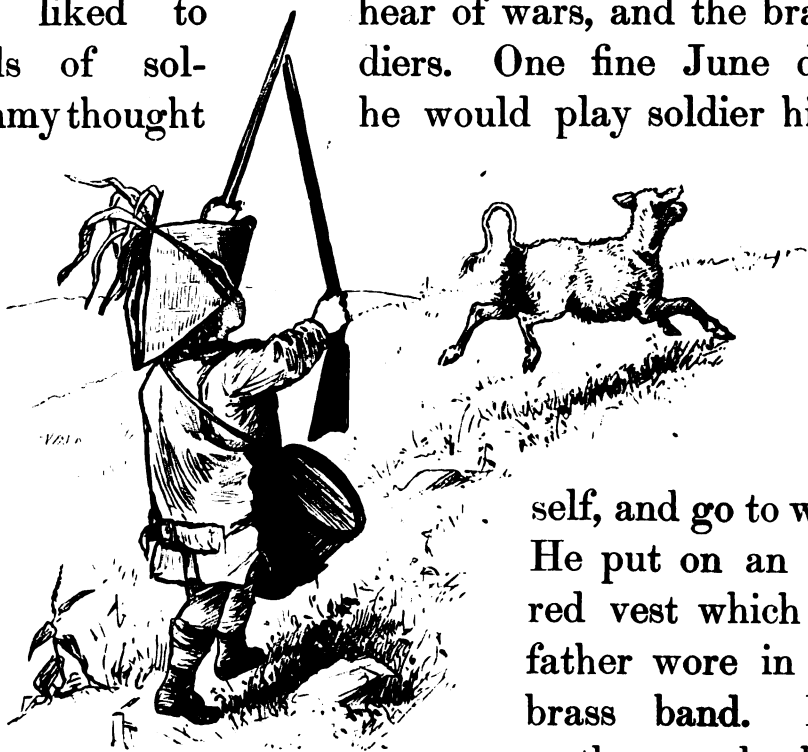
"That's why I'm here, love, — gladness I bring;
'Take heart!' I whisper, — 'see, 't is the spring!'"

GEORGE COOPER.

NEW YORK.

WHAT A BIG MAN AM I!

TOMMY STILES lived on a farm, and went to the district school. He was a bright boy, and always learned his lessons well. But he liked best to hear the older children recite. He was fond of history. He liked to hear of wars, and the brave deeds of soldiers. One fine June day Tommy thought he would play soldier him-



self, and go to war. He put on an old red vest which his father wore in the brass band. His mother made him a paper soldier-cap, with plumes. He had a wooden gun, a tin sword, and a small drum.

There was no other boy there to play with him and so he "made believe" he was the whole army. He was Captain Thomas, and Tommy the drummer-

boy, and Tom the soldier, — and all three were the army. Then Captain Thomas said, “Forward, march!” and waved his sword. Tom shouldered his gun. Tommy beat the drum, — but this was not easy, for Tom’s gun and Captain Thomas’s



sword were in the way. Then the army marched to the field behind the barn.

Up and down it filed, back and forth, now quick, now slow. Indeed, now and then it hopped! Captain Thomas had to call out to Tom pretty often to keep step. But there was no fault to find with Tommy. He drummed so hard that he scared the hens and sheep. All went well, only for one thing. Once Tom ran so fast that he tumbled down, and

bumped the army's nose against a stone. Then Captain Thomas was angry, and scolded poor Tom well, I can tell you.

At last a grand charge was made. The army raced after Spot, the calf, and thumped the drum, and shook the sword, and threw stones. (This was firing the gun.) Poor Spot was put to flight. He ran off up the hill, with his heels and tail flying wildly in the air.

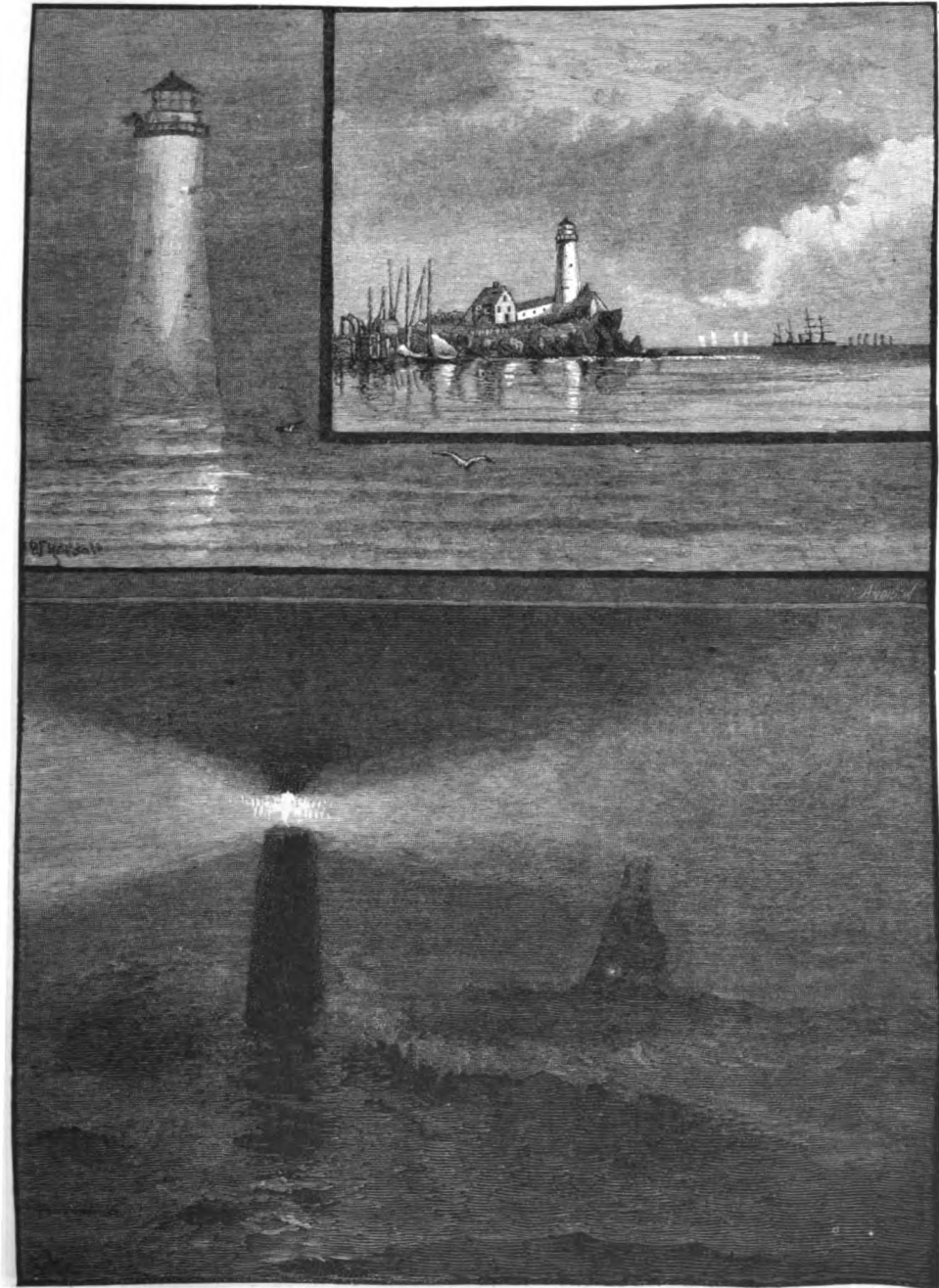
Then the army marched back to the garden fence, and Captain Thomas made a speech. "Soldiers," said he, "we have whipped the whole world, and it has run away. I did it with my sword. Now I must be the king."

Just then Trix, the gray goose, stretched her neck through the fence and bit Tommy on the leg. The captain, the drummer, and the whole army raised a loud yell, while Trix hissed fiercely. Then down went the drum, and the gun, and the sword. The army limped off as fast as it could to the kitchen. Had you seen Captain Thomas, soon after, sobbing on his mother's lap, you would not have dreamed he was the little man who had just "whipped the whole world."

NOTICE. — Do not boast of what you have not done. Some old gray goose may hear you.

KHAM.

CONNECTICUT.



THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

WHERE the solemn waves the whole day long
Seem saying, "Never! Never!"
As they creep to the feet of the hollow cliffs,
Fall back, roll in, forever,
There stands a light-house, white and tall,
That like the house in parable
Stands "on a rock," and braves the shock
When tempests beat and torrents fall.
Ghost-like at early dawn it looms
Above the gray cold ocean;
And, dull and chill, stands gloomy still
When wakes all else to motion.
But when the evening shadows sink,
And all the lonesome stony coast
Is lost to sight, while through the night
Drives in the storm-clouds black as ink,
'T is then that from that silent pile
Darts far a ruddy dawning,
Lighting the gloom, where the breakers boom,
In priceless, ceaseless warning!

• MAINE.

F. H. COSTELLOW.



SO STRANGE.

THE sparrow saw it first, and told the rabbit.

"The poor thing will take cold sitting on the damp grass," said she.

Mr. Rabbit pricked up his ears and walked over the grass towards the tree where Miss Sparrow sat on a low branch.



"It is very dangerous," said he. The rabbit liked to use long words. The hen used to say it was because he had such big ears that the little words got lost in them. Then he sat down and folded his paws in front and winked his pink eyes very fast. The sparrow flew down beside him, and they both looked at it.

There it sat, in a long white dress, with red shoes and striped stockings, and without any hat. Its eyes were blue, and very bright. Its hair was yellow, and its cheeks as red as a rose.

"She keeps very quiet," said the rabbit.

"Yes. She seems to stare in a stupid way, and her eyes have a glassy look."

Just then the cat came along, and the sparrow thought it would be nicer to sit in the tree. The cat asked the rabbit what he was looking at so carefully.

"I don't know, madam. It has hands and feet, and wears clothes."



The cat lived in the house with the family, and thought herself very wise, so she said, "It's one of those foolish children. They do so many strange things nobody ever can understand them."

"It will take a bad cold," remarked the sparrow.

"And get its dress all green," said the rabbit.

"Here comes the dog," said the cat. "No doubt he will call the family and have them take the silly thing into the house."

The dog walked up to the party, and said "Good morning" in a friendly way.

"You should call the folks," said the cat.

"Thank you, madam. I know my duty. I'll pull its dress and bark, and then it will know it's time to go home."

Who should appear, just then, but Mary, driving her hoop along the garden walk. The sparrow twittered gayly, and the cat purred in the sweetest manner. The rabbit hopped away over the grass with long leaps, while Mr. Dog barked twice, as much as to say, "Do look at that!"

"O, dear!" said Mary. "If there isn't my new doll sitting on the grass under that tree! I quite forgot her."

CHARLES BARNARD.

NEW YORK.

THE SHEPHERD.

TOMMY sat on the carpet playing with a white china lamb. He had some narrow blocks, about as long as his little finger. He took the blocks and laid them zig-zag around the lamb, like a fence, and said, "Now my lammie is in his pen."



Then he heard some one near him say, —

"I am a very little boy,
And not quite four years old;
But I am a little shepherd,
And my lamb is in its fold."

"Yes," said Tommy, "a little shepherd I am; and when I'm a man I mean to have a big, big fence-full of woolly sheep!"

J. P. B.

PENNSYLVANIA.



WHAT I DO EVERY WEEK.

ON Monday, when the weather's fair,
I always wash the clothes;



Then Tuesday I can iron them,
Although it rains or snows.
On Wednesday I do all the mending,
And always like it, too.



On Thursday I receive my friends, —
I've nothing else to do.



Then Friday is the time for sweeping,
To dust and set things right.
On Saturday I do some cooking,
Then put all work from sight.
And Sunday is the day of rest ;
I go to church dressed in my best.

C. H. R.

MASSACHUSETTS.



BOBBY'S BLUNDER.

BOBBY's father builds boats by the bay. Bobby and his friends run and jump and skip on the wharf. They hang on to the ropes and swing from the booms of the vessels. They jump into row-boats, and rock them till the water comes over the sides. Then they shake themselves, and laugh, and sit in the sun till their clothes are dry.

Bobby often tumbles into the water, but he always comes up like a rubber ball! He loves that bay, and says, "This kind of water does not drown folks!"

One day a new boat lay waiting for its mast. The men in the boat-house heard a noise like that of a great sea-bird flapping its wings on the deck.

They ran out, and there lay a little body, dressed in short pants and red stockings, beating the deck with its hands and feet.

It was Bobby, — all but the head! And where was his head? Down in the dark hold of the boat!

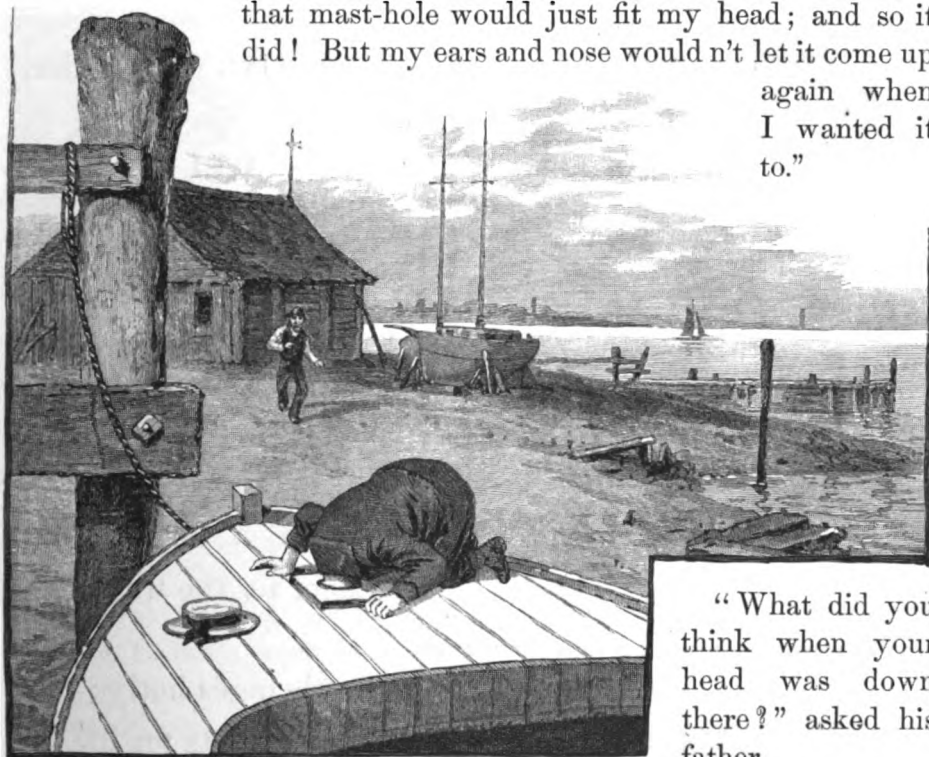
The howls and sobs told that Bobby's head was still on his neck.

Bobby's father took a small saw, and sawed a piece of plank out of the deck. He had to saw very near the little white neck, but he did not even scratch it. Then he pulled Bobby up by his heels. The little face was very red. He was nearly dead.



They gave him some water; and when he was better, asked, "How did you get your head down there?"

As soon as Bobby could get breath enough, he said, "I thought that mast-hole would just fit my head; and so it did! But my ears and nose would n't let it come up again when I wanted it to."



"What did you think when your head was down there?" asked his father.

Bobby caught his breath again, and sobbed out, "I thought if my head had to stay down there, I could n't see the torchlights to-night!"

A man said, "You'd better keep away from the water."

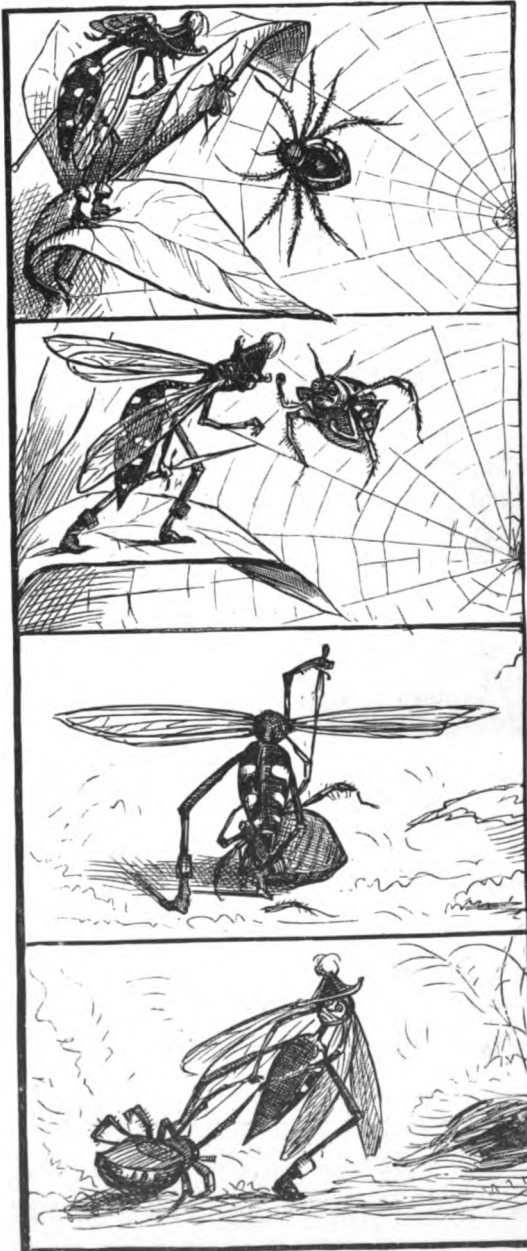
Then Bobby sprang to his feet, and cried, "It was n't the water's fault that I put my head into that mast-hole!"

Every summer we expect to hear that Bobby has been drowned. But the first face we see, staring in at the stage door, is always Bobby's.

J. D. C.

MASSACHUSETTS.

THE SPIDER AND THE WASP.



PROWLING gray spider,
 Creeping near a fly ;
 Major Wasp watching
 him,
 Mischief in his eye.

Pounce goes the spider ;
 Fly darts away.
 Wasp draws his dagger
 out,
 Eager for the fray.

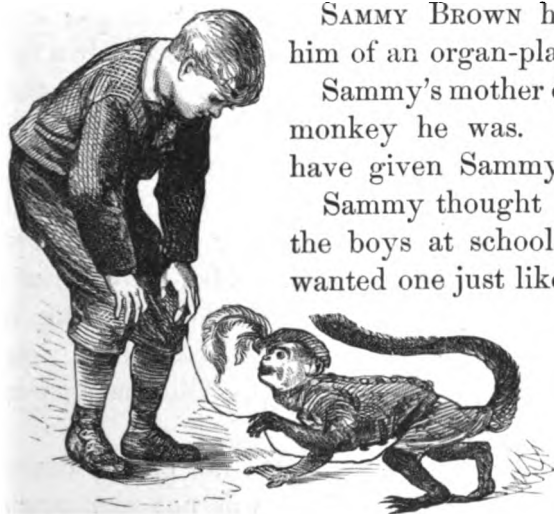
Battle rages hotly ;
 Spider fights for life.
 Major Wasp's dagger
 keen
 Finishes the strife.

Cruel gray spider,
 Catching flies for meat,
 Makes a fine tidbit
 For Baby Wasp to eat.

KHAM.

CONNECTICUT.

WHAT SAMMY'S MONKEY DID.



SAMMY BROWN had a monkey. He bought him of an organ-player. He named him Billy.

Sammy's mother did not know what a naughty monkey he was. If she had, she would not have given Sammy the money to buy him.

Sammy thought he was very cunning. All the boys at school thought so too. They all wanted one just like him. Sammy had him out every Saturday afternoon.

He was dressed in a gay little uniform. He would play on a drum. He was fond of mischief; and when no one was watching

him he would do some very queer things. He would take the spools from Mrs. Brown's work-basket. He would carry them away and hide them.

He would take her thimble and wax, and hide them too.

Sometimes he would bring them back again. Sometimes Mrs. Brown would have to find them herself. This gave her a good deal of trouble.

At last Billy acted so badly, that Mrs. Brown told Sammy that she could not have him in the house any longer. One morning Mrs. Brown went away to spend the day.

She thought the monkey was fastened out of the house. But he got in through a window. When Mrs. Brown came home she did think of Billy. She opened the door of her pantry. She saw a dreadful sight. She knew at once that Billy had been there. He had moved the dishes all about, from one shelf to another. He had poured milk and sugar over the floor. He had emptied bottles of medicine into clean dishes. He had broken up a whole loaf of cake

and scattered it around. He had eaten out the middle of a pie, and turned it over in the plate. Mrs. Brown could not find her spoons and forks anywhere. But she found them afterwards in the cellar.

Now Mrs. Brown had to go right to work and clean her pantry.

After she had put that in order, she made a fire in the stove. All this time Billy was not seen anywhere.

The fire had been burning a few minutes, when Mrs. Brown heard a terrible scratching in the oven, and out jumped Billy as spry as ever.

He ran out of doors. He was not seen again until the next morning.

Then Mrs. Brown told Sammy that the monkey had made so much work for her, that she could not have him any longer.

Sammy saw that his mother was very much in earnest.

So he sold Billy to a pedler who came along the next day.

The pedler gave him fifty cents for Billy.

Sammy was sorry to let him go, but he wanted to please his mother.



M. M. H.





A LITTLE ONE'S WELCOME.



VOL. I.

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No. 7.

A LITTLE ONE'S WELCOME.

WELCOME, daisies, from your sleep!
Snow has left the ground, —
Winter's gone; you need not peep
So timidly around!

Welcome, pale green vale and hill,
Homes of bird and bee!
You, too, silver plashing rill,
That used to talk to me.

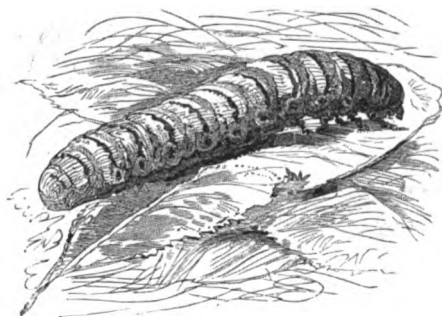
Welcome, buds upon the bough
Drooping o'er the eaves!
Though you're only babies now,
You'll soon be grown-up leaves.

Welcome, soft blue sunny sky,
Birds and blossoms gay!
Now you've come at last, do try
A good long while to stay.

NEW YORK.

GEORGE COOPER.

HOW A BUTTERFLY CAME.



LATE in September a lady saw a worm upon a willow leaf. It was about two inches long, and almost as large as her little finger. Stripes of black, green, and yellow went around its little body.

The lady carried leaf and sleeper home. She took willow leaves for it to eat, put them all in a glass dish, and tied lace over it.

In just one week her guest was gone. All the leaves were gone; only a lovely green bag was left. It was just one inch long, was made very neatly, and looked like a little bed or cradle. No stitches could be seen, and the seams had an edge like gold cord.

Gold and black dots like tiny buttons were on it. The caterpillar had sewed himself in. His old clothes were



near by. He had pushed them off in a hurry. The new home was made fast to a bit of cloth.

Almost six weeks the little sleeper lay in his silken cradle. Early in November he burst the pretty green hammock, and then the old home turned white.

A lovely butterfly came out. It had brown and golden wings, with stripes of black, like cords, on them, and a feathery fringe of white for each stripe.

On the edges of the wings were white and yellow dots. The head was black, and also had white and yellow dots on it. The inside of the wings was darker; it was like orange-tinted velvet.

All these changes were in less than two months.

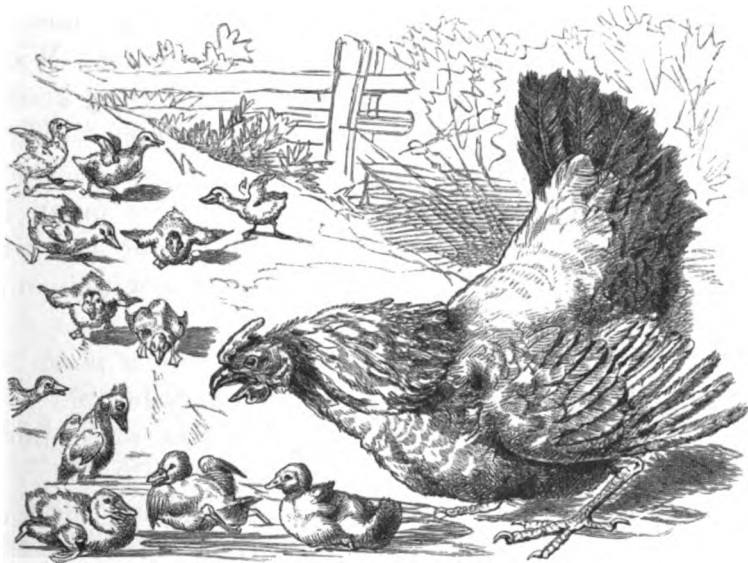
POLLY WHITE.

A TRUE STORY.

I AM going to tell you a little story, and it is just as true as it can be. It is about a hen.

There were twenty hens in Mr. Penny's yard, and some were white, and some were black, and some were gray. This one was white, and her name was Polly.

One day Mrs. Penny said to the girl in the kitchen, "Nancy, you



may put those duck's eggs under Polly White and cover her up with a basket."

Polly was very young, and had never sat on any eggs before. She thought it would be good fun; but when the basket was put over her she felt as if she should fly. It was not nice to be shut up in the dark. And then she did get so tired! It takes only three weeks to hatch chickens, but it was four weeks before Polly's ducklings came out of the shell.

And when they came out, how funny they looked! They were

very large and yellow, with round bills and very queer feet, and when they tried to walk they waddled. Polly had never seen any ducklings before, and I suppose she thought these creatures were chickens. They did not look like other chickens, to be sure, but she thought they were all the nicer for that.

Mamie Penny came out laughing, and set a pan of corn-meal dough near the back door. Polly was very hungry, but she would not touch one mouthful until she had called her little ones to breakfast. There were twelve of them, and they dipped in their round bills like spoons.

After breakfast they rolled up their eyes, and what do you suppose they were thinking about? They were thinking how much they wanted to swim. Wasn't it strange? How did they know anything about swimming? They had never seen any water; they had only seen the blue pump in the yard. But they made up their little minds that they would go and find some water.

Now there was a pond behind the barn, not very far off. Nobody told them it was there, but they ran that way as fast as they could waddle.

Their mother ran after and tried to stop them, but the moment they saw the water those ducklings jumped right in!

Poor Polly! How frightened she was! How she flapped her wings and clucked! She thought they were crazy, and she was sure they would drown.

But no, they struck out their little feet, and began to swim. It was a pretty sight. They held up their heads and looked very gay.

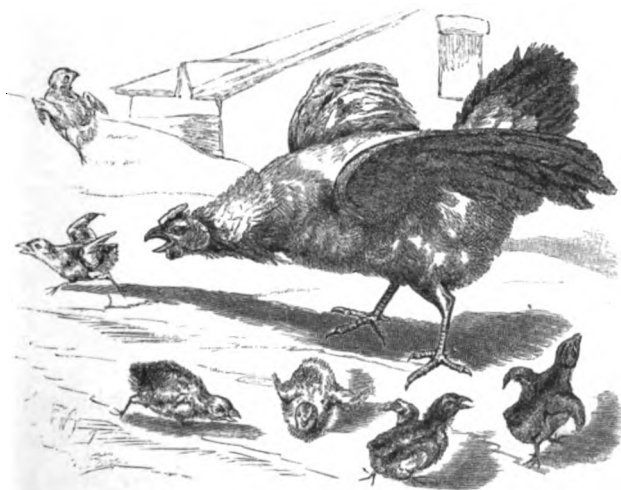
Polly did not know what to think of this, but when she found it did not hurt them at all she was very proud, and liked it as well as they did. After this they came to the pond every day, and she came with them. She thought there never was such a bright family



as hers. They were brighter than their mother; and Polly was ashamed because she could not swim.

Well, the next summer came, and Polly sat on some hen's eggs, just as the other hens did, and of course she hatched chickens instead of ducklings. She took them down to the pond the very first thing. Was n't it queer that she should remember about it?

But they would not go into the water. She clucked and scolded and almost pushed them in, but it was of no use; they could n't



swim, and they would n't try. Polly was very angry. Such bad chickens! Why, they were worse than none, she thought, and she would not be their mother another minute.

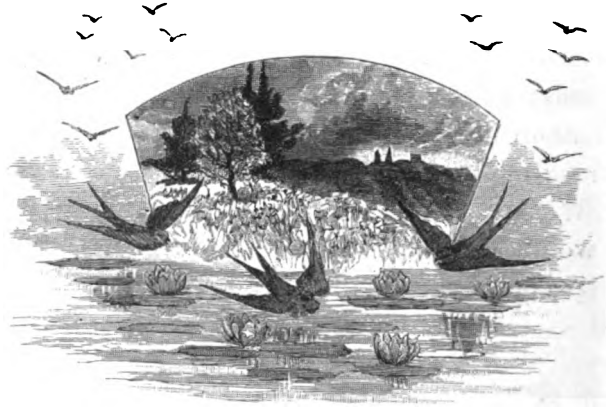
You will laugh, but Polly turned and went home. The chickens followed, but she drove them back. They peeped, and she pecked them with her bill. They were hungry, but she gave them no dinner or supper.

When night came she would not take them under her wing, but went to roost with some other hens on a pole in the barn. The poor little chickens felt very sorry, but she never, never forgave them for not learning to swim! And so they had to grow up without any mother.

Don't you think this is a droll story? And was n't Polly very bright for a hen, with a head not as big as a walnut?

SOPHIE MAY.

MAINE.



BETH AND FAYE.

Two little sweet-faced girls,
Tired with their busy day,
Lying here on their pillows, —
Dear little Beth and Faye!

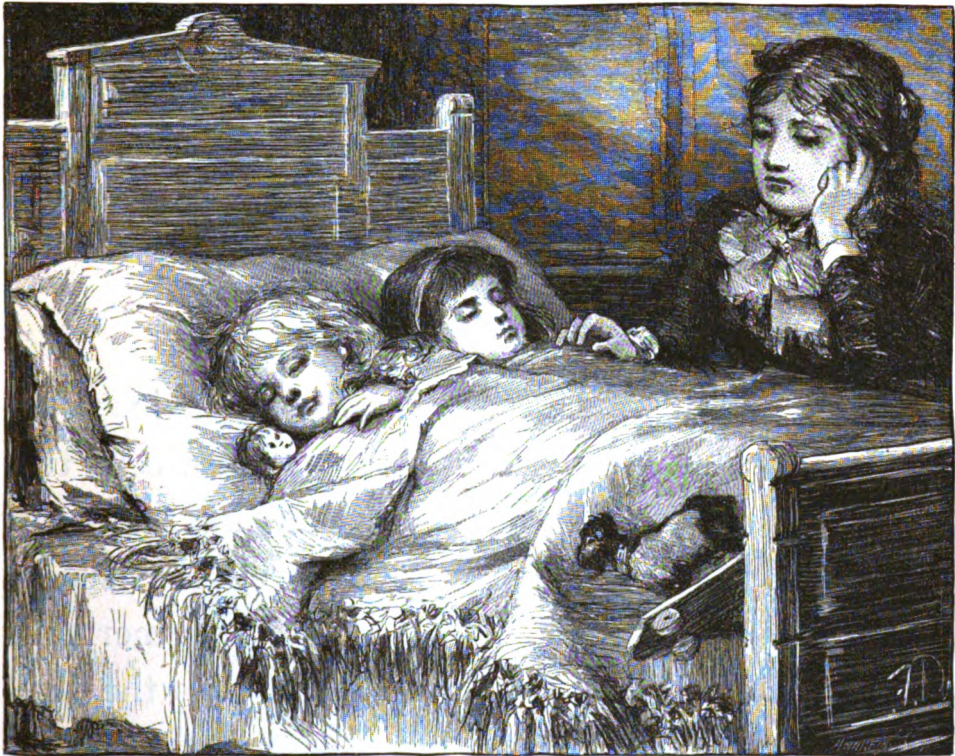
Close by are the flaxen-haired dolls,
Tucked into their crib to sleep, —
Tender watch do these little mothers
Over their children keep.

And over there in the corner,
And there, where the table stands,
I see their playthings, waiting
The touch of their little hands.

I stand beside my darlings,
As they lie here calm and still,
And I wonder what shapes from dreamland
Their innocent slumbers fill.

Many things have the wise men told us
Of all that is and seems;
But not the wisest among them
Can tell us a baby's dreams.

Closer now I lean above them,
To be sure I feel their breath,—
So like is their heavy slumber
To the sleep that we call death.



And I think of the empty homes,
And the empty hearts, to-night,
And of playthings used no longer,
And of cribs put out of sight.

Then I thank the God who gave them, —
Dear little Faye and Beth, —
That I touch their warm, soft fingers,
And feel their baby breath.

FRANK FOXCROFT.

MASSACHUSETTS.



THE PEARL SHELL.

ONCE upon a time there was a little pearl shell that some mermaids found between two rocks in the deep part of the ocean.



One day a mermaid went up to the surface of the ocean to sail the shell as a little boat, when a storm arose and made the sea very rough. The wind

blew so hard that the shell was upset, and washed away from the little mermaid.

The mermaid saved herself by clinging to a long piece of floating seaweed fastened to a rock. The shell was driven way up on the beach.

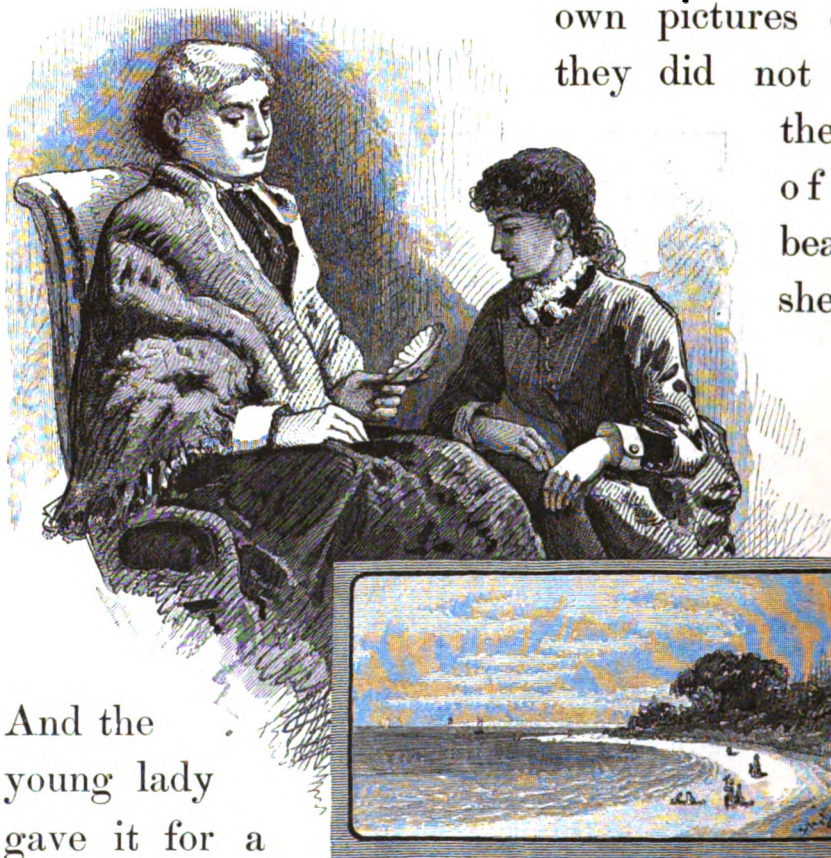
The storm ceased, and the sun shone very



bright. Some little poor children were playing on the beach. They picked up the shell, and carried it to a large hotel, where they sold it to a young lady.

This young lady painted beautiful fishes and

mermaids on it. When the mermaids heard from a messenger sea-bird that she had painted their own pictures on it, they did not mind the loss of the beautiful shell.



And the young lady gave it for a Christmas present to her poor sick mother.

The mother enjoyed it very much, because it made her think of the sunny beach.

BOSTON.

ETHEL I. BROWN.
8 years old.





PRINCESS FUZZ.

'T IS said, "Fine feathers make fine birds;"
No doubt we must believe the words.

But, "Handsome is that handsome does,"
Though all can't dress like Princess Fuzz.

Fine dress is well ; but don't be vain,
Like Princess Fuzz in her disdain.

Of all the jewels 'neath the sun,
None can be brighter than this one, — .

A loving heart and willing hand,
Not dress, make friends in any land.

C. H. R.

MASSACHUSETTS.

THE FIRE-BEETLE.

IN my trunk, the other day, I found a small bottle. In that bottle was a brown bug about an inch long. It was shaped like the half of a peanut, and had a little yellow dot on each side of its head, behind its eyes.

You have seen the fire-fly, that plays above meadows and moist places in summer nights. The female fire-fly is a kind of slug, we call the glow-worm. Its light is stronger than that of the male, which is the insect we see flying in the air.

This bug that I found in the bottle was a very large fire-fly, from the West Indies. It is, indeed, a kind of beetle, and is called the *elater*, or fire-beetle. It has a long Latin name meaning that it shines by night.

When I saw this insect, I thought of the night when it was caught. I was living with the Indians, five miles from any other white man. It was very lonely by day, and more so at night. Then I used to watch the fire-beetles as they flew past.

There were many of them, and they looked like little stars. An Indian boy caught this one and brought it to me. In fact, he caught more than twenty, and let them loose in my little hut. They lighted it up like lamps. With two of them in a bottle, I could read a paper by their light.

The poor and sick folks, in the land where the fire-beetle is found, sometimes light their rooms with them, instead of candles. They live only a few months in summer, and then die.

In Cuba, the ladies often use them instead of gems. They tie them up in little muslin bags and pin them on their dresses. They flash like diamonds, and cost nothing.

We have here at the North a funny snapping beetle. If you take it up in your hand — snap ! away it goes. It has a joint in the back of its neck that helps it do this. The fire-beetle belongs to the same family as our snap-beetle, but ours has no lights.



Some fire-flies have their lamps on the lower part of the body, others under the wings; but the one we are now looking at has his placed like the lamps of a coach. They throw their light ahead, so their owner can see where he is going.

We wonder how they can give out this light, and why they are furnished with little lanterns, while other insects must go about in the dark. This is something that their wise Maker has hidden from us.

We know that the light of one attracts another, and that is how the fire-fly in the air can find his mate, the glow-worm, in the grass. They may be kept as pets, and then seem to know their owner. Their food is the juice of the sugar-cane, which they sip a very little of, and then like to take a bath.

I once met an Indian, at night, who had made a torch of fire-flies by sticking a number of them on the end of a cane with gum. This was a very cruel way of making a torch, but it lighted his path for him when he held it near the ground.

FREDERICK A. OBER.

WEST INDIES.



GENTLE WORDS.



MICHIGAN.

HAVE you ever watched a rill
 Trickling down
 Through a crevice of the hill
 Bare and brown, —
 Trickling, trickling, trickling bright,
 Day and night?
 Though it falls so soft and sweet
 On the hard rock at your feet,
 You will find a hollow there.
 Trickling, trickling night and day,
 It has worn the rock away, —
 Gentle words fall thus, they say.

M. J. TAYLOR.

THE FROGGIES' PICNIC.

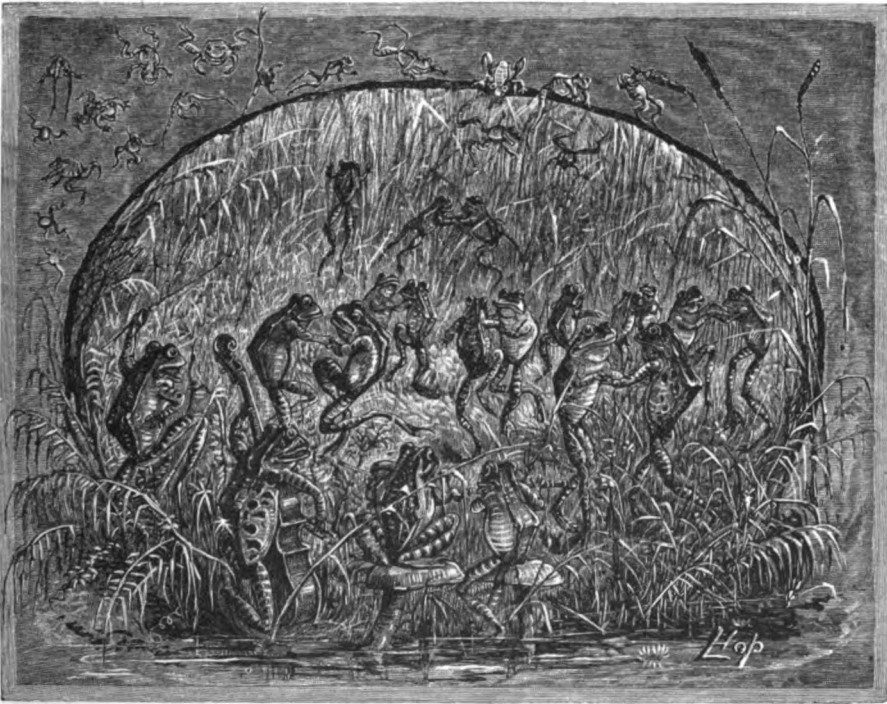
THE froggies had a picnic fine,
 A day or two ago,
 In such a splendid, marshy spot,
 Where lovely toad-stools grow.

Tall cat-tails waved above their heads,
 And soft ferns gave them shade,
 While mossy logs around the place
 Conveniently were laid.

In white and scarlet beauty, too,
 The flowers bloomed about,
 And with a most enchanting sound
 The mud oozed in and out.

The bull-frogs soon were ready quite
 To lead off in a dance,
 While merry hop-toads frisked around
 Just where they had a chance.

Beneath a broad and graceful fern
 The table had been spread;
 And thither, when the dance was done,
 Each knight his lady led.



To all the dainties, choice and sweet,
 He helped his gentle mate;
 She flashed her eyes like jewels bright
 Upon him as they ate.

When they had feasted long enough,
 They finished off the day
 By croaking on the mossy logs
 In quite a charming way.

ASLEEP UNDER THE LILAC-BUSH.

THERE was once a little girl named Emily, who did not like to go to bed.

This was not because she did not feel sleepy. Every night when the Sandman came round, with his bag of silver sand, he sprinkled some in Emily's eyes. They were big brown eyes with long lashes. He always remembered to look for them. But Emily wanted to be a "big girl." Only little girls were sent to bed at



eight o'clock. Mamma grew tired of saying, night after night, "It's bed-time, dear." No wonder. For she had to say it so many times before Emily minded. So she did not always say it, and papa's lap, the lounge, or the arm-chair would presently hold a tangled heap. It looked like white apron, red stockings, golden curls, and buttoned shoes.

It was by and by found to be a wee body, which had to be undressed and put somehow or other into bed.

One summer night there was company at Emily's house. Everybody sat on the porch and ate ice-cream. A lady inside played the piano, and sang so loud that Emily thought she had been hurt, and ran to grandma. The dear old lady gave her a seat on a low bench by her side.

The breeze stirred the lilac leaves, and said, "Lullaby! Lullaby!" and presently Emily was fast asleep.

The party was soon over, and grandma went to bed. She forgot about Emily. Nurse thought she was with mamma, and mamma thought nurse had her, and so the doors were locked. Nobody knew that a little girl was lying outside under the lilac-bush.

In the middle of the night papa waked and heard somebody crying. Mamma waked too. So did grandma. So did Aunt Hattie, and Cousin Louise, and nurse, and cook, and old Pomp, the coachman.

Where could the crying be? Who could it be, knocking on the door, and calling, "O papa; come and let me in!"

Down stairs rushed the whole family pell-mell. They were all in their nightcaps.

Papa unlocked the door, and the candles streamed into the darkness. Such a sight! So many pitiful O's and Ah's, and Dearie me's!

Poor little Emily! They carried her in, kissed her, petted her, and covered her up in her own nice bed. For a long time after that, when mamma would look at the clock, and say, "Good night, my child," Emily would answer, "Yes'm," and trip away just like a little woman.



MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

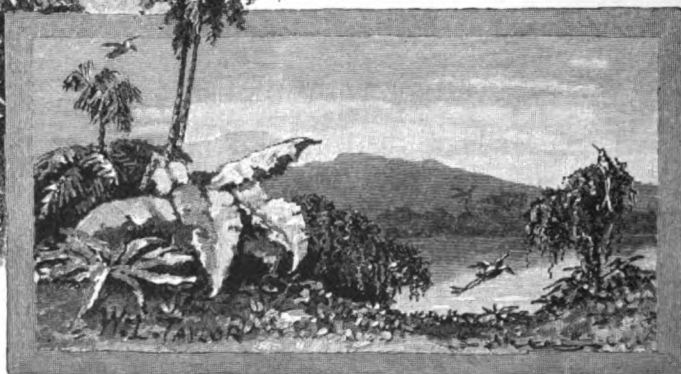
NEW YORK.



MAUD AND THE ROBIN.



COME, little birdie, and sing to me;
Sit on the bough of the maple-tree,
And chirp, and twitter, and warble away
Your sweetest song, all the summer day.



Sing of the Southland, where you go
When Jack Frost covers our hills with snow;
That flowery land, ever green and fair, —
How I wish that I could fly with you there!

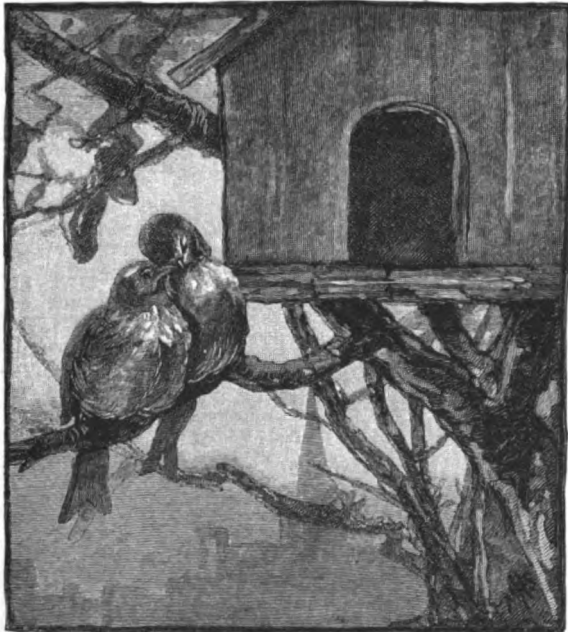
Sing of the beautiful palm, so high
That its feathery tops seem to sweep the sky ;
Where birds of Paradise flit to and fro,
And figs, and dates, and oranges grow.

Now just hear him sing, the dear little bird !
I am sure that he knows what I said, every word !
He has lit on the bough of the old maple-tree,
And is singing a beautiful song to me.

Now he hops this way, and flutters his wings,
And looks straight up to heaven while he sings ;
He is praising God for the sunshine and flowers,
And all the good things in this bright world of ours.

CALIFORNIA.

L. A. B. C.



“ Shall we take it for the Summer ? ”

THE WILD TURKEY.

COME with me, and I will show you some fun. Hark ! what is that ? Turkeys in the wood ? Yes, but not like the tame flock at home in the yard. These are darker in color, and so wild that they will not let you come near them. Look at that curious pen in the clearing. It is made of pine logs, and covered over with earth and



brush. One side has an opening large enough for the turkeys to go in, and corn is scattered inside to tempt them. They are foolish birds, and once inside keep their heads up, and never see how to get out again. We will creep up, and see if any have been trapped. Yes ; see what a fine large gobbler with his bronze plumage ! We will catch him, and have a fine Christmas dinner. Wild turkeys

cannot be tamed, and when cooped up will not eat, but pine away and die. They are very good to eat,—much nicer than tame ones. I once knew two boys who had turkey-traps, but one had his trap in the best place, and caught more game.

One day Mat, the lucky boy, went to his trap and found it empty, but there were one or two feathers inside, and some turkey-tracks around. "I know the turkeys have been here," he said to himself, "and somebody has been before me, and robbed my trap. To-morrow I will watch."

Early in the morning, long before it was light, Mat hid himself in the bushes near his trap. There was nothing there yet, but he would wait and see. Presently he heard a rustling in the bushes, but it was not the turkeys. No, it was Dick, his fellow-trapper, a boy about Mat's size, who had been so unlucky.



He hid himself as Mat had done, and both waited. Hist! that was the peculiar note of the wild turkey, well known to both boys. Then a gentle patter on the leaves, and two or three birds were in sight. They came up timidly, and picked up a scattered grain or two outside the pen. Then they went back a little but one bolder than the rest put his head through the opening. He saw so much corn inside that he went fully in, and was trapped. Dick did not wait to see if any more would follow, but rushed out of his hiding-place. "I have got him, I have got him!" he cried; but a hand was on his shoulder.

"Whose trap is this?" asked Mat. "Now I know who took my turkey yesterday."

Every rogue is a coward, and Dick turned pale and trembled. He begged Mat not to tell of him — his father would be so angry, and he promised never to do such a thing again. Mat was sorry for him and let him off, and even gave him part of his turkey when it was cooked next day.

PINK HUNTER.

VIRGINIA.

THE LITTLE LETTER-WRITER.

FRED GRAY was six years old.

The first week he went to school he learned to write his name,

Fred.

He wrote so slowly and so well, that his teacher was much pleased.

The second week she said to him, "Now you may begin to write a letter to somebody."

That week he learned to write three more words.

First he wrote them on the blackboard, then on his slate.

At the end of the third week he carried home a nice letter to his mother. It was like this: —

Dear Mother:

I love you.

Fred.

Our little readers can copy it. You must get some good writer to write your own name for you to copy. Then you can write it in the place of Fred, and give the letter to your mother. Do not try to do it all in one day. It took Fred three weeks.

TEACHER.

CALIFORNIA.



THE LITTLE PEANUT BOY.

Such a merry little chap!
 Just the boy one likes, you know. .
 And boasting something of a name
 In — "Pedro San Antonio."

Ragged jacket, brimless cap,
 Boots a-yawning at the toes,
 Curly hair and bright black eyes,
 And cheeks as red as any rose.

Behind his little peanut-stand,
 At the corner of the street,
 All day long he smiling waits,
 In the sunshine, snow, or sleet.

O, the fond, enticing smell
Of the peanuts roasting hot!
O, how hard for little folks
Without a sigh to pass the spot!

Here a pint, and there a quart!
How the paper bags do fly!
And how fast in Pedro's box
Pile the nickels high and dry!

"Fiva centa quart!" he calls;
But one sorry fact we know,—
Pedro's quarts are very apt
Into a pint bag to go.

M. D. BRINE.

NEW YORK.

HOW SCAMP HAD HIS PICTURE TAKEN.

My name is Scamp. I think it is a good name for me. I often try to be good. When I am bad I am whipped. I think all Pug dogs are bad as I am; they look like it.

Once I was real bad; but I got paid for it. It was when I had my picture taken. I went walking one day with my master. Before we left home he put my collar around my neck. I don't like that collar. It has bells on it. They jingle so loud, I think that makes me bad.

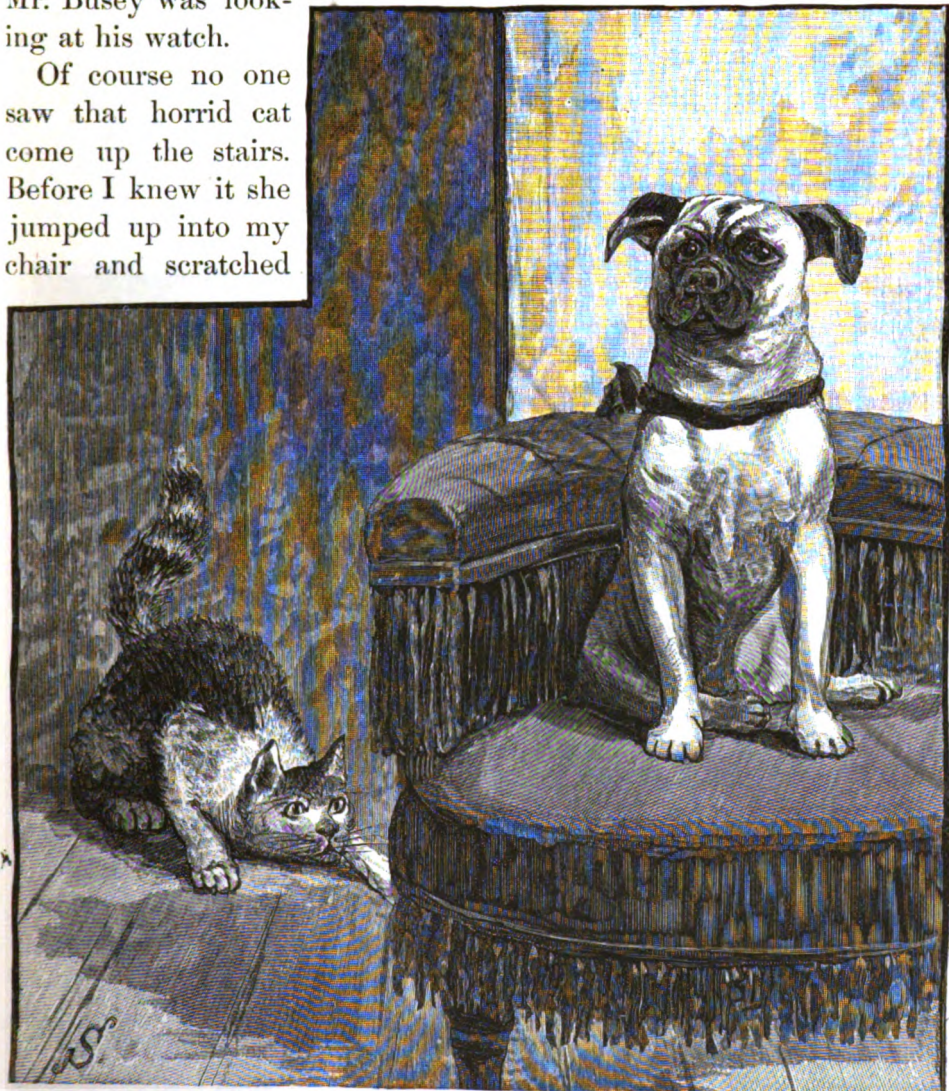
After a long walk we went into a house. I ran in first. There in the room before me was a big Maltese cat. She had her back up. I ran at her. She jumped at me, raised her paw and scratched my flat nose. Just then some one came in and caught the cat.

My master and I went up stairs. Here we met Mr. Busey. He put me on a chair, and told me to be still. Then he went and rolled out something that looked like a big gun. I was frightened and jumped down.

Mr. Busey fixed me again, and went to the gun. Of course I jumped down again. Every time I did that I got whipped.

At last Mr. Busey took a little bird and put it on the gun. I wanted that bird; and so I looked at it to see if it would fly. I was looking at the bird. My master was looking at me. Mr. Busey was looking at his watch.

Of course no one saw that horrid cat come up the stairs. Before I knew it she jumped up into my chair and scratched



me. I forgot the bird and howled. They took the cat away. She was locked up in a dark room. Oh! but she did cry. I was so pleased I sat up in the chair and laughed.

They must have forgotten my picture, for I sat in that chair a long time. To-day my master showed me this picture. I have pasted it in my diary. It looks like me when I was laughing to hear the cat crying.

JOHN S. SHRIVER.

MARYLAND.

LITTLE, LITTLE STREAMLET.

LITTLE, little streamlet,
 Busy all the day,
 Are you never tired?
 Do you never play?



Winding through the
 meadows,
 Sparkling in the sun,
 Turning all the mill-
 wheels,
 Thinking it but fun!
 Leaping o'er the ledges,
 Passing by the trees,
 Never, never ceasing,
 Till you reach the
 seas!

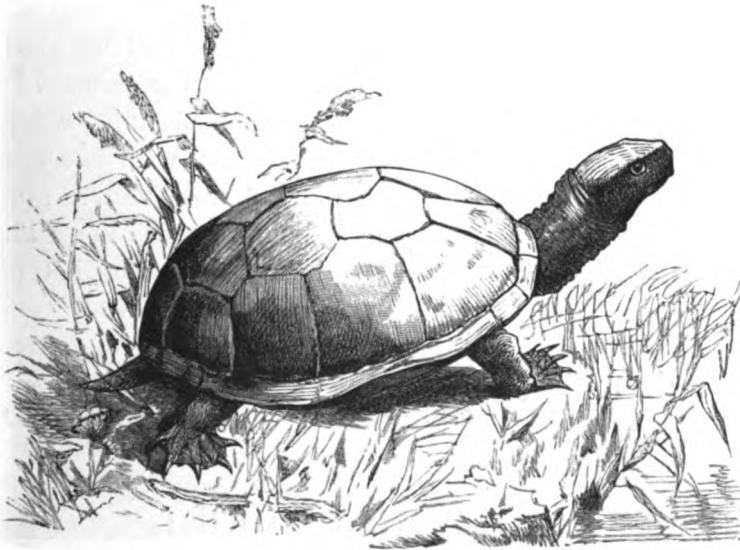
F. H. STAUFFER.

PENNSYLVANIA.

JENNIE'S PETS.

JENNIE came a long way in the cars to see her auntie. She brought one of her dolls in her mamma's trunk; but her dearest doll, whose name was Bride, had to stay at home.

Jennie named this dear wax child after Bridget, because Bridget was so kind to her. She made cunning little cakes for her when she



baked. She did not mind if there were doll's clothes in the wash every week.

So the doll was named Bridget; but as Jennie did not like to call her "Biddy," mamma said she might call her "Bride."

"And you know, auntie," said Jennie, "she will be a bride some day, when she grows up."

You see Jennie had to tell her aunt about Bride because the dear thing could not come.

"And I left my turkle at home, too," said Jennie.

"A turkle? What is that, my dear?"

"My mud turkle," said the little girl;—she meant to say

turtle, you know. "Ben caught it in the pond, instead of a fish, and he gave it to me."

"And, auntie, I told him not to run away, and he did n't. Once



I had a frog, a little green frog, — so pretty ! I put him in a glass bottle, and I told him not to go out ; but he did. He did not mind like my good turtle. I left my turtle to grandma to take care of, and Bride will take care of herself. Won't they all be glad to see me when I go home ? "

When Jennie went home, Bride lay with her eyes shut, and Jennie had to give her a shake to rouse her. The turtle had got out of his pen, and gone off to find some mud.

But grandma was so very glad to see her pet that Jennie did not mind about the rest.

MRS. D. P. SANFORD.

CONNECTICUT.

LITTLE MISS FIDGET.

THERE was once a little girl
Who was always in a whirl ;
They called her Miss Fly-away Fidget.
When starting off for school,
At ten minutes after eight,
It was, " Tie my hat, quick !
O, dear ! where is my slate ?
Come, Tom, and let us run !
I know we shall be late ! "

Did you ever see such a fidgety midget ?

CALIFORNIA.

MAUD.

TOT AND THE TURKEY GOBBLER.

TOT was sitting on his grandmother's doorstep looking at his red stockings. His name was not really Tot, but Charles Henry Augustus,—a very long name for a very little boy.



The reason he had such a long name was this. When he was a baby he had two grandfathers and an uncle, who each wanted him named for himself. His father and mother named him for all three ; but everybody called him Tot.

At last he grew tired looking at his stockings, and began to sing. Tot thought he could sing ; no one else thought so. After a little he went to the barn-yard.

There were plenty of ducks and geese around, besides chickens and turkeys. Tot always liked to look at them. He liked one old turkey gobbler best of all. But Mr. Gobbler did not like Tot's red stockings. As soon as he saw them he ruffled up his feathers, and with a fierce gobble flew at them. This took Tot so by surprise that he fell over backward, with his head in the chickens' water-pan and his feet in the air.

How he did scream! His grandmother heard him in the kitchen. His aunts heard him in the parlor. His mother heard him in her room. She ran down into the yard.

There she found his grandmother and aunts. Nobody knew what had happened, or where Tot was. His mother ran to the barn-yard; the others ran after her.

There they found poor Tot on his back, screaming with all his might. All the ducks, geese, and chickens were making a great noise.

The old gobbler was just ready for another attack. Aunt Mary seized an old broom and drove away the turkey; Aunt Kate stopped her ears with her fingers, to keep out the noise; Grandma did nothing; but Tot's mother picked him up and carried him into the house. After he had been washed and comforted, his mother asked him why he had gone alone to the barn-yard. Tot said nothing, because he had no reason to give.

NEW YORK.

A. M. T.





DAISY SONG.



VOL. I.

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No. 8.

DAISY SONG.

Hi! little daisy!
Ho! little daisy!
Under the greenwood tree,
There is nothing about you
To make us doubt you,
Smiling at Baby and me.

Hi! little daisy!
Ho! little daisy!
What does your bright eye see?
A bird and a clover,
With heads doubled over,
Smiling at Baby and me.

Hi! little daisy!
Ho! little daisy!
What can the matter be?
Don't think we'd steal you,
We'd much rather feel you
Smiling at Baby and me.

PRUDENCE FAXON DARE.

ILLINOIS.

WEEZY'S SAMBO.



LITTLE Weezy Haynes had more dolls than she could take care of, and they were always falling into mischief. Her china twins had but one leg and one arm between them, and not a sign of a head. Her pretty wax Rosa was without a nose.

And as to her gutta-percha baby, it was so wrinkled and ugly that Weezy rubbed the window-panes with it when she played at cleaning house. Phebe Redlan cut paper dolls for her by the hour, but these frisked out of the window or into the fire; and of Weezy's large family there was left only one sound child.

This was little Sambo, knit of worsted; black face, scarlet jacket, yellow trousers, and all. When he tumbled into the wash-bowl Weezy squeezed him out, and dried him over the register. When he ravelled mamma darned him, and made him as good as new.

O, he was the nicest kind of a doll! and from his white sewing-silk teeth to his black stocking-yarn toes, Weezy loved every inch

of him. Yet she did love to punish him. One morning when she found him in papa's boot she shook him till one of his bead eyes dropped out.



"What for Sambo run away and hide?" cried she. "Now mamma mus' tie Sambo, 'cause Sambo did n't mind."

She looked about the hall for something to tie him to, and saw papa's overcoat on the hat-tree. The buttons on the back of it were just within her reach.

"There! Sambo must be tied till he is a good boy," said she, winding the ends of his tiny scarf round one of the buttons.

Then, leaving the poor doll hanging by his neck, she danced off to the kitchen to tease Bridget for "two big plums."

Pretty soon Papa Haynes came out of the sitting-room to go down town. It was rather dark in the hall, and he put on his overcoat without seeing the doll. Next he drew on his gloves, and walked briskly into the street with Sambo bobbing up and down from the button at his back.

It was funny enough! One little boy laughed so hard that he rolled off the doorstep. Some school-children on the corner shouted, and clapped their hands. Papa Haynes wondered what all the noise was about. He could n't see anything to laugh at.

He might have gone on right through the village with Sambo's yellow legs dancing a jig behind him, if the minister had n't called to him.

"Sir?" said papa, wheeling in front of the minister's gate so suddenly that the doll bounced against him.

"Why, what is this?" he went on, reaching his hand behind his back.

"Something that belongs to Weezy, I fancy," laughed the minister, unwinding Sambo's scarf.

When Papa Haynes saw the doll he could n't help laughing too.

"Well, I must say I've cut a pretty figure," said he, with a very red face. "No wonder the boys shouted!"

He felt like tossing Sambo over the fence, but then he thought of his little daughter.

"I suspect Weezy is crying this minute for her lost baby," said he, cramming Sambo, head first, into his pocket. "I'll take it home to her this time, but she must look out how she ties it again to my coat-button!"

PENN SHIRLEY.

MAINE.





TWO NAUGHTY CHICKIES.

ONE pretty summer day
Two chickies ran away
From an old mamma hen
Shut in a chicken-pen.

These chickies slyly stole
Right through a little hole
In a fence made to guard
The mansion's grassy yard.

“Cluck! cluck!” called mamma dear;
Her peepies would not hear;
They kept on running still
Up to a little hill.



Just there they found a bug,
And, with tug after tug,
One this and one that way,
Both tried to get the prey.

Dreadful to tell, alas!
A cat sneaked through the grass,
And, springing very quick,
She caught and ate each chick.

As naughty chickies did,
When your mammas forbid,
Children, don't run away —
'Tis bad to disobey.



THE LOST DOLL.

"Why can't I take it, mamma?" said Louie.

"Because the doll does not belong to you. Besides, you have one of your own."

"But mine has a china head, and sister May's is wax, with truly hair, and such booful eyes! Do, do, let me take it to the party. Mamma, won't you, please?"

"No, darling, your own dollie is nice enough for any little girl."

"O, dear!" sighed Louie; then she said no more.

Mamma had just read a note to Louie.

It was from one of her little mates, — an invitation to a doll's party on Saturday afternoon.

It was to this party that Louie wished to take her sister's doll.

The time soon came. Louie looked very pretty in her white dress. Louie's doll wore white also, with ribbons of blue.

Mamma kissed her little daughter good-by. Louie did not smile, but with dollie in her arms went out of the house in a very unhappy state of mind.

She walked up the street some distance, then she stopped, turned about, and came quickly back to her home. She opened the gate softly, and entered the house, making no more noise than a wee mouse.

Up stairs she crept, and into the front chamber, looking cautiously about, as if afraid some one would see her.

She took something out of the bureau drawer. It was the wonderful doll, with truly hair, and "booful" eyes.

O, how handsome she was in her silk gown!

"You're dressed for a party, and you shall go to one," said naughty Louie, "and you must stay home in her place." So saying, Louie put her own doll into the drawer, took May's waxen beauty by the arm, and hurried away as silently as she came.

There were many dolls at the party; but the little girls said, "Louie, yours is the prettiest!"

They did not know it was not her own.

But Louie could not feel happy, though she tried ever so hard.

The children had a fine time. When they had played a great many games, the big brother of the little girl who gave the party said he would take them to sail in his boat. The boat was on a pond near the house.



So eight little mammas, each with a doll baby clasped tight in her arms, went out for a sail.

They sailed for some time, when suddenly the sky darkened, and the rain fell fast. The big brother made all haste to land the little party.

When Louie reached the shore she missed the beautiful doll. "It must have fallen from my arms, when I picked the pretty lilies," she said, crying bitterly.

It was too stormy to look for the doll that night; but when it was found, floating on the water, all its beauty, alas, had gone forever.

Poor May cried as if her heart would break when she saw her spoiled doll. Louie's mamma did not allow her to go out to play



for a whole week. But Louie said, "Staying in is n't so bad as the choke I had in my throat when I took the doll, mamma."

On Christmas day, many months later, May had a gift of a dollie very like the one that was lost. Pinned to its dress

was a paper, on which was printed in large letters, "May, from Louie."

MASSACHUSETTS.

LOUISE L. BELL.

SMALL SHOPPERS.

So many things to buy! O dear, O dear!
 Our two little shoppers are tired, I fear.
 Miss Hopkins and young Mr. Tompkins, her cousin,
 Have bought, and have bought, and have bought by the dozen
 Such beautiful things, from a gingerbread cat
 To a dear little, sweet little dolly's blue hat.
 Such wee little shoppers were ne'er seen before,
 As these little midgets, in any one's store.

But who was their banker? Well, I must confess
 That this is a question quite easy to guess.
 Ah, who but dear grandpa, whose pockets, you know,
 Are full of the pennies his darlings love so?
 For this is Miss Hopkins' birthday, and, you see,
 A dear four-year-old woman is she;

While young Mr. Tompkins politely agreed
To join his fair friend and attend to each need.



Now look at that bag! You can guess in a minute,
Without any peeping, just what is within it, —
Cakes, candies, and picture-books, one wooden bird,
A small sheep which baas when his short tail is stirred;
A top, and a ball, and a sweet ginger-cake,
Two apples, one pear, and, for grandpa's dear sake,
A harmless cigar made of chocolate nice,
Which grandpa will smoke quite away in a trice.

M. D. BRINE.

NEW YORK.

LITTLE RED SUKEY.

ALL the land we see was once owned by the Indians. They fished in our waters and shot bears and deer in the woods. They raised corn on the plains. They lived in wigwams made of bear-skins.

The few Indians now left in New England live in towns and have churches and schools. But some of them still rove



about, selling baskets and bead-work. Their baskets are made of ashwood, which they color with bark and roots.

One day we saw two Indians putting up a wigwam in our ash grove. Boys and girls were running up and down the hill and playing in the brook.

A dark little girl soon came to the house. Her name was Sukey. She wore an old hood and a man's coat, and carried a basket. She said, "Mammy wants you to lend things."

I asked her what she wanted. She looked very solemn, and said, "Bread, and tea, and sugar, and butter, and cake, and soap, and pork, and pie." We gave her bread, and butter, and soap.

After that she came to borrow our hats, and boots, and shawls. But we said, No.

Another day she came with a bedquilt around her. Her nose and her hands were red with the cold. What do you think she wanted to borrow now?

A cooking-stove! Tom laughed, and said, "She will want to borrow the big barn next."

We told her she might have the old stove in the shed. She ran off, and soon came back with the two men. They stood and stared at me, and Sukey said, "Lady, please lend a cart."

We told the red men to take an old wagon from the barn.

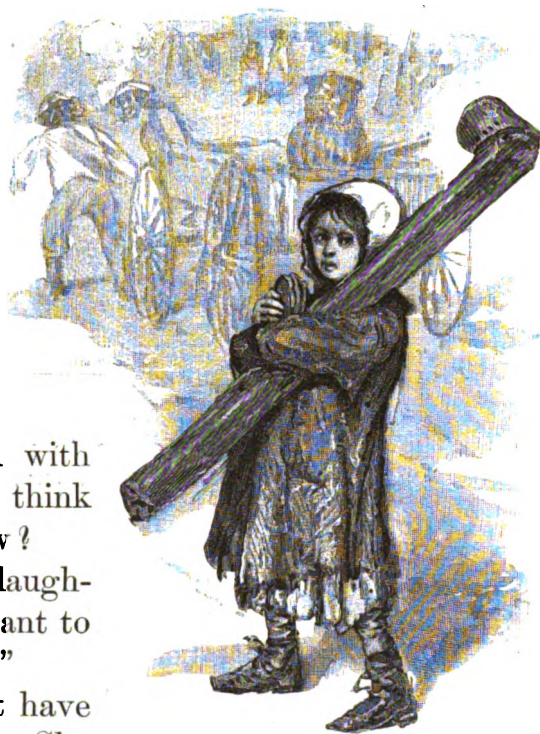
They soon put the stove on it, with Sukey's help. They made her carry the stove-pipe and covers in her arms!

They looked very funny as they went off. We heard that the men sat down by the fire in the stove and drank rum while their wives made baskets and Sukey begged.

I fear poor Sukey became a real beggar before she could earn her own bread. I am always glad that we gave her warm food, and shoes, and stockings, and lent her the old stove, which she honestly brought back before she went off.

J. D. C.

MASSACHUSETTS.





COME, little birdie, come to me ;
 Yes, come and light upon this tree,
 And hop and skip in birdish glee,
 You darling little bird.

My birdie dear, my birdie dear,
 Be not afraid, you need not fear ;
 No naughty cat or dog is here,
 My pretty little bird.

Now hop and sing, and sing and hop,
 From limb to limb, from twig to top ;
 Your gayest songs you need not stop,
 No harm for you is here.

My birdie, now 't is almost night,
 The sun is sinking out of sight ;
 Then spread your wings and take your flight,
 But come again to me.

Your little ones, just hear them cry !
 They want a bug, a worm or fly ;
 Then haste away and homeward hie ;
 Good night, my bird, good night. UNCLE JOSEPH.

PUSSIE AND SANCHO.

PUSSIE and Sancho are great friends. They are the same age, and have been together nearly all their lives. Pussie is a dear little girl. Her name



is not Pussie at all, but Brother Jack calls her that because she is so little, he says. Sancho is a big setter. He seems to think there is no one like Pussie. They play together all day long. At night he sleeps at the foot of her crib. He often

wakes her in the morning by jumping up to lick her face. Pussie calls it Sancho's morning kiss.

They were playing in the garden one day, when Pussie climbed up some steps and fell off. She hurt herself badly and was stunned. Sancho ran into the house, and caught hold of mamma's dress, and ran to the door and barked. Then he came back and took her dress in his mouth, and tried to pull her to the door.

He acted so queer that mamma followed him. She found Pussie lying white and still at the foot of the steps; she had cut her head badly. The doctor was sent for, and he said Pussie must be kept very quiet for some time. Sancho would not go out to play with the other children, but stayed by Pussie all the time. When she cried with the pain, he whined pitifully; but when she was able to go out again, he was almost crazy with joy. He brought her lines and whip, and laid them at her feet, as if to say, "Come, let's play horse."

NEW JERSEY.

SARAH BLADEN.





THE LITTLE DRESSMAKER.

THIS little girl, I'm glad to say,
Is fond of work as well as play.

From bits of ribbon, velvet, lace,
She makes nice gowns to suit each face.

Puts feathers in a bonnet tall,
And trims a hat for little Doll.

One dolly's large, the other small;
One stands alone, and one must fall.

Though dressed so nice, they won't obey,
But sit quite sullen all the day.

"I will not scold, call forth their tears,
Although they sit a dozen years!"

She makes their dresses, learns to wait —
What don't come early may come late.

C. H. R.

MASSACHUSETTS.

HOW DICK RODE BARE-BACK.

ONCE on a time, long years since, there lived a boy named Dick, who was just four years old.

His home was near the woods; — a small brown house, with a steep hill just back of it to keep off the cold north wind.

Dick had dark eyes, full of fun; and he did not like to be still; that was hard work for him.

One day Dick set out to cross the road to the cornfield where Stephe was at work with his hoe; he liked to see Stephe hoe the rows of corn. But on the way he saw something else that made him stop and think, and then just walk past the field with his hands at his back.

"Hi, bub!" said Stephe, "where are you bound?"

But Dick just gave him a smile and a nod, and went on.

"Odd little chap!" said Stephe, as he struck his hoe once more.
"What is he up to now?"

He had to turn from the road then, and as soon as he did so Dick set off on a run.

What had he seen? What did he want to do? Why old Fan, the horse, had been let loose to crop grass by the roadside, and there she was, not far off. Dick set his mind on a ride.

He came up by the side of Fan, who went on with her lunch of grass; she did not mind such a small boy as Dick.

She had her head bent down, and Dick stood on tiptoe and got hold of the end of the strap which was tied on her neck.

"Ha, old Fan!" said he, "you have no work to do; you must give me a good ride!"

So he led her to the stone-wall, and got up on top of the wall and then on to Fan's back. He held on tight by her mane and said, "Get up! Go 'long!"

Dick tried to make Fan go on down the road; but the good old horse was wise and kind too. She might have flung the child off



with one good shake; but she made up her mind — if a horse has a mind — that the best thing to do with such a small boy was to take him right home to his mother. So Dick could not make her do a thing but just walk, at a slow pace, up the road to the house.

When the mother and Ruth saw Dick on old Fan, bare-back, they each gave a cry and ran out to the gate.

"My dear boy, who put you on that horse?"

"O, ma, I got on my own self; and I had such a nice ride!"

It did not take long to lift the rogue off, you may be sure.

Ruth gave old Fan a pat, and said, "Good, kind Fan, not to hurt our little boy!"

And the mother said, with a kiss, "Do not get on the horse, dear Dick, by yourself; you are too small yet to ride bare-back!"

"Well, ma, I won't, for I must mind you," said Dick, with a sigh; "but I wish I could grow to be a big boy soon!"

"You will," said his mother; "but not too soon, I hope. I do not want to lose my wee Dick quite yet."

MRS. D. P. SANFORD.

CONNECTICUT.

CHARLEY'S STORY.

• MY name is Charley. I am a bird, and live in a pretty gold cage. I have a little mistress who takes care of me.



She gives me nice seeds and fresh water. Her name is Pansy—I guess it is because her eyes are so blue. I love her and sing to her.

One day a great black cat got into the room. He tried to climb up to my cage. I was afraid he would catch me and eat me. I shook my wings at him and cried out as loud as I could. Pansy heard me, and came and drove that wicked cat away.

Last summer I did a naughty thing. I got out of my cage and flew away; Pansy forgot and left the door open.

I hid in a rose-bush. They looked all over the garden for me and called "Charley! Charley!" but I would n't answer.

Soon dear little Pansy began to cry; then I felt sorry. I peeped out from behind a great red rose, and there she sat on the ground holding my empty cage.

The door was wide open, so I flew down from the rose-bush and hopped into the cage.

Pansy was so glad! She laughed and clapped her hands; then she took me into the house and gave me some fresh seed and water. I was glad too, and sang her a pretty song. I shall never be a naughty bird again.

M. E. STONE.

PENNSYLVANIA.

BRACE UP!

BE brave, little man,
And laugh if you can;
'T is hard to endure,
But crying won't cure;
Nor plasters nor pills
Can heal all life's ills;
While pluck will do more
Than groans by the score.
Brace up, little man,
And laugh if you can!

J. L.

MICHIGAN.





HOW TIP FOUND A NEW HOME.

MOTHER Tabby had a snug little house under one corner of the woodpile. Her two little kittens, Tip and Buttons, ran up and down after each other's tails, and played hide and seek all day long. When they were tired they curled themselves up like puff-balls, and went to sleep.

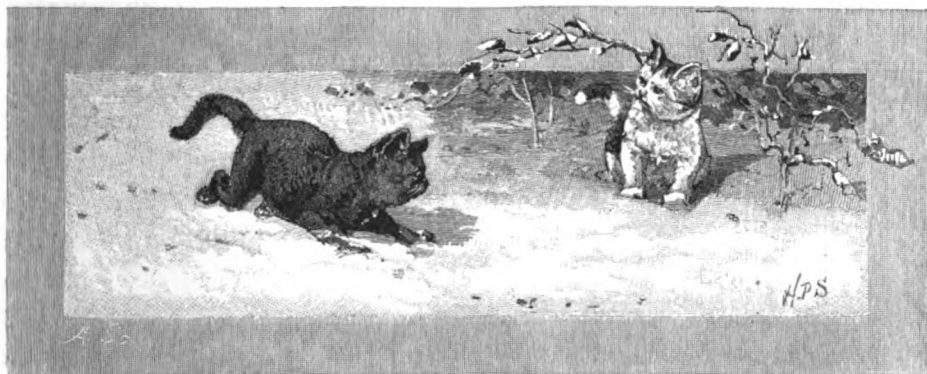
Tip was white, with buff trimmings. Buttons had a black coat, with three white spots on the breast, that looked like buttons.

One morning Tip waked up bright and early, and peeped out. "O, my!" he said, "I wonder what is over all the ground? It looks just like cream, it is so white and nice. It must be good to eat."

He bit Buttons softly on the ear, to wake him. Then they asked Mother Tabby if they might go out and take a run. She said yes, but told them not to get lost, and to come back soon and have their breakfast.

They ran out, and at first stepped very lightly. In a few moments they were racing through the soft snow, but they found it was not cream.

Buttons got hungry first, and said he must go and have some breakfast. Tip wanted one more race. He saw a hole under the snow, and crawled in. It was nice and warm, so he went on and



on. After a while he began to feel hungry, and thought of his breakfast. There was nothing but snow here to eat, and that did not fill him up much.

He wondered if he could find his way back, and was sorry he had not gone home with Buttons. He cried for Mother Tabby, but she could not hear him.

He thought of his nice home, and the frolics he had with Buttons. O dear! how dreadful it would be if he never should see them again! Tip felt so sorry for himself that he lay down in a little heap and cried himself to sleep. When he waked he tried to find his way out, but he went farther and farther in.

At last he saw a little light above his head, and scratched the snow away. O yes, he could get out. But how queer it looked! There was no woodpile in sight, but a great big white house, with ever so many windows.

Tip saw a little girl at one window. As she opened it, he wanted to run away. But she looked so kind, and called "Kitty, kitty," in such a soft voice, that he walked up a little nearer.



Tip heard her say, "O mamma, here is a little kitten that has just crawled out of the hole at the foot of the oak-tree. May I give him some milk?"

Her mamma said she might, and Alice brought out a saucer of milk. At first Tip was very shy; but he was so hungry, and the milk looked so good that he could not but taste it.

Then Alice patted him, and coaxed him into the house. By the warm fire he fell asleep and forgot his troubles. Alice kept

him for her kitten, but he often thought of Mother Tabby and Buttons.

ANNIE D. BELL.

NEW JERSEY



SAVED.

A boy took away to Nantasket
A kitty-puss tied in a basket;
He thought, when he got her
Far out on the water,
She'd never get back, should she ask it.

So he shut up his eyes as he threw her
Far off where the water was bluer;
Then pulled for the shore,
With a very swift oar,
From a sight that he could not endure.

All the way he seemed seeing with pity
How sharks were devouring his kitty ;
His eyes were a source full
Of tears so remorseful
He could n't tell rocks from a city !



He hurried away with his basket
Afar from the seas of Nantasket,
In the lap of his mother
His anguish to smother,
Or under her apron to mask it.

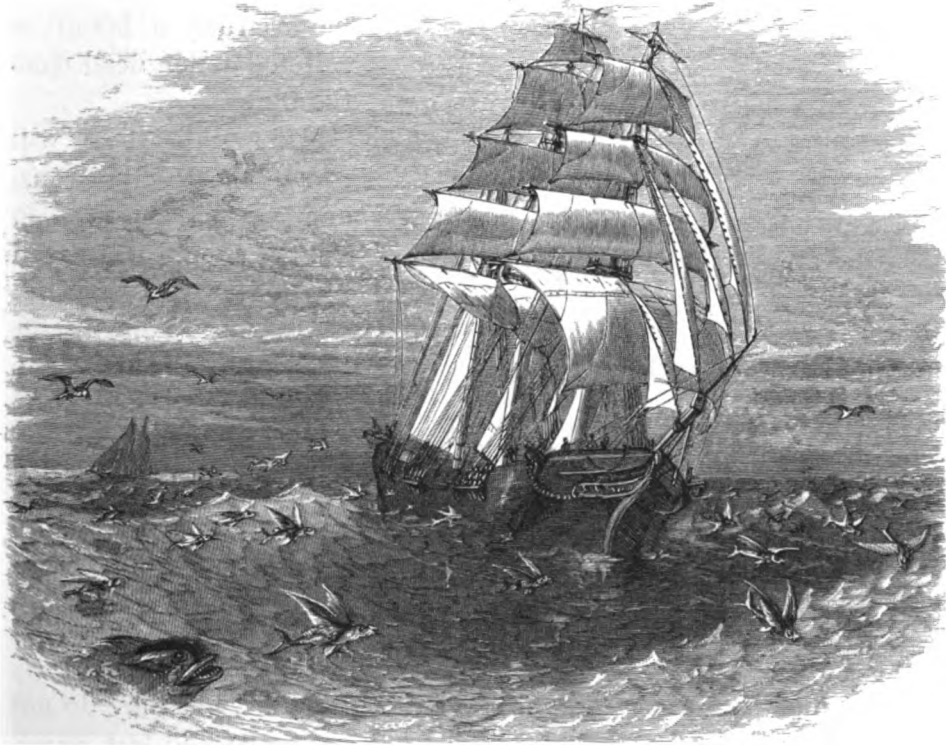
When he had opened the door, why there
Sat meekly poor puss in a chair
She was licking her fur,
All ready to purr,
And she never was drowned any more !

G. S. BURLEIGH.

RHODE ISLAND.

FISH THAT FLY.

AN old sailor said there was nothing on land not to be found in the sea. There are sea cucumbers and carrots, and many other sea vegetables that look very much like those whose names they bear.



Some of the fish even have names like those of land animals. There are hog-fish, sea-horses, toad-fishes, and sea-cows. One very lovely fish in the South is the angel-fish.

But most curious of all is the flying-fish, which has broad fins like wings. This fish is shaped and colored something like a mackerel. Its back is blue and its under parts are white.

When it flies it takes short flights from the top of one wave to

the top of another. The flying-squirrel can fly, in this way, from a point high up on a tree to one lower down.

They are plentiful near the West Indies, where the water is warm.

In the morning the sailors may find a dead fish on the deck. It had seen the lights that the vessel carries at night, and flown towards

them. It could fly high enough to reach the vessel's deck, but could not fly across it. It may have struck a boom or sail and fallen dead from the blow.

After this they will grow more numerous, and you will see them in the daytime. They will fly out of the water in front of the ship, in little groups, looking like flocks of swallows. Their white sides will gleam like silver in the sun. They cannot fly far, perhaps a hundred yards. After wetting their wings, or fins, they then can fly farther on.



They look as if they enjoyed their life in the air, but they do not always fly for pleasure. The dolphin, a very fierce and fast swimming fish, hunts them in the water. When the poor flying-fish tries to escape him, the great sea-birds, the gulls and pelicans, seize them as they fly out.

They are very good to eat. The people in the islands about which they live catch them in dip-nets and fry them.

There is a story about an old lady who had a son, Jack, that went to sea. When he came home he told his good old mother about the wonders he had seen.

"Why, mother," said he, "I've been to a country where they have mountains of sugar and rivers of rum, and I have seen fish that fly."

"Jack, my son," replied the mother, "I'll believe the story about the mountains of sugar and rivers of rum, but as to fish that fly, I don't believe a word of it."

The true story was more wonderful to her than the untrue.

FREDERICK A. OBER.

WEST INDIES.



WHOSE FAULT WAS IT?

"OH! where shall we rear
Our young, my dear?
Oh! where shall we build our nest,—
In the tall pine-tree,
By the deep blue sea,
Or the meadow's dewy breast?"

"Dear Bob, let it be
By the deep blue sea,
Where the white-winged ships sail by,
Our foes will not dare
To molest us there,
So close to the loving sky."

So they built them a nest
In the pine-tree's crest,
Where the white-winged ships sailed by,
But alas! and alack!
The day grew black,
And a wind swept down from the sky.

All night and a day
The poor birds lay
Half dead on the chill wet sand ;
Then a dear little maid,
With her basket and spade,
Came singing along the strand.



She spied out the birds
And, speaking fond words,
She dried their soft feathers with care ;
Then bore them away
To the meadow gay,
And left them together there.

Said Bob, with a wink,
" I am ready to think
We did very wrong to flee ;
But for yon dear maid,
I am sadly afraid
Our bones would have bleached by the sea."

THE SIX DOVES.



HEN Jimmy was seven years old his father gave him six pretty doves for a birthday gift. Jimmy put them in a large box in the yard, and sent for all the boys he knew to come and see them.

For a time the doves had very good care. Jimmy fed them every day, and they would eat corn from his hand. But he soon grew tired of caring for his pets. Winter came on, and he did not like to go out in the cold to give the doves food and water.

One day he did not go to feed them because it snowed. The next day he went to a snowball fight, and did not get home until dark. He ate his supper and went to bed, thinking he would feed his doves early the next morning. But he forgot all about it until nearly noon. Then the cook said she had no stale bread to spare for the doves.



Jimmy went to his mother and asked her for five cents to buy some corn for them. His mother gave him the money, and he ran off to buy the corn. But on his way he passed a candy store, and the candy looked so nice he felt that he must have some of it. So he spent the five cents for gum-drops.

Then he went to play with another boy, and did not go home

until dark. He was afraid his mother would ask him if he had bought the corn; so he went to bed as soon as he could. The next morning he got some bread from the cook, and went to feed his doves. He opened the door of the box, but the doves did not come out. He looked in, and saw two of them lying dead on the floor of the box. They had starved to death, and were quite cold and



stiff. The other four doves were too weak to eat the bread, and they all died that night. O, how sorry Jimmy was that he had spent the five cents on candy for himself! His mother sent him to bed without any supper, that he might know what it was to be hungry. Jimmy cried until he fell asleep. But he learned a good lesson; for he never neglected another pet.

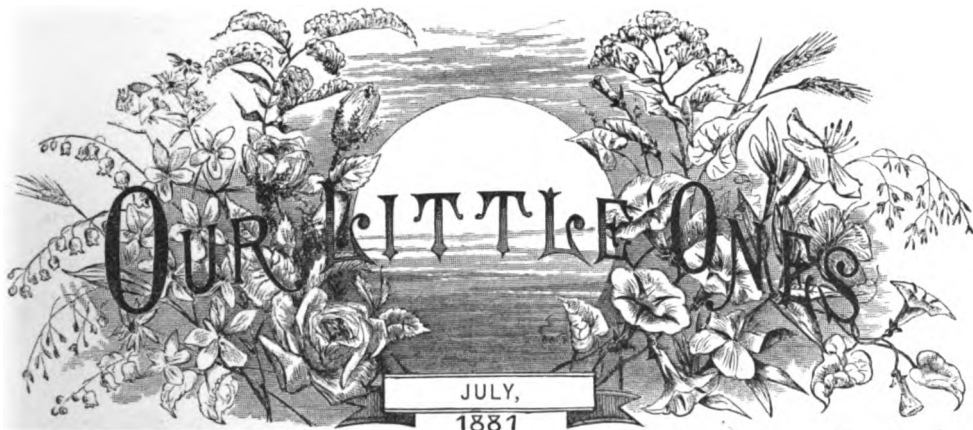
FLORENCE H. BIRNEY.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.



Denny O'Toole.





VOL. I.

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No. 9.

DENNY O'TOOLE.

HAVE you seen Denny,
My dear children all ?
With lips like a rose,
And head like a ball,
With eyes like the sky,
When they sparkle in
school,
O, a prince among boys
Is Denny O'Toole.

His hat is in tatters,
But his young heart is sound,
And his shoes, though his
best,
Let his toes on the ground ;
But who cares for tatters ?
He keeps every rule,
And is kind to the smallest,
Our Denny O'Toole.

Then cheer for young Denny,
And cheer, too, for all
Who are honest and true,
Who defend weak and small ;
Cheer on and cheer ever,
At home or at school,
Each manly young hero
Like Denny O'Toole.

KATE TANNATT WOODS.

MASSACHUSETTS.

MILLY'S RED NAPKIN.

"O, DEAR me! nothing but bread and milk for dinner!"

Milly felt very sad, but could n't do anything about it. And she was so very, very hungry that she had to eat a little of it, much as she did n't want to. But it was only a tiny little bit that she did eat.

"Maybe I can get something better by and by," she thought. And sure enough, there was Aunt Mary eating grapes!

"O, give me some!" looked Milly. Aunt Mary gave her one. Milly ate that one, and a good many more. Indeed she helped Aunt Mary all the way through the bunch.

"Now use your napkin, Milly, your little red napkin," said Aunt Mary. And Milly got out her own little red napkin, drew it around her lips twice, then gave it a flourish and put it all in her mouth!

Did you ever hear of such a dreadful thing? But listen while I whisper: Milly was only a very cunning little dog.

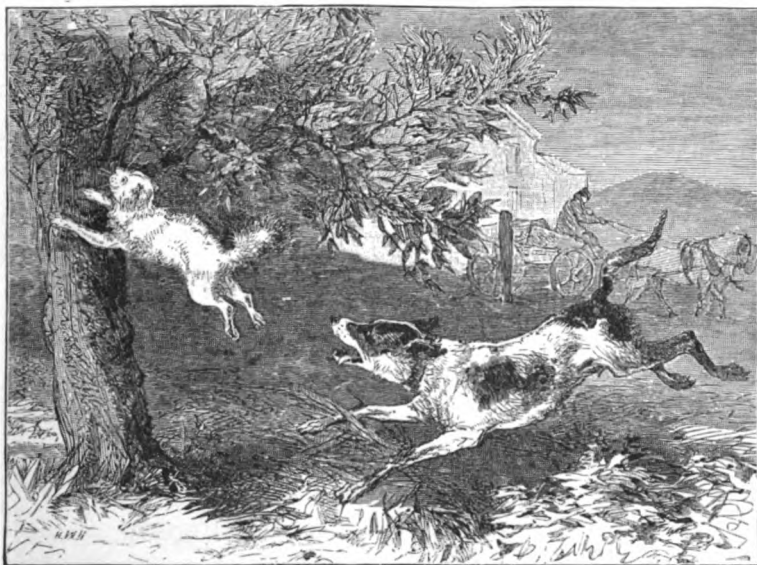
What do you suppose her napkin was?



THE DOG THAT RAN UP A TREE.

SPOT is a great, good-natured, black-and-white dog, as full of fun as his skin can hold. If there is anything he loves to do, it is to chase a cat, just to see her run. He has not the least wish to hurt her.

One day as he was following his master's team he went by a house where a white cat lay on the porch. Spot made a dash for



her. She left the porch and ran like a white streak straight up a large tree in the yard.

Spot was right at her heels. And because she went up the tree, he followed. I suppose he had never thought but that a dog could climb a tree just as well as a cat.

He was running so fast that he did go up the tree, quite a little way, six feet or more. But about that time he began to slip, and then something fell heavily to the ground. It was Spot!

When he picked himself up, he took no further interest in that cat, but just ran on, somewhat stiffly, to be sure, after his master. I think if he could have spoken he would have said, "Let cats climb trees if they wish to, I prefer to run on the ground!"

M. C. W. B.

VERMONT.



AN HOUR OF PEACE.

AH! "Reading a nice little story!"
No wonder that little Miss Midget
Consents to sit still as a mouse,
Forgets to be all in a fidget.
No wonder the wee, restless fingers
Are quiet for once in the day,
And the mischievous rogue of the household
Forgets for a season her play.

No wonder the blue eyes are sparkling,
And dimples, that play hide and seek,
Are merrily coming and going
In chin, and each round rosy cheek;
No wonder the dear little feet
From racing around far and near
Are at rest, while wide open her ears
A nice little story to hear.

Mamma, I am happy to say,
Has seized this rare chance for a nap,
And Grandmamma, safe from small fingers,
Has put on her new Sunday cap.
The baby has slept a whole hour!
And nurse is as glad as can be,
And this wonderful hour of peace
All springs from "that story," you see.

M. D. BRINE.

NEW YORK.

TINKLE.

TINKLE, tinkle, tinkle!
Pussy's little bell;
Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle!
Pussy likes it well.

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle!
See her lift her toes,—
Little silver tinkle
Everywhere she goes!

J. P. B.





PAUL'S GUIDE.

LITTLE Paul went out into the woods one day, bird-nesting. He did n't mean to rob the nests; he only wanted to know where they were. He liked to find a prettily woven one with little blue eggs in it, and watch till the tiny birds burst the shell. They were such odd-looking little things, with their big mouths always open for worms. It was pleasant to see them from day to day, till their pinfeathers grew, and they became stout and strong, and began to sing a few notes.

But he did not find one very quickly.

He began to feel hungry and want his dinner. He could go home now, and visit the woods some other morning. Then he looked about him. Which path led to the farm? He sat down and thought about it. The more he thought, the more he was puzzled. How should he ever get home again? Should he have to stay all night in the woods, without any candle but the stars? without any bed but the mossy cushions? without any coverlet but the green branches?

He called aloud, hoping somebody might be felling trees there. Only the echoes answered him, and the little brook seemed to laugh out at him.

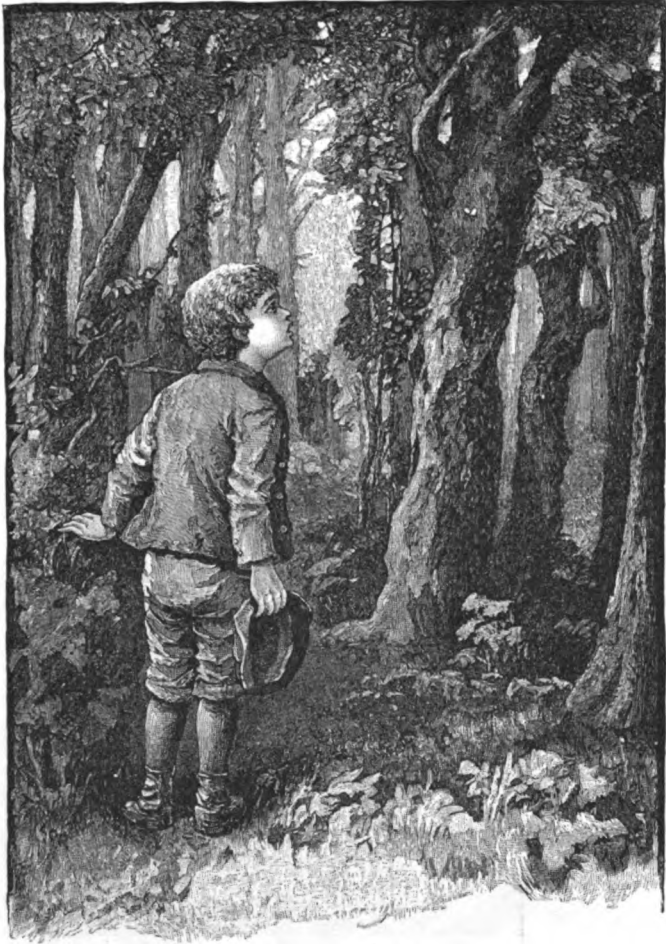
He remembered that once old Brindle had strayed away into the wood-lot. His father was gone in search of her for hours. He wished he might hear the tinkle of her bell now, and see her white horns pushing the bushes aside.

A little bird flew down and took a drink from the brook. She knew her way through the thick woods; but what was a little boy to do?

He felt as if he should starve if he did n't find his way soon. He wished he had brought one of his mother's doughnuts along with him. While he was wondering what to do, he heard a familiar

sound close by. It was a little low song he had often heard at home. It seemed to come from a bunch of flowers growing among the mosses. Were flowers ever known to sing?

Paul remembered that nobody in that region kept bees but his father. The bee knew the way home. When he had filled his honey-bags and flew up out of the flowers, almost brushing Paul's cheek, it seemed as if he said, "It's time to be going to the hive; follow me, child." And he watched the bee mount up into the air a little way. He then made a bee-line for home, and Paul followed.



The bee was just flying into the hive, all yellow with pollen, when Paul's mother cried out, "Where have you been, dear? I was afraid you had run away to the village to see the circus come in."

"I was lost in the wood-lot," said Paul. "I met one of our bees down there making honey. When he got ready to come home, he showed me the way."

MARY N. PRESCOTT.

MASSACHUSETTS.

CAMILLA AND WINKIE.

LITTLE Camilla
Has for a doll
Pussy-cat Winkie,
Tail and all.

Who ever knew
Such a funny case
As a baby with whiskers
Upon its face ?



Yet little Camilla
Loves to sit,
And "Rock-a-by, Baby,"
Sing to it.

The muffled tone
Of its sleepy purr
Is the sweetest sound
In the world to her.

They're a cunning sight
As I care to see,
Little Camilla
And Winkie-wee.

MICHIGAN.

MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.

CATCHING A GOAT.

HARRY ANDROS and Orvie Dudwin were friends and neighbors. Harry was five years old and Orvie three. They had a great many things to play with. But what they most wished for, but did not



have, was a live goat. Both their papas thought the boys too small to manage a goat.

One day Harry coaxed Orvie out into the street to take a walk. They took their cart with them. Pretty soon they came to a field in which was a large black goat.

"There's a splendid goat," said Harry; "let's tie him to our cart and make him give us a ride."

"All right," said Orvie.

Harry got through a hole in the fence, dragging the cart after him, and Orvie followed.

"Now," said Harry, "you hold him by the horns and I'll tie the cart to him."



"O no, I'm 'fraid!" said Orvie.

"Well, I'm not 'fraid. I'll catch the old fellow." Harry walked bravely up to the goat, holding out his hand and saying, "Here, Billy, Billy, Billy!"

The goat raised his head, looked at Harry, and ran towards him. Then the brave Harry ran for his life. He passed through the hole in the fence, out into the street, leaving poor little Orvie all alone.

Mr. Billy began to shake his horns at Orvie. The little fellow was too frightened to run. He jumped up and down right in front of the goat, crying and screaming.

The goat was very much surprised at such conduct. He took a good look at Orvie to find out what he really was. Then the goat thought he would make short work of a boy who did not run when he looked at him. He lowered his horns and ran at Orvie in full trot.

Orvie screamed so loud that a butcher ran out of his shop across the way to see what the matter was. The man jumped over the fence. He carried Orvie out of the way of the angry goat to the

sidewalk. The goat, seeing nothing else to fight, kicked the boys' cart all to pieces.

"I'm a poor dear little boy," cried Orvie, the tears rolling down his cheeks. "I want my mamma, I do."

Harry took Orvie by the hand and ran home with him. Mamma Andros said that Harry was a naughty boy. Mamma Dudwin kissed little Orvie's tears away.

Both the papas hoped the boys were satisfied now that they were too little to have a live goat.

NELLIE M. GARABRANT.

NEW JERSEY.

O LINNET, LINNET !

O LINNET, linnet ! your spotted eggs
Are gone from their grassy nest ;
An hour ago they still were here,
All warm from your brooding
breast,

And now they're gone. Who could
it be ?

Your secret I never told ;
Way up so high no boy could see,—
Who could be so bad and bold ?

"Ah ! little girl, your beaten path
Led straight to my grassy nest ;
Some quick bright eye, some eager foot,
Has followed in curious quest.



"So now good-by ; a safer place
I'll seek for my nest again,
And lay my eggs quite far away
From the haunts of cruel men."

ELIZABETH A. DAVIS.

MASSACHUSETTS.

LITTLE WINNIE.

LITTLE Winnie was fond of playing "lady," as she called it. She would tell me to be "Mrs. Brown" and she would be "Mrs. Rose."

Then she would come to see me and ask how I felt. I would say, "Very well, Mrs. Rose, how are you this morning?" "I am well too," she would add, "but Lucille has a pain in her wibs."



Lucille was Winnie's pretty wax doll, and must have been a very delicate one, for Winnie would always tell of "the pain in her wibs" whenever she was left at home.

Winnie did n't look strong herself, but had never been ill before the time I am telling you of. She was such a good little girl, Aunt Phillis, the cook, told Winnie's mamma she never would raise that child, she was too good to live.

Well, I must tell you of Winnie's birthday party. You would have laughed if you could have seen us.

Besides Gip and Tabbie—my dog and cat—there were only Winnie with Lucille, and I with Belle.

Belle was an old doll of mine, almost as large as Winnie. Belle is never brought out from the attic except on great occasions, like Winnie's birthday.

We set our "party-table" under the oak-tree on the lawn.

Winnie placed the tea-set on the table, while I got the goodies ready. Belle had used that same tea-set when she was young. But she did n't seem to remember anything about it.

Through respect to her age, Belle was placed at the head of the table, and she behaved just as well as if she knew that to be the seat of honor. But Gip was just "horrid," as Winnie said. While I was pouring out the tea, Winnie was kept very busy quieting Gip. He would try to lick Belle in the face, in spite of all Winnie's efforts to



make him behave. At last Winnie said "he was too drefful to come to parties." She then sent him from the table, as mammas sometimes do little folks when they are naughty.

Tabbie was "beautiful," though she did lap her milk from a saucer, and spatter it on Lucille's dress. Lucille was not at all cross, and did n't say one word about it.

After the dinner was over I told Winnie we would take the dolls and gather some flowers. But Winnie said, "Wait a little while, I have a pain in my wibs."

Lucille never suffered much from these pains. I was not uneasy until I took Winnie's hand in mine. It felt very hot. I noticed

her cheeks were rosier than usual ; so I called John and told him "to drive us over to Winnie's home."

She enjoyed the ride very much ; but when I asked her if the pain was better, she said, "Yes, but I think we will have to leave the flowers till to-morrow."

We did leave them for several "to-morrows," for Winnie was put in a hot bath as soon as she got home. The doctor came to see her many times. We were quite uneasy about her.

Aunt Phillis was sure she must die, because "she was so patient." But Winnie at last got well, and her mamma gave her a pretty little tea-set for taking the bad medicine without crying.

AUNT NELL.

NORTH CAROLINA.



A LITTLE EAST INDIAN BOY.

AWAY over on the other side of the world are the East Indies. The people there are called East Indians.

When Columbus discovered the New World, and called it America, he thought he had found a part of India. He called the islands where he first landed the West Indies. The other India was called the East Indies.

A great many years after, people went to the West Indies to raise sugar-cane. They sent to Africa and stole many people from there. They carried them to these islands and made them work on their lands. The people who were taken from their homes were

called negroes. As their country is hot, like the West Indies, they did very good work for their masters.

But as the world grew older the people living in it began to feel that it was wrong to make slaves of their fellow-men. After much trouble the black men were set free, and not made to work if they did not want to.

Though this was good for the black men, it was bad for the white men, the planters, who owned them. Their great estates lay idle, because the negro would not work.

Then they sent to the East Indies and hired the natives of that land to come over and help them. They promised to give them good pay for five years if they would work for them. A great many left their homes and came to the West Indies to work for the planters. Sometimes whole shiploads of men, women, and children came. A doctor goes with them, who cares for the sick, and they do not have to work very hard.

Many of them make a good deal of money. After they have served five years they can work for themselves. They then open little shops, and keep goats, fowl, and cattle. They make more money than ever before in their lives, and much of this money they spend for jewelry.

This little boy, with rings about his legs and arms, and coins hung about his neck, is one of the coolies. Coolie, in their language, means slave; but he is not a slave. He is as happy and pleasant as any white boy. He is not black, like the negro, but dark brown. His hair is black and straight. The negro's hair is black and curly. The boys in that hot climate lead a very happy life, and do not have to wear much clothing.





OUT FOR A WALK.

ONE little girlie

Out for a walk,

Two little babies

Learning to talk ;

Three little doggies

Chasing a rat ;

Four little kittens

Teasing a cat.

There, by the gate,
In the bright summer weather,
Pups, babes, and kittie-cats
All met together.
Out came a donkey
With a loud bray, —
Pups, babes, and kittie-cats
All ran away !

MRS. SUSAN ARCHER WEISS.

VIRGINIA.





TABLE MANNERS.

EVERYBODY said that Fred was a bad boy at table. He spilt the salt, he upset his mug of milk, and he knocked over his glass of water. He found fault with whatever was set before him: the bread was too old, the soup too hot, the milk too rich. In fact, he never came to the table without grumbling about something, and making everybody uncomfortable. He clattered his knife and fork, and made faces. He talked loudly and acted so much like a little clown, that it made his father and mother very miserable. They often had to send him away, or punish him. At the same time he talked a great deal about what he would do when he was a man. He used to put on his father's hat and take his cane and strut about, just to see how it would seem to be a real man.

"I hope you won't spill your soup over your jacket when you're a real man," said his little sister.

"Men don't wear jackets," Fred answered. "That's all girls know about it."

One day, when his father was late to tea, Fred slipped into his place, and began to ask the other children what they would have, in a big voice.

Presently his father came in and took Fred's seat; but he was hardly seated before he astonished Fred by pushing his plate away and snarling out that he did n't want any of that stuff. Then he twisted in his chair, and overturned a dish in his neighbor's lap.

He cried out that he wanted to be helped to a big piece of cake. "Give me some marmalade, I tell you!" he roared; "I will have some; I won't eat my supper if I don't have it." And he began to eat with his mouth open.

"Dipped toast," he cried, "I hate it." And he made such a horrible face that it almost caused Fred's hair to stand on end.

"He's acting just the way you do, Fred," said one of the children.

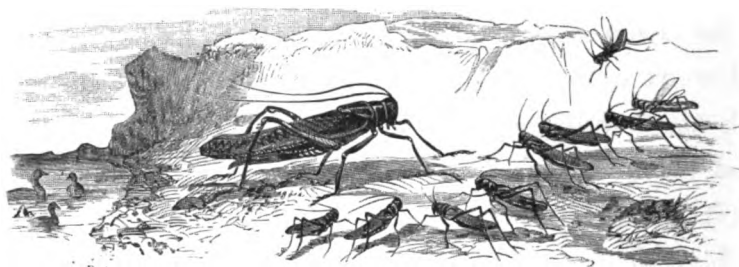
From that time Fred began to mend his table manners. He now behaves like a gentleman. He does not roar for what he wants. He does not make a mess on the tablecloth. He does not slop his milk about. He does not get spots on his clothes, or tip over backwards in his chair. You would never know but he was already a grown man.



MASSACHUSETTS.

MARY N. PRESCOTT.





NINE LITTLE GAD-ABOUTS.

LITTLE Dame Gad-about,
Once upon a time,
Started for the sea-shore,
With her children nine;
Nine little Gad-about,
Dressed in their best, —
Bottle-green waistcoat,
Brownish striped vest.
Keeping step together,
Left foot, then the right,
Like a band of soldiers, —
What a pretty sight!

Mistress Quack went bathing
On the self-same day;
With her three young ladies,
In their suits of gray, —
Three charming Misses Quack,
Coming from their bath, —
Met the little Gad-about
Marching down the path.
Mistress Quack bethought her,
" 'T is our time to dine;
Make yourselves at home, dears, —
Gobble up the nine!"

Little Dame Gad-about,
Scenting the fray,
Lifted her gauzy wings
And soared far away.
Nine little Gad-about,
Pausing, alack!
Furnished a nice repast
For the Misses Quack.



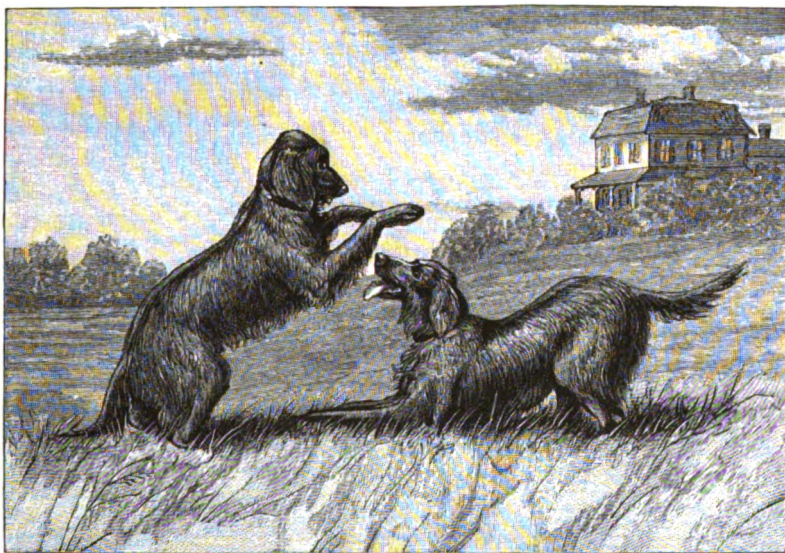
MICHIGAN.

MOTHER CAREY.

A LAWN PARTY.

Not a man, woman, or child present, and yet it was a delightful party. Who gave the party? Duke. Who came? One dog! Two Irish setters, of fine family. Duke could run like a flash, and Flash looked like a duke.

These dogs were of the best (dog) society in town. They would visit each other, but did not care much for other dogs. One day Flash concluded to call on Duke. Some sort of an invitation had been given him; an extra wag of the tail, or some sign, told Flash that Duke wanted to see him.



Off darts Flash, and hurries away to his friend's kennel. The two dogs have a great frolic on the lawn. They play "tag," as children would. They roll, and tumble, and pretend to be very angry with each other, but all the while they are full of fun.

At last they are as tired as children, and lie down, panting, on the green grass. • They look into one another's faces and talk by winks, and blinks, and an occasional feeble wag of their bushy tails.

All at once Ethel, who is looking at them from her window, sees Duke get up, walk slowly to a corner of the garden, and dig with great haste. Up comes a choice bone which Duke had hid there for company.

Back trots the kind dog carrying the sweet bone. He lays it down at Flash's side. He then lies down himself and watches Flash as he devours it, wagging his tail all the while. He is glad to have his guest enjoy himself.

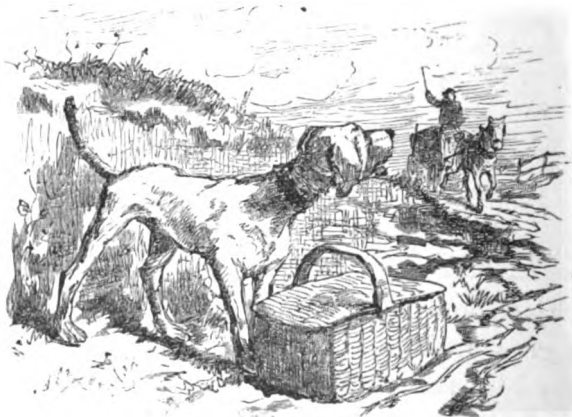
Flash eats his lunch, and then the two dogs, well rested, begin their frolic again. After a while Flash seems to remember that he ought to be at home. He gives one more wag, and then says good-by. That was a party without any jealousy, or anger, or discontent! Flash will give the next one.

GEORGE T. PACKARD.

MAINE.

FAITHFUL FANNY.

OLD Artemas Brown
Goes jogging to town
In his cart with his hamper and hound;
Arrived at the store,
His heart greets him sore,—
Neither basket nor dog can be found.

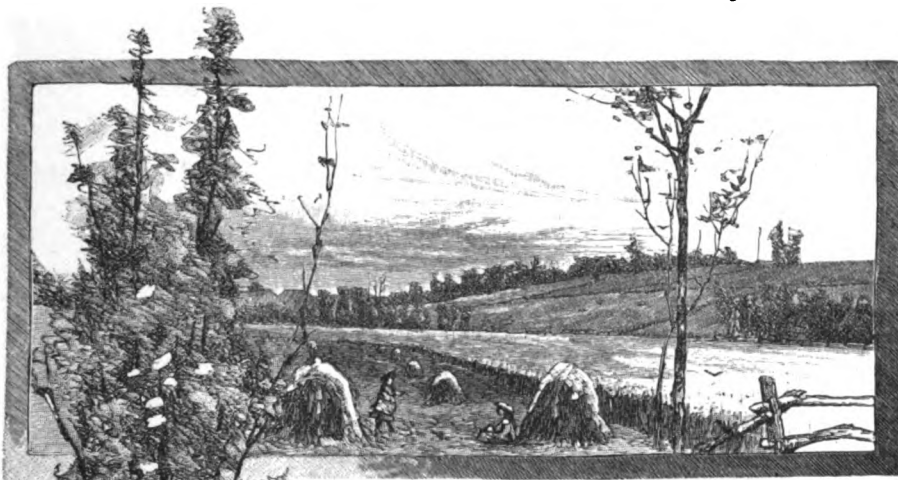


In grief he drives back,
O'er hills bare and black,
Ten miles, then his old face grows bright;
There, guarding with care
His choice duck and hare,
Stands Fanny, and barks her delight.

M. J. T.

OUT IN THE RAIN.

Down in the meadow, one summer day,
Went two little cousins, Clarrie and May.



They skipped and they laughed, nor
lifted an eye
To see the dark clouds gather fast o'er
the sky.

Down in the meadow, all in the sweet
hay,
Who are so merry as Clarrie and May!



Pitty-pat, patter, came drops one by one —
Two little cousins beginning to run.

Over the stubble the little feet go,
Rain-drops are drenching from top to toe.

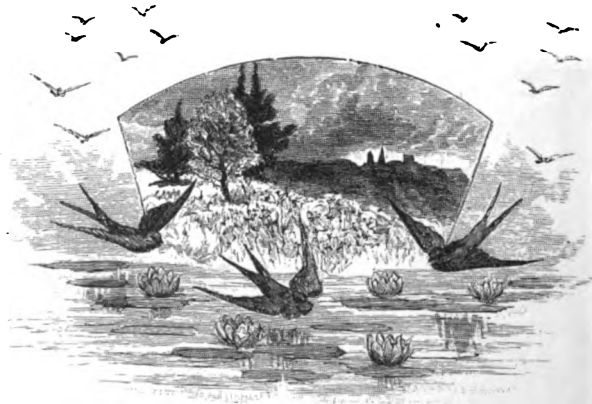
Dripping and tired, they enter the gate;
Two watching mothers the little strays wait.

Wet skirt and jacket are off in a trice, —
Two little cousins are soon dry and nice.

Down in the meadow, when ceases the rain,
Two little cousins will frolic again.

LUCY RANDOLPH FLEMING.

VIRGINIA.



THE DOLL WHO WAS A FARMER.

MRS. FLORINDA AGNES MAY was a doll. Her yellow hair was tied with a bright blue ribbon. Her eyes shut with a snap whenever you laid her down.

She had muslin dresses, and calico dresses, and a pink silk dress with a long train. But she was something more than a fine useless lady. She was a farmer.

All the long, pleasant summer days she spent out in the back lot, where her farm was. She lived here in a house built of shingles, with a flower-garden in front. She lived in peace and contentment.

The fields were three or four square patches of earth. The sod had been cut and taken up to fix the banking.

The house was not very strong. "But it will do her good to have fresh air and sunshine!" said Nelly.

There was in the house a table, a bureau, a couple of chairs, a lot of tin dishes, and the second-best tea-set.

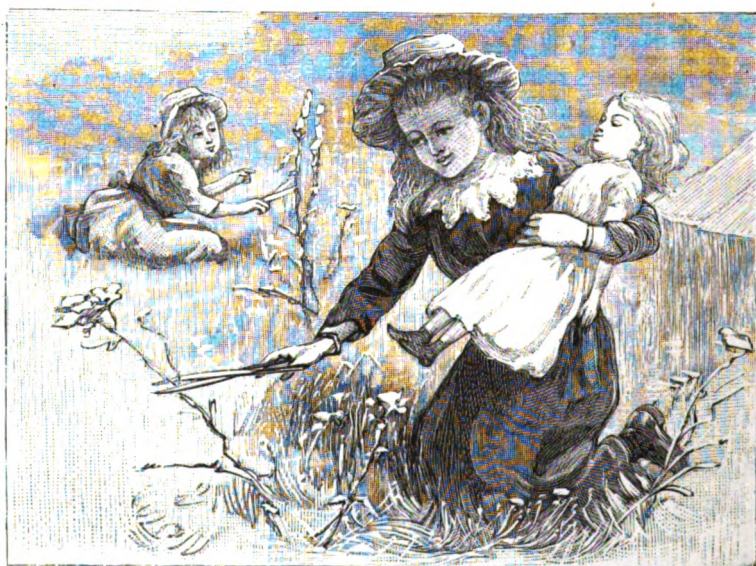
Besides these, there was old rag Dinah, who did all the



hardest work. She certainly looked as if she had done a great deal of it in her life.

There was a most charming flower-garden in front of the house. Whenever the flower-seeds refused to come up, the girls stuck down bright blossoms from the real big garden, and made it just as gay.

There was a well, too, with a small bucket tied to a string.



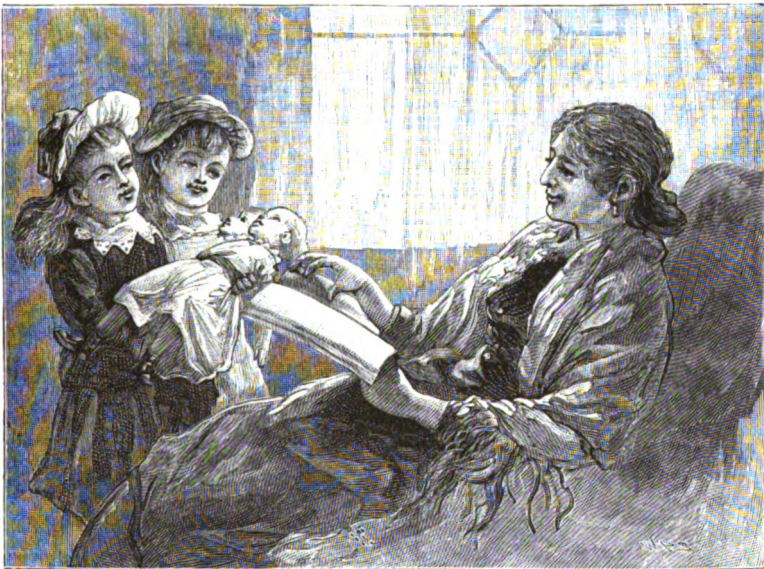
Strange to say, the well was all above ground, and looked very much like an old tin dipper. I dare say some people would have called it so.

Mrs. Florinda Agnes May's farm was well taken care of, I can tell you. Every little stone was picked from the fields. If the crops did not flourish, it was not from lack of attention.

The corn did really grow to be nearly four inches high.

The beans came up beautifully ; but the potatoes were a disappointment. Perhaps it was because they were washed and peeled nicely before they were put into the ground.

But if you thought this was all there was to be done, you were very much mistaken. There was the grass to be cut, of course. When it is to be done with an old shoe-knife and a pair of scissors, it takes time.



On the whole, Mrs. Florinda Agnes May led a very busy and a very pleasant life. Accidents will happen, however ; and one day there came an earthquake which demolished the house and crushed all the flowers quite to the ground.

Nelly and Mabel came into the house bearing the dolls, who were still quite cheerful.

“ O mother,” said they, “ Sixon came down and wanted to play with us, and he would n’t keep still. He jumped all



over our flower-garden, and wagged his tail so hard that he knocked the house down. We called him an earthquake ; and please may we have some more cookies ? ”

M. E. B. EMERY.

MASSACHUSETTS.



PUSSY'S STEP-CHILDREN.



ONE day in spring two boys, named Walter and James, found a nest of young gray squirrels in the woods. The nest was in the hollow of an old tree. There were three young ones in it. They were very small, and had not yet opened their eyes. They made a complaining noise, as if they had lost their mother and were hungry.

The boys feared the poor little creatures would starve if they should leave them, and they thought they would take them home and try to feed them. So they carried them as carefully as they could, and got them safely home.

But when the boys' father saw the squirrels, he said he was sorry they had not been left in the woods, as there was no way to feed them and make them live.

"I do not know what you will do," he said, "unless you can get Pussy to take care of them for you. I'm afraid she will not consent to do it; but you can try, as there is nothing better that can be done with them now."

So Walter and James carried the squirrels into the chamber of the wood-house, and put them into Pussy's bed with her kitten. The kitten was gray like the squirrels, but it was larger than they were. Pussy was out of doors just then, hunting something for her supper.

When she came back, she seemed rather startled to find four babies in her bed where she had left only one. But she soon appeared to be quite pleased, and nursed them all. She treated the squirrels exactly as she did her own kitten.

The boys were delighted, and thought Pussy was the best cat in the whole world. And everybody that heard about the affair praised her very much for her motherly conduct.

One of the squirrels was feeble, and died in a few days. But the two others grew fast, and seemed very comfortable in their new home.

When they grew old enough to play they were so lively and active that they often surprised Pussy. She would look at them as if she did not know how they could have such queer ways.

Sometimes one of them would run up on the top of her head, and sit there while he ate a nut or a piece of apple.

The boys named them Dick and Prim. They had a large cage made for these pets with a wheel on one side, which they soon learned to turn very fast.

One day a man came to the house who wished to buy one of them. The boys felt sorry to part with either of them, but let him have one.

It was not safe to have two squirrels playing in a wheel at the same time. There was danger that one might get hurt, if not killed.

So they let Prim go for two dollars.

They chose to keep Dick, because he was larger than his mate.

And he is still larger now, and does many curious things.

He has a little chamber in his cage where he sleeps at night, and he is as careful about airing his bed as any housekeeper could be. The bed is made of moss, and early every morning, as soon as he is up, he brings the whole of it down. Then he will spread it out in front of the cage and shake it well over. About the middle of the forenoon he will carry it all back again.

It is very amusing to see him do so every day.

He is fond of all kinds of nuts, and when he has more than he wants to eat at once he takes them into his chamber. Then, when he is hungry, he will bring them down and eat them.

When he is out of his cage he will sometimes get into the work-basket, or somebody's pocket, and go to sleep.

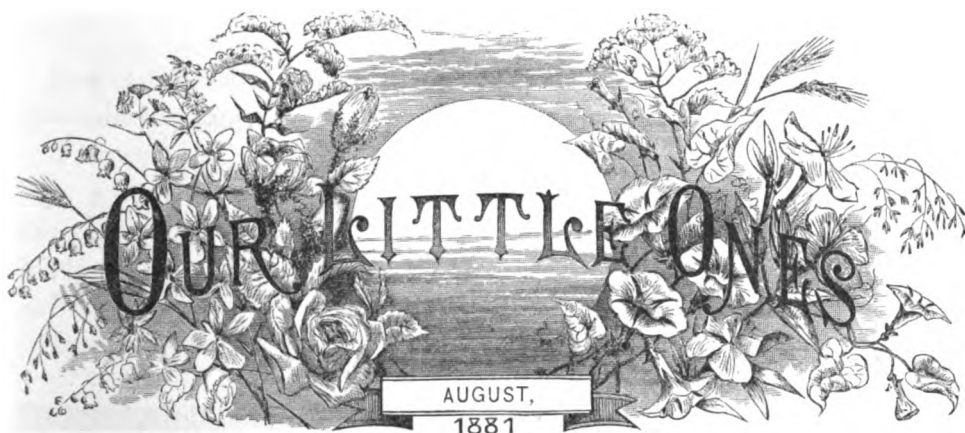
One day the boys' father put on his coat to go to the village. The coat had been hanging on a chair for a short time. After he had started he put his hand into the pocket, and there was Dick fast asleep.

So he had to carry him back and leave him. Pussy is always friendly with him, but other cats would catch him if they could. So Walter and James have to take good care of him. But they are willing to do this because they are so glad to have him.

M. E. N. H.



SLEEPY LAND



VOL. I.

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No. 10.

SLEEPY-LAND.

How far is it to Sleepy-land?

Five miles, I think, by Banbury Cross,
You laugh so much at the ringing bells,
And you look so long at the old lady's horse.

Gayly she goes, with bells on her toes,
And yours to the music are keeping time,
Till I almost wish that Mother Goose
Had never, never invented a rhyme.

It's a long, long way to Sleepy-land,
For you meet Mother Hubbard and stop to chat;
Ask whether she found her dog a bone,
And what baker and butcher and barber are at?

And the little pig that to market went,
And the one that had not a crumb to eat
Till I tell them over and over again
On the rosy toes of your restless feet.

It's a very long way to Sleepy-land,
I'm sorely afraid we shall never get there;
There's no straight road and no express train,
And yet I am all the time paying fare;

But your voice grows dreamy, your hand drops down,
You wink your eyes hard to keep them bright;
Like the little old woman with her pig,
We reach Sleepy-land "that very same night."

NEW JERSEY.

AMANDA M. DOUGLAS.



THE BABY SQUIRREL.

ONCE on a time there lived in the green woods three pretty gray squirrels, — Papa and Mamma Squirrel, and a little wee one we will call Bunny.

They lived in a hole in the trunk of a tree; Papa Squirrel had a good time all day racing through the woods, but Mamma stayed at home with Bunny. Pretty flowers grew in the long grass. Big yellow butterflies came to see them. The birds sang in the trees.

One day Papa and Mamma Squirrel told Bunny that he must stay at home while they took a walk. He did not like that at all.

"I will go too," said naughty little Bunny when they had left him.

Leaving his warm nest, he scampered way up to the tree-top. "I like this very much," he said, peeking out from the leaves. "I will go farther."

But poor little Bunny was not big enough to jump. He fell down to the ground, hurting himself very much.

Two children playing in the woods saw him fall, and ran to pick him up. The little girl, whose name was Mabel, laid him in her apron, and carried him home to her mamma. Willie, her brother, made him a soft bed of hay in a basket, and gave him some milk to drink. He soon got well.

Bunny grew tame, and loved the children who took such good



care of him. He sat on Mabel's shoulder, and hid nuts in her hair or under her collar. He went to sleep in her lap or her pocket. He followed her just like a little gray kitten.

Bunny hid behind the pillows of the bed, and pulled Willie's curly hair when he was fast asleep. O, he was a cunning little fellow, and dearly the children loved him.

But he ate too many nice things, and fell sick. One day while he was lying in Mabel's lap he turned over and died before she could call her mamma.

Mabel and Willie felt very sorry when they saw that Bunny was dead. Great tears fell from their blue eyes and ran down their rosy cheeks. Their mamma gave them a nice white box, in which they laid the squirrel and covered him with flowers.



Willie dug him a grave in the garden under a rose-bush. There poor little Bunny lies, where the roses blossom and the birds sing all day long. Mabel and Willie will never forget their dear little pet.

CONNECTICUT.

MARY B. FERRY.



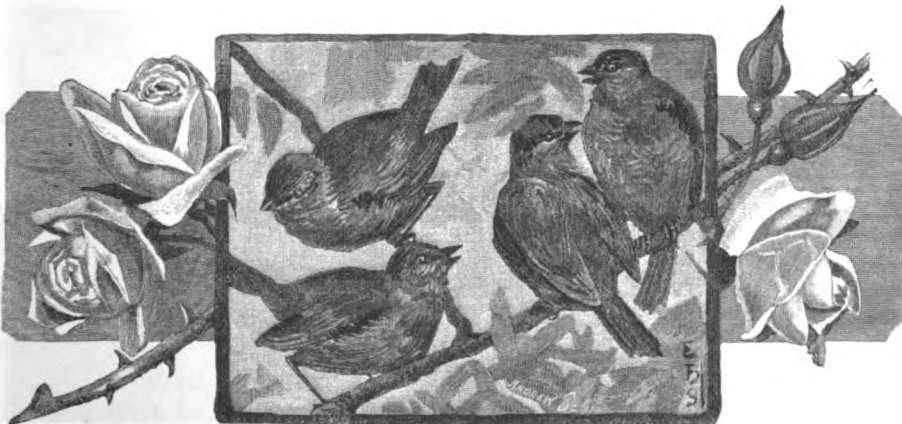


TWO SONGS.

High in the nest the little birds sung,
Early and late, the green leaves among :
“Hurry, time, hurry, your pace is too slow ;
Hurry and skurry till our tiny wings grow.
We would be up, through the heavens to sweep ;
You, like a baby, do nothing but creep.”

Out in the woods the little birds sung,
Full grown, no longer silly or young :
“Why do you hasten, time ? whither away ?
Haste makes great waste ; why not delay ?
The sweet summer season follows your lead,
Why will you travel with lightning speed ?”

MARY N. PRESCOTT.





OLD ENOUGH.

EDITH is the sunniest of sunny little girls. Her eyes, and her lips, and her feet are full of fun. And yet sometimes she gets on a thinking-cap, and then for three minutes she can look as sober as an owl. One day Edith's mother was busy mending a coat. Edith came up with a needle and bit of cloth, and standing close by her, pushed the needle in and out, just as if it had been threaded, and was making real stitches. Her father sat near with a book in his hand, but his eyes were on Edith.

Pretty soon he said, "You will be glad to mend for father some day, Edith."

"Yes," said Edith; "when can I?"

Her father said, "If you live you can, some of these years, when you are old enough."

"I ain't living now, then, am I?" asked Edith.

"O yes," said her father.

"Well, then, ain't I old enough?" she asked archly.

THE SHEPHERD-DOG.

EVERY morning, obeying his call,
Scott, the shepherd-dog, faithful and strong,
Down the long lane to the grassy fields
Steadily drives the cattle along.



Birds may flutter beside the way,
Hare or squirrel may near him run,
Nothing can tempt him to leave his charge;
He guards the herd till his task is done.

But when he is free to go as he likes,
He chases the game with a hearty good-will
Among the rough thickets, the rocks and the woods,
Till he hears a shrill whistle sound over the hill.

Then he does not linger his pleasure to seek,
But across the stretch of meadow-lands wide
Homeward he hies with a bounding step,
Nor rests till he reaches his master's side.

And every evening, obeying his call,
He marches steadily down the long lane,
And gathers the herds from the grassy fields,
And drives them safe to their barn again.

MASSACHUSETTS.

M. E. N. HATHEWAY.



A LITTLE WEST INDIA GIRL.

How would you like to live where you could play out doors all the year long? Where there is no winter, and no snow or ice? That is where this little girl lives.

She does not always wear such gay clothes. She is not always covered with beads and brooches, as you see her here. She is now dressed to march in a procession with many more children, for it is a feast-day in honor of some saint.

Though she is so gayly dressed she may not wear any shoes. If she has any they will be of bright colors, red, green, or yellow.

You can see that she has bracelets on her arms, great rings in her ears, and pearl and gold beads around her neck. On her head she wears a turban, made by winding a handkerchief about her head and tying it in a knot. This is of silk, and has on it brooches of gold or brass. Though her skin is dark, her eyes are bright and her teeth as white as milk.

Once these colored people lived in a state of slavery. Now they are free and happy. They do not have to work very hard for a living. They do not need much fire, the air is so warm, and not much clothing. They can find enough fruit in the forest to eat half the year. They catch fish in the streams and in the sea. They sing, and dance, and live an idle life. Like most people who know but little, they care more for what they put on than for learning.

If a person has a great deal of jewelry, he may go barefoot and know nothing; but they will respect him more than a man of sense. It is pleasant to live in a hot country where there is no cold, but there is more real good to be got in a land like ours. Schools, and books, and snow are better for us than idleness, ignorance, and sunshine.



FREDERICK A. OBER.

WEST INDIES.





PATTY'S SPRING.

"WE 've got a spring at our house," said Patty, running in to see Rose, next door.

Rose did not know what Patty meant. Neither did Rose's mother know, who was sitting by an "open fire," but she said, "Can you fill a cup at your spring, Patty?"

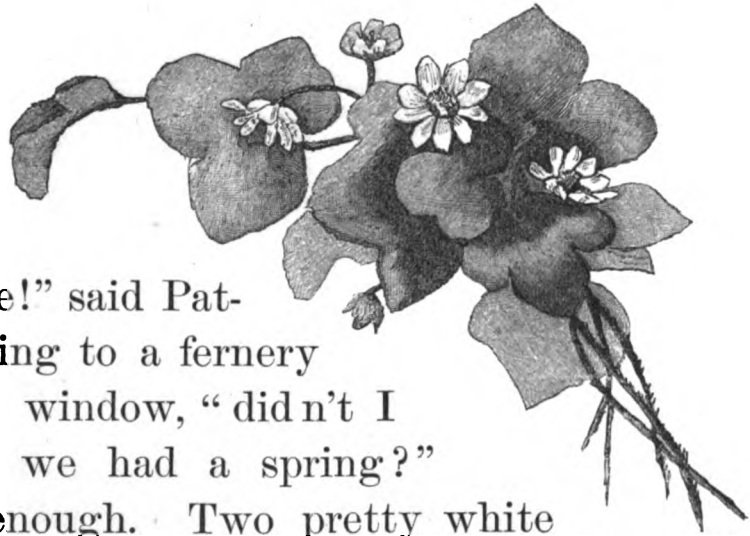
Then Patty did not know what Rose's mother meant. She opened her eyes wide, and said, "What would folks fill a cup for, in the spring? Our spring is come now, because we've got a 'pattica'!"

"What is that?" said Rose.

"I told you," said Patty,—"a 'pattica'! They always come when it's spring, and we've got two lovely white ones."

"You don't mean hepaticas, do you, Patty? You could not find those delicate little blossoms in November. You will have to wait until April for them."

"No, indeed," said Patty. "Come in my house and see!" So Rose and her mother went into Patty's house to see.

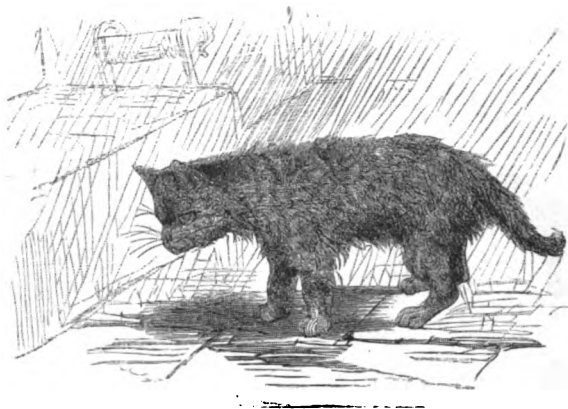


"There!" said Patty, pointing to a fernery near the window, "didn't I tell you we had a spring?"

Sure enough. Two pretty white hepaticas, on tall slender white stems, peeping above the scarlet twin-berries and pale green ferns, nodded to each other in glee as great as Patty's, because they could open their eyes in November. Patty was right. It was spring in the fernery.

JULIA P. BALLARD.





PUSSIE, PUSSIE WHITE-FOOT.

Pussie, Pussie White-foot
In the morning came,
Wet, and cold, and draggled
With the sleet and rain.

Pussie, Pussie White-foot,
Hungry and alone,
In the baby's play-room
Found a pleasant home.



Pussie, Pussie White-foot,
Mottled brown and black;
When she sees old Carlo,
How she bends her back!

Pussie, Pussie White-foot,
Fur as soft as silk;
See her roll and tumble!
See her lap her milk!

FRANK H. STAUFFER.

LILY'S PET DEER.



ALTHOUGH Lily lived far in the country, and had no brothers or sisters, she was never lonely. She had a beautiful pet deer for a play-mate.

Lily called her deer Beauty. When Lily was only four years old her father brought Beauty home with him. Beauty was a very little fawn then, with white spots on her

back and sides.

Lily and Beauty grew very fond of each other, and had nice times at play. Lily liked to run after Beauty, she went in such pretty leaps and bounds.

Beauty would not play so nicely with Jack, a little colored boy on the farm. She liked to tease him. She would stand on her hind feet, and pretend she was going to strike him with her fore-feet. The boy would always scream and run to Lily when he saw Beauty coming.

But Beauty would go into the gardens near the farms, and eat the vegetables. The farmers complained to Lily's father, and he promised to do something with Beauty.

One day a traveller stopped at Lily's home and wanted to buy Beauty. Lily kept quiet until she saw the man take out his purse. Then she could stand it no longer. She ran to her father, but could not speak for crying. Beauty ran to Lily and put her head on her arm as if she wished to comfort her.

When Lily could speak, she told her father she would make Beauty stay with her during the day. She would fasten her at night, so she could not annoy the farmers. Lily's father was very sorry for her, and told the visitor he would try Beauty again.



The gentleman rode on, and left Lily and Beauty better friends than ever. Lily did n't know how fond she was of Beauty until she came so near losing her.

NORTH CAROLINA.

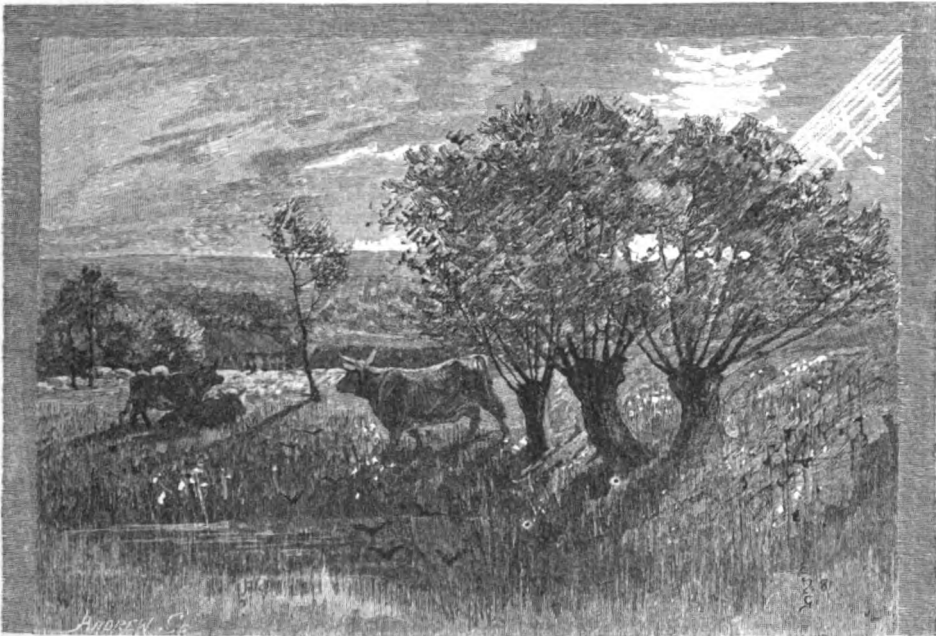
AUNT NELL.

SUMMER'S DAWN.

THE hill-tops gild with the coming light ;
The shadows lift from glen and rill ;
The birds o'er the meadows wing their flight,
And with sweet songs the woodlands fill.

The murmur of the rippling brooks,
The buzz of insects on the lawn,
The hovering mists o'er flowery nooks,
All speak of the approach of dawn.

Sweet perfumes, fresh from Flora's dells,
Rise heavenward through the leafy trees,
And thistle-down, from prickly cells,
Goes floating on the balmy breeze.



Old Sol with smiles peeps o'er the hill,
And rises in the purple sky ;
His rays each woody recess fill,
Where tangled vines and mosses lie.

The lovely flowers, with pearly gems,
That dreamy, rolling meads adorn,
And ferns and harebells of the glens,
All hail the summer's happy dawn.

FRANK H. SELDEN.

CONNECTICUT.

THE ORGAN-GRINDER.

PLODDING the livelong day
With weary and way-worn feet,
Over and over he grinds his tunes,
Grinds his tunes,
Nights, morns, and noons,
Along the crowded street.

Old, and homeless, and sick,
He wanders up and down ;
Over and over he grinds his tunes,
Grinds his tunes,
In winters and Junes,
Through all the busy town.

Grinds with a face so sad
His merriest airs seem grave,
And a shaking hand, as the throng goes by,
Holds a torn cap nigh,
With a pleading sigh,
Some little alms to crave.

Who in the careless crowd
Takes heed of his jigs and runes ?
Thinks how feeble he is, how old,
How quickly told
Is the pittance doled
For his poor quavering tunes ?

Thinks of the weary miles
He travels o'er dale and hill,
How oft he lacks what a penny would buy,
How oft he must lie
Out under the sky
When nights are stormy and chill ?



Ah, furrowed and wistful face,
That pleads so often in vain,
I can but sigh as I hear the tunes,
In winters and Junes,
Nights, morns, and noons,
Ground over and over again !

H. R. HUDSON.

LITTLE LOST WILLIE.

WILLIE had wandered away from his mother's cottage into the wood. He had often been there with his sister to gather fagots for their fire. He did not know that he was lost until it began to grow dark. Then he started to go home. But alas! the paths were new and strange to him; he could not tell which one led to his mother's cottage.



You may be sure his brave little heart beat hard and quick under his new jacket. He felt a great lump rising in his throat, and he wanted to cry. But he would not. Wasn't he a man—almost? Whatever happened to him, one thing he would not do, and that was, make a big hullabaloo.

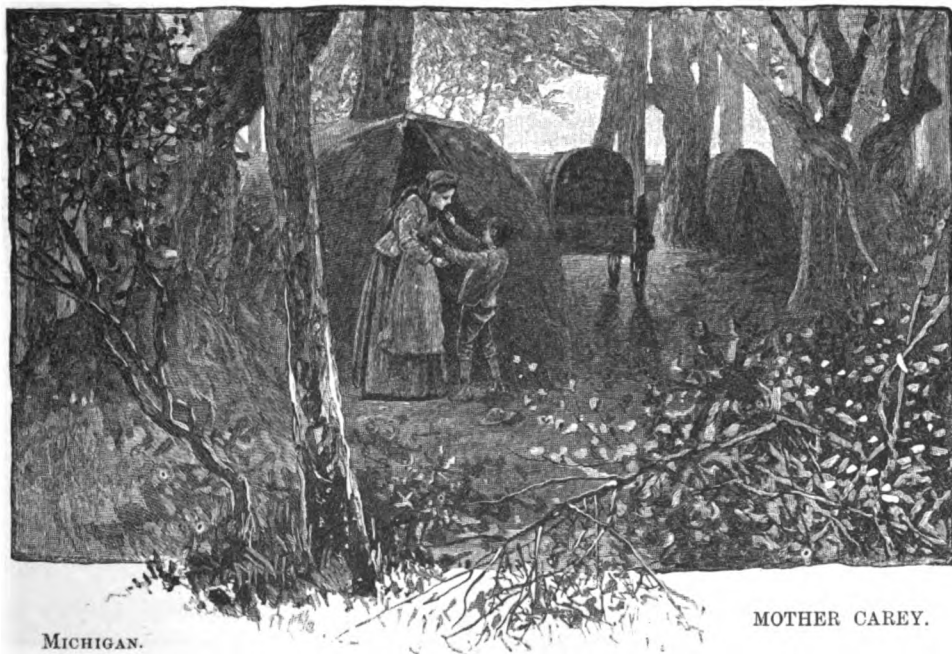
"I'll try this path," he said, pinching his arms to make him bolder, as he had heard of somebody doing. "This looks the most like it." And off he started on a brisk trot.

Whisk! went a rabbit across his path. He followed, with his eyes, the pretty creature, and saw a light gleaming through the wood.

"I guess that must be our house, but it don't look a bit like the place," he said. "I'll soon find out, though." And he darted eagerly off in the direction of the light, and upon a nearer approach saw a Gypsy tent. In the door stood a woman with a large shawl thrown over her head.

Willie could not see her face. Her back was towards him. "Of course she's a wicked old gypsy!" he thought, "but who's afraid! I'm just going to ask her to show me the way out of the wood, if she eats me for it!" So he marched up, like the little hero he was, and lightly touching her arm said, "Madam, can you show a little man about my size the way out of the wood?"

Instead of replying, the woman caught him up quickly into her arms, — half smothering him with tears and kisses. It was his own mother. She had searched the woods vainly for him. She had come to inquire of the people in the tent if they had seen anything of her little lost Willie.



MICHIGAN.

MOTHER CAREY.

LITTLE GRAY MOUSE.

PRETTY little gray mouse,
 Hiding in the wall,
 In his attic play-house
 Hardly sleeps at all.

Creeping 'neath the wire door,
 Wonder what he sees?
 Is it what he looks for?
 Has he found some cheese?



Running down the rafter,
 Many things he sees;
 Now he's hunting after
 Just a bit of cheese!

Something white is there, sure.
 Mousie nibbles, — "Snap!"
 Quickly shuts the wire door, —
 Mousie's in a trap!

Pretty little gray mouse,
 Seeking his desire,
 Finds a very queer house
 Made of wood and wire.

When the sun has risen,
 Shining through the house,
 In a little prison
 Willie finds a mouse.

ARTHUR STACY.



THE TREE-TOAD.

DID you ever see a tree-toad? He is a pretty little fellow, soft and gray. He is clean, and pleasant to take in the hand. He has very odd fingers and toes. They are made so that



he can climb straight up a smooth tree or stick. You can tame him with a very little care. Then he will

come up and take flies from your hand. If you hear something peep softly in a tree, like this, "T-a-a to weet weetery dee," look out for it. It may be the tree-toad. He looks like a small bunch of moss on the limb of the tree. Your eyes must be sharp to see him.

Uncle Will is fond of pets of all kinds. He has a dog,

and a cat, and a squirrel. Besides those, he has some toads, and lizards, and a tame crane. He came one day to dine with the children. After playing some little games, they all sat down to dinner. Uncle Will told a sad story about a poor girl who was run over by the cars. While he was in the saddest part of it, the children all laughed. They jogged each other on the elbows, and began to point.

Uncle Will looked very grave. He did not know what to think of such conduct. Then little Bertie clapped his hands and cried, "O, Uncle Will, look there!" And what do you think made all the fun? Why, when Uncle Will was telling the story, a wee bit of a tree-toad crawled out of his coat pocket. The cunning little thing climbed upon his shoulder. There he sat, and winked at the children.

CONNECTICUT.

KHAM.

CASTLE-BUILDING.

"Now build me a castle!"

Cried Teddy, our king;

"A beautiful castle,

With turret and wing:

"I'm tired of houses,

With sheepfold and shed;

Now build a great castle

As high as my head!"

Down came the white sheepfold;

The dear, curly sheep,

And red-cheeked young shepherdess

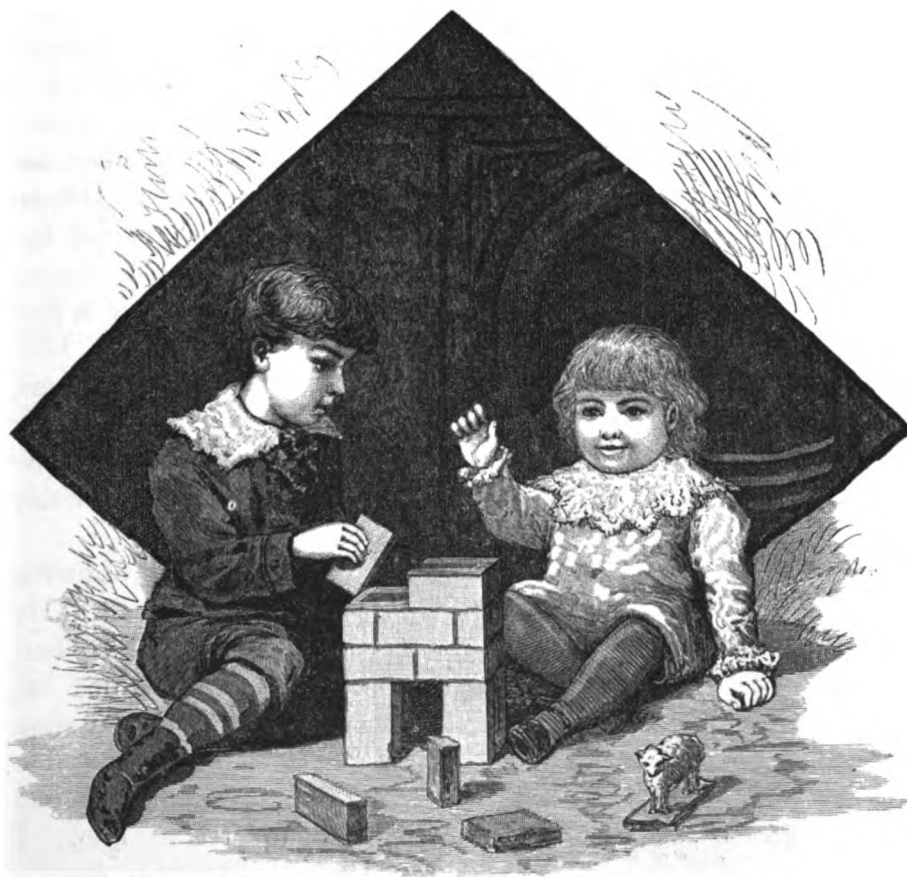
Tossed in a heap;

And high rose the castle

Till taller than Ted.

"Build higher!" he ordered,—

"Build high as *your* head!"



Up, up rose the castle,
 A building quite grand,
 Most carefully built up
 By John's steady hand.

Ah, Teddy! wee ruler
 Of hearts and of home,
 Your castle is fallen,
 And shattered its dome;

"Build one story higher!"
 Our architect frowned,
 Obeyed, the walls tottered —
 Swayed — fell to the ground! .

But don't feel disheartened,
 My dear little man,
 For kind brother Johnnie
 Will build it again.

M. J. TAYLOR.

THE OLD GENERAL.

OUR peacock lived to be twenty-nine years old. We called him "the Old General." A general is an officer in an army. Officers wear very handsome clothing, called their uniform. The peacock had

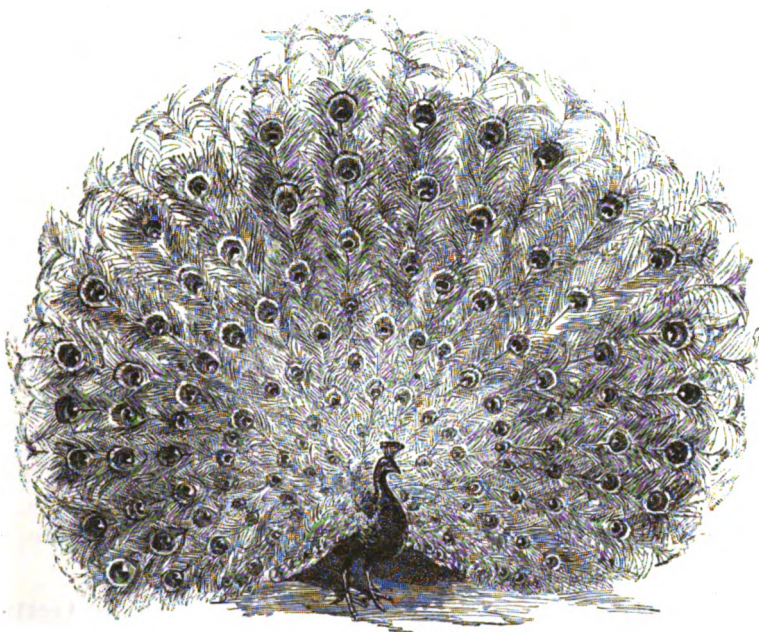
very showy and elegant feathers. Imagine a bird having one or two hundred splendid feathers, some of them three or four feet long. Was not that a nice "uniform" for any bird?



The old General had a very stately walk. He walked like a soldier. Soldiers are drilled to have a nice, regular step. The General had a fine military gait, and no one had to teach him. I should like to see a sergeant drilling peacocks! It was a good sight to see the old General marching and counter-marching.

And the way he strutted! When a peacock shows himself off, he is a grand sight. He has the power of making all his longest and finest feathers stand out like a great fan. Think of the loveliest fan you have ever seen, and then imagine it much lovelier, with rich colors, green, blue, yellow, and so on, and full of what we call "eyes." Then you will have some idea of the old General when he was in full uniform and on dress parade.

Mrs. General was plain, but very domestic, and brought the children up well and carefully. There were several young people in the General's family. I never heard of any disputing among them, and so I think they must have had good parents and very nice bringing up. They looked as much like their parents as any children I ever saw. The girls grew up exactly like their mother; and the boys exactly like the General. I scarcely could tell



mother from daughter. And as to the old General, one of his sons grew up to be so very much like him, that if the General had not been wounded and shown it a little in his walk, I never could have told father from son, or son from father.

One day the old General died. We were all very sorry. It was like losing a favorite cat or dog. Poor old General! He would have been thirty years of age if he had lived just one year more.

R. W. LOWRIE.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

GOING TO SEE THE COWS.



"AY n't I take Maud to see the cows?" asked Gertie.

"You need n't bother to take me; for I can see them well enough from this window," added Maud quickly. Maud was rather afraid of cows.

"O, not those!" exclaimed Gertie. "I mean the cows up at the dairy-farm."

"Yes, you may go," replied her mamma.

Off they started, across the bridge, through a large wooden gate, into a barn-yard. Then they came to a long, low wooden building, and Gertie opened a door and peeped in.

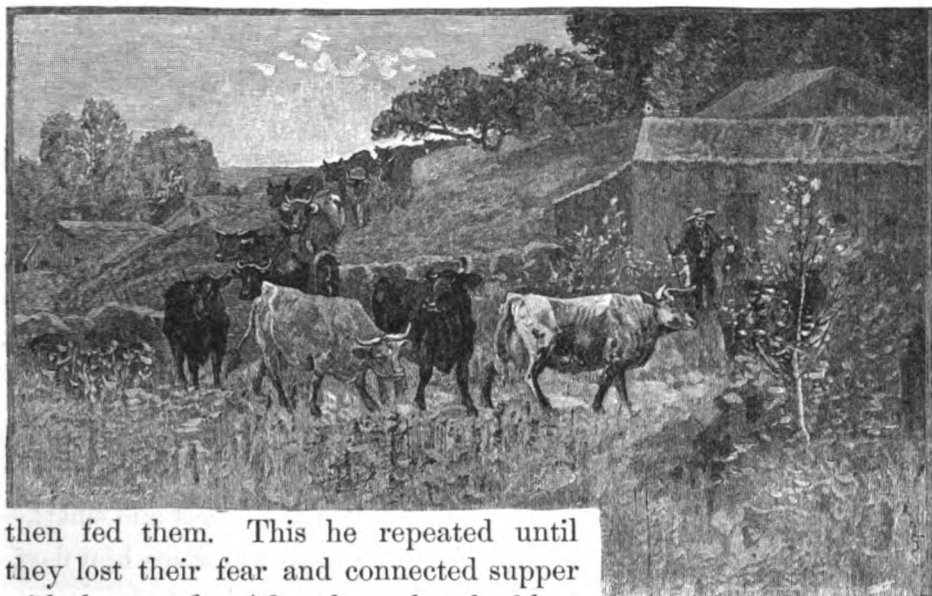
"Let's stay here," she said; "they are just going to call the cows."

A man wearing a blue checked shirt, and a very large hat, came out and blew a bugle once, twice, several times. Soon a number of cows came down the slope at the other side of the yard.

"They are all named," said the man with the bugle, to Gertie and Maud. "That black one is Kate, the flaky one is Whitewash, the Alderney is Belle, and so on. All twenty-eight of them know their own names and their own places, as I will show you."

He threw open a large door at the lower end of the stables, and in trotted the cows, one after another, taking their places in the stalls. Another man tied them in by short chains, while a third gave a supper of meal to each cow. A little boy followed the third man, and swept up the meal. Then the cows were milked.

Maud wanted to know how the cattle ever learned to come at the sound of the bugle. The man was very willing to explain how he taught them. He drove the cows in, chained them up, and blew the bugle before them. At first they were very much frightened. He



then fed them. This he repeated until they lost their fear and connected supper with the sound. After that, when he blew the bugle in the afternoon, they knew they would get their meal if they went to the stables.

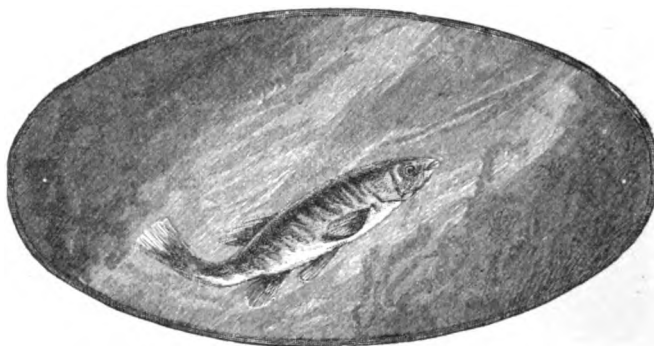
"I'm real glad you took me," said Maud as they returned. "I didn't know cows had so much sense."

"My mamma says even stupid creatures may be taught by patient kindness," replied Gertie.

NEW JERSEY.

EDYTH KIRKWOOD.





SILVER MINNOW.

SILVER MINNOW's gone to sea,
 He a captain bold would be;
 Venturesome young fish is he,
 Pretty Silver Minnow.

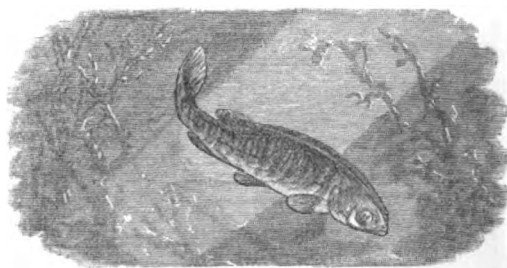
Silver Minnow's pert and smart,—
 Through the water see him dart,
 He knows all a sailor's art,
 Pretty Silver Minnow.

Silver Minnow fain would go
 Where the coral forests grow,
 Through the sea-weed groves
 below,
 Restless Silver Minnow!

Silver Minnow fears no snare
 Where the mermaids comb their
 hair;
 May no pirate meet him there,
 Foolish Silver Minnow!

MARY N. PRESCOTT.

MASSACHUSETTS.





HOW FRANK GOT HIS CANDY.



FRANK WELLS found a dime in the yard one day after dinner.

When he saw it his first thought was, "candy." Frank was very fond of candy.

A great many boys are fond of candy.

Frank did not stop to think that some one must have lost the dime, and so it did not belong to him.

He got his hat as quick as he could and ran to the store, and bought ten sticks of cream candy.

On his way back he met Fred West, and gave him a stick of the candy.

At the door he met his cousin Ned, and gave him two sticks.

Ned went into the house with Frank, and as soon as he saw Frank's mother he said:—

"O, Aunt Wells, did you find a dime in the yard to-day? I lost one this morning, when I was here."

"No, Ned," she said; "are you sure you lost it here?"

"I think I did," said Ned. "Papa gave it to me when he went down town, and I came right here, and when I went home it was gone."

Frank's face was very red, but he did not say he had found it. He did not tell his mother he had bought some candy.

This looked bad in Frank.

He had spent the dime, and now he did not know what to do.

We all know what he should have done. He should have told Ned, at once, that he had found the dime.

But Frank went out into the back yard without saying a word.

Then he began to think. There was something seemed to say to him, "Thief! thief!"

All the time the sound was in his ear of "Thief! thief!"

It seemed to him that all the world would know he was a thief. He wished that he had told Ned at once. But Ned was gone.

He stayed out in the back yard until dark. Then his mother came and called him.

He went to bed; and when his mother kissed him good-night, I am glad to say that Frank put his arms around her neck and told her all.

He cried a good deal, and there were tears in his mother's eyes.

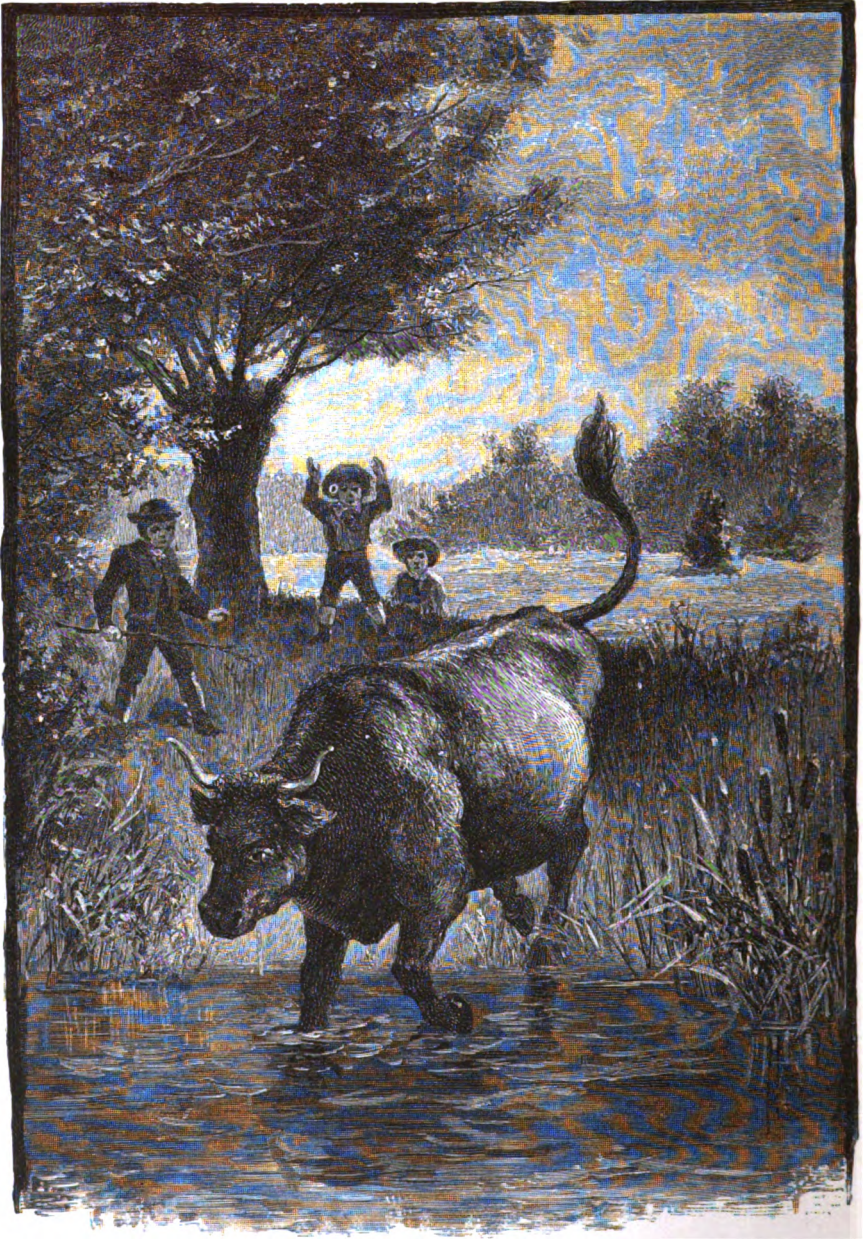
Next day she gave him a dime for Ned, and he went and told his cousin the truth.

Frank's mother told him he must go without candy for a month. It was very hard, but Frank never forgot the lesson.

L. A. B. C.

CALIFORNIA.





WILBER AND THE COW.



VOL. I.

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No. 11.

WILBER AND THE COW.

ONE day little Wilber Kern came in from play very pale. This was not often the case. Almost always he would come in very red and warm. His dear mother at once saw that he had done something which troubled him. He always came and told her if he did anything that he thought was wrong. So she waited and said nothing.

There Wilber sat on a stool close by his mother. She knit away, and Wilber was still very pale and silent. After a while he could not keep the secret to himself any longer. His mother knew all the time that he could not.

"Mother," said he, "some other boys and I drove a cow into the river; will she get drowned?" The secret was out. When he learned that he had really done no harm, he was again happy. His mother was glad that he never did anything without coming to tell her. Boys and girls should all make a friend of their mother.

R. W. LOWRIE.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

HARRY'S FIRST MOTTO.



HARRY is six years of age. He thought the other day that he should like to work a motto. A motto is done with a needle and worsted on cardboard. Boys do not sew as nicely as girls, but he said he knew he could make one like Maud's. So his mother let him.

He said he would make, "Kind words can never die." The way it looked, when done, all in nice red and green shades, may be seen on the next page.

Harry gave it to his Uncle John. His uncle liked it, because it showed a good spirit. He did not like it any the less for the funny "S"

and "N." It is queer that at first almost all boys and girls make their "S" and their "N" wrong.

If you will get cardboard that is nicely shaded, almost any boy or girl can make a nice motto. It is a pretty present to give any one. Make it off by yourselves and surprise mother or father with it on some birthday.

R. W. LOWRIE.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.



NID-NODDING.

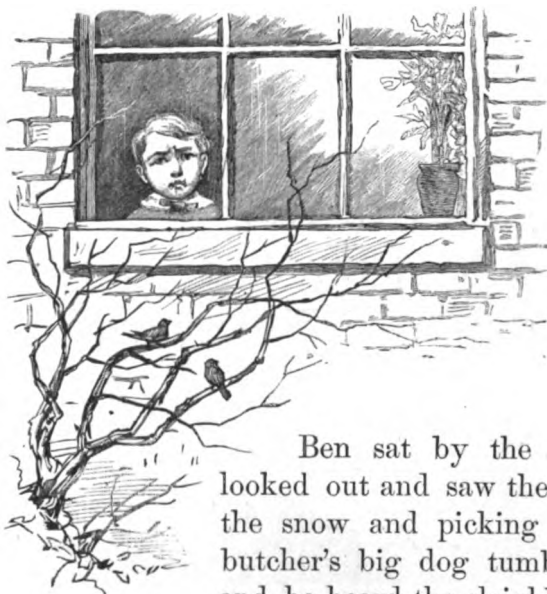
Go, little darling, go,
Nid-nodding to Bye-low:
The snow-white sheep
Are fast asleep,
In such a pretty row,
All in the sweet Bye-
low;
Then go, my darling, go.

M. J. T.

MICHIGAN.



WHAT LITTLE BEN WOULD RATHER BE.



LITTLE Ben felt very cross one morning. He would not speak a pleasant word to anybody. He cried because Grandma would not let him go out and play in the wet snow. His mamma was away from home, and Grandma did not want him to take cold while she was gone.

Ben sat by the window and pouted. He looked out and saw the birds hopping about over the snow and picking up crumbs. He saw the butcher's big dog tumbling through a deep drift, and he heard the sleighbells jingling. Everything seemed bright and merry out of doors. At last he said, "I don't think that boys have any good times at all. I should rather be a dog than to be a boy. I should rather be a bird, too. Then I could play in the snow as much as I wanted to."

"I am sorry to hear my little Ben talk in such a foolish way," said Grandma. "I don't think that dogs or birds have one half the good times that boys do."

"I think they have better times," said Ben; and he kept on pouting and looking out of the window.

"I know a little boy who went to the circus with his Grandpa and had a very nice time," added Grandma. "He saw the horses, ponies, and elephants, and rode home in the big omnibus. He had enough to talk about for a whole week. I never knew any dogs or birds that went to a circus with their grandpas."

Ben began to remember the nice time she spoke of, but he did not say a word; so Grandma went on: "I know a little boy who is so happy when the Fourth of July comes that he gets up before daylight to beat his drum and fire his crackers. I don't believe that dogs know anything about the Fourth of July."

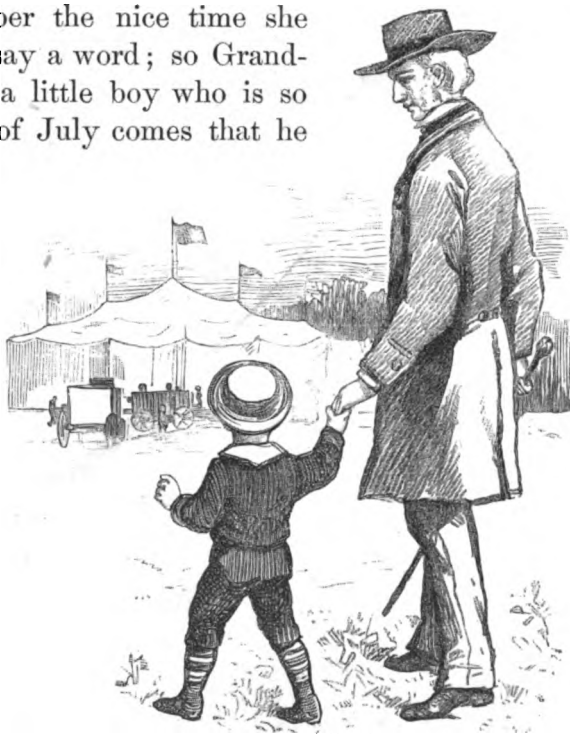
"I don't believe they do, either, Grandma," said Ben; and he could not help smiling.

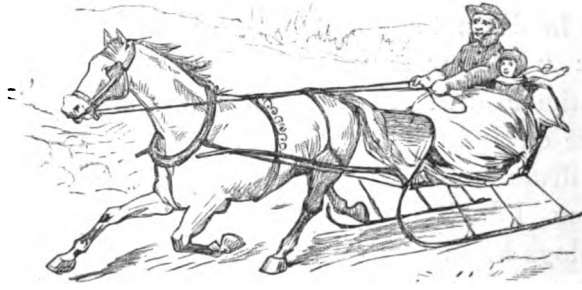
"And that same little boy hung up his stocking last Christmas," said Grandma, "and, O, what pretty presents he had in it! And what pretty presents he had that were too large to be put into a stocking! I don't think that Santa Claus ever brings presents to dogs and birds."

Little Ben could not be cross any longer, and he laughed aloud. "Why, I'm that boy, Grandma," he said; "and I do have lots of good times."

"That's just what I thought," said Grandma. "I know you must have forgotten about some of the things that children enjoy so much;" and she laughed, too, at the sight of his funny face.

"I know I was foolish to say what I did," said he; "but I feel better now."





Little Ben was happy all the rest of the day, and helped Grandma as much as he could. He was very glad when her spool dropped again so that he could pick it up for her. And the next morning he went out and had a fine sleighride with Grandpa.

MASSACHUSETTS.

M. E. N. H.

WALLY WINS THE RACE.



GEE up! Gee whoa!
 How fast we go, —
 I and my pretty prancer!
 Up hill and down
 To Boston town!
 Come, beat us if you can,
 sir!

Away, away!
 We must not stay;
 Gee up! my pretty
 pacer!
 We skim! we fly!
 Ah, ha! good by!
 I think we've won the
 race, sir!

MOTHER CAREY.

MICHIGAN.



BABY EVA'S PRAYER.

DARLING baby Eva,
 Kneeling by my chair,
 In the autumn twilight,
 Lispering out her prayer.

Small hands clasped together,
 Bowed the golden head,
 Blue eyes closed, lips parted,
 "Our Father" faintly said.

Then, as the head bowed lower
 Upon my darling's breast,
 Came, "Eva seepy, mamma,
 And Dod knows all the rest."

MASSACHUSETTS.

I took my sleeping child
 With all a mother's love,
 And laid her down to rest, —
 Then knelt to God above.

And while the evening shadows
 Were falling silently,
 I asked for her a blessing
 There, on my bended knee.

One half my yearning thoughts
 My words have ne'er expressed;
 But still I feel, with her,
 That God knows all the rest.

F. S. LOVEJOY.



BESSIE IN THE MOUNTAINS.

BESSIE LEE was six years old when she went to the mountains of North Carolina with her father.

What Bessie liked best of all were the nice donkey rides every morning. The poor donkeys didn't get much rest, for the little folks kept them busy all day. Bessie was kind to them, but some of the children were not. Bessie liked a donkey named Kate best of all.



One day Bessie's father put her in the saddle, and Kate kicked up. When Bessie was lifted off, and the saddle removed, a great bleeding sore was found on the poor donkey's back.

Bessie felt very sorry for poor Kate, and said, "Papa, I don't want to ride to-day,

but please do not send Kate back to the stables."

"Why not, Bessie?" said Mr. Lee.

"O, papa, the man will let her to some of the rough boys, and they will hurt her back."

Mr. Lee was pleased to see his little daughter's kindness to the poor dumb donkey; but he wished to know if Bessie would deny herself for Kate.

"Well, Bessie," said her father, "if you have any money, give it

to the man when he comes for the donkey. Tell him you wish to keep Kate all day."

"I have the money you gave me for ice-cream," said Bessie. "Will that pay the man?"

It was enough, and was given to the man. Bessie kept the donkey all day. She led Kate to the greenest places in the yard,



and let her eat the grass. She divided her apples with Kate, and carried her a little pail of water.

At night Bessie told her father she had been happy all day. He made her still happier by telling her she could keep Kate every day while she was in the mountains.

Bessie kissed her father and was soon fast asleep. She dreamed of riding in a little carriage drawn by six white donkeys.

AUNT NELL.

NORTH CAROLINA.



THE 'LASSES STEW.

O, JESSY gave a candy pull,
And Lil and Kitty came to share ;
Three bonnie flirts with ruffled skirts,
And flying curls of yellow hair.

They did not know, they could not know,
That candy sticks like gum or glue ;
And to relate their touching fate
Is why I sing the 'lasses stew.

"Here we are met," said Jessy Bell,
"Three busy maids without their mothers ;
With naught to do but watch our stew,
Away from boys and other bothers."

So, with many a solemn taste,
And "tryings" in a cup of water,
The bubbling mass cooked crisp as glass,
And six small hands were greased with butter.



A minute more, and how they screamed,
With fingers burned, and none to bind 'em,
They flew about, indoors and out,
And left a sticky trail behind 'em.

But well they worked to cool it down,
And pulled it to its utmost tether,
Till — who can tell how it befell? —
They found themselves all stuck together.

Their curls and skirts and bows entwining, —
 Each little face supremely silly!
 To free poor Jess, she must undress,
 And Kitty who can part from Lilly?

Ah! now they know, they sadly know,
 That candy sticks like gum or glue;
 'T was thus they fared, so badly snared, —
 They'll ne'er forget that 'lasses stew.

SHERWOOD BONNER.

ILLINOIS.



A RIDE ON PRINCE.

ONE day, as Don went to play, Sam Hurd rode out of the yard on horseback.

"O Sam!" cried Don, "where do you mean to go?"

"To the blacksmith's," said Sam; "Prince needs to be shod."

"Do take me, Sam," said Don; "you can hold me on in front!"

"Well, get up here on the block, so that I can reach you."

Up went Don with a jump; Sam's strong arm held him, and off they rode.

As they went up the hillside Don saw some sheep in the lot near the road.

Just for fun, Sam cried, "Baa!" so like a sheep that it made Don jump to hear a bleat close by his ear.

The sheep in the lot heard, and one of them cried back, "Baa!"

"Baa, baa!" said Sam, once more.

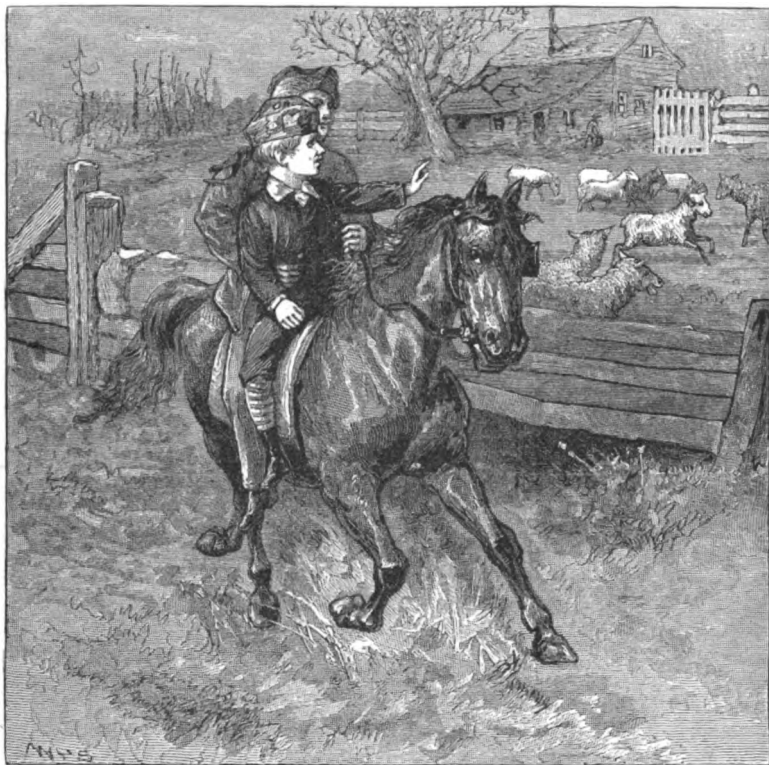
Now the sheep felt sure that there was one of their mates in the road. Out they came from the brush, one by one, and soon a score of them ran on by the fence.

Each one cried, "Baa!" as loud as he could; and this made Don laugh so that he could but just keep his seat.

"There!" said he, at last, "they have come to the end of their lot, but they can't find the sheep that said 'Baa!' to them."

"Why, Donnie Grey, you make me feel quite sheep-ish!" said Sam.

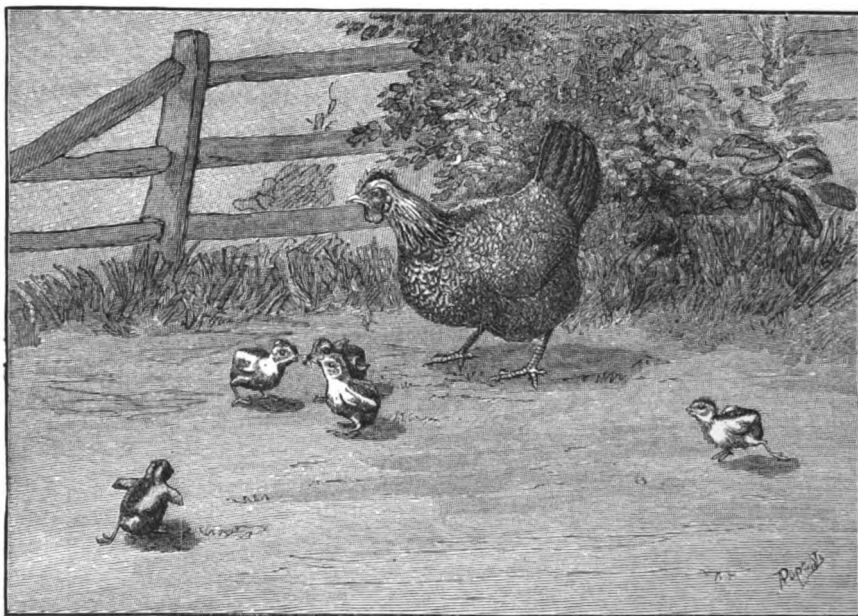
Down the hill they went, and on by the brook. It was a mile



and a half to the blacksmith's. Don was glad it was so far. He liked to ride on Prince.

Don liked to see Prince shod, too. Prince stood still, like a good horse, as he was.

When the blacksmith had done his job, Sam and Don had a fine ride home.



OUT DOOR AND IN.

FIVE little chickens,—

Wasn't it fun,

When their mother called them,

To see them all run?

Out in the garden-path

She scratched up a bug;

Fluffy-down caught it first

And gave a big tug;

Yellow-back and Topknot

Each seized a wing;

Two ran with all their might,

But never found a thing.

Johnny and Charley,

Playing in the hall,

When their mother called them

Did not come at all.

When she sent nurse Mary,
Johnny kicked and cried;
Charley to the bannister
Ran for a slide,
Screamed as he tumbled down,
Bump went his head;
And both little naughty boys
Were sent off to bed.

If I had a silver dollar
Bright and new,
I really do wonder
What I would do, —
Buy two naughty little boys
Who seldom do obey,
Or five little chickens
Who are merry all day!

AMANDA M. DOUGLAS.

NEW JERSEY.



THE STORY OF A RED HOOD.

MARY CLARK, or Mamie, as she was frequently called, wanted a pretty red hood. Susie Gray had one. Dot Miller had one also. In fact, nearly every girl in Miss Rimmer's school had a worsted hood. Mary's father was dead, and her mother worked very hard. Mrs. Clark made pocket-books for a man in Boston. She made a great many for a very little money. It took her a long time to earn a barrel of flour. It took the little Clarks a short time to eat one.

Mamie, Harry, Fred, and the baby were all hungry little people. Sometimes poor Mrs. Clark was sorry they were so hungry, it was so hard to find enough food for them.

"O dear, I want a red hood awfully," said Mamie, one day. Susie Gray was passing with one on.

"I wish I could give you one, my darling," said her mamma.

"I wish you could, too."

"I would not use that word 'awfully,' Mamie."

"Why not, mamma?"

"Because you do not mean it. Let us think for one moment. Awful means filled with awe, terror, or dread."

"I see mamma. No, I do not want the hood *awfully*, but *very much*."

Harry heard all his sister said. The next day he went to a store and asked the man the price of red hoods.

"Here is one for thirty-five cents," said the man.

Harry looked sober. He went away, and the man called after him, "Here, little shaver, who wants a hood?"

"I want one, sir, for my little sister."

"Have you any money?"

"Yes, sir, I sold my knife for fifteen cents."

"Is that all?"

"No, sir, I let Joe Blake have two agates and my best top for five cents."

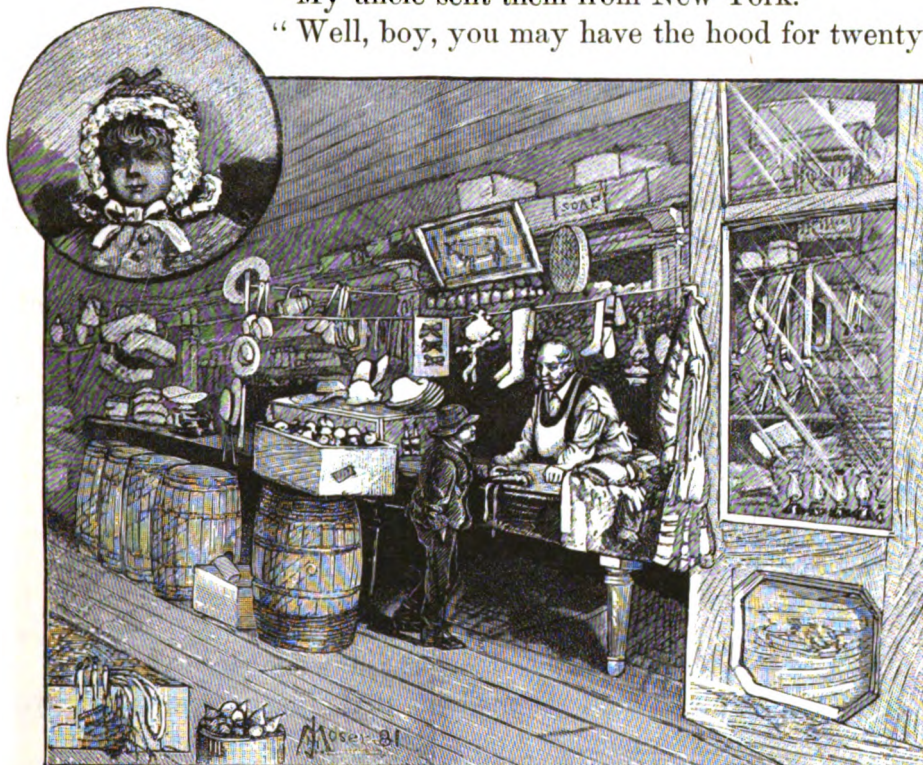
"And is that all?"

"No, sir, I sold some evening papers, and earned five cents more."

"Where did you get your agates, knife, and top?"

"My uncle sent them from New York."

"Well, boy, you may have the hood for twenty-



five cents. To-morrow, if your mother is willing, you may come here and do my errands. I will pay you well."

"Thank you, sir."

"A boy who will sell his playthings to please his little sister must be a good boy."

Mamie Clark wears the red hood every day to school. She does not know how Harry earned the money to buy it. Her mamma knows, and she told us the story for Our Little Ones.

KATE TANNATT WOODS.

MASSACHUSETTS.

THREE LITTLE SAILORS.

You have heard of the three wise Gotham men
Who went to sea in a bowl? But then
Nobody knows where they found a port,
For the bowl was weak and the story short.

But one little chick, and two little chicks,
Soft and yellow, and plump as ticks,
Sailed away, one April day,
On the funniest boat that was ever afloat
Upon any sea or bay.

It was off in a land of wooden shoes,
On a river's bank; and the water rose
From the melting snows
Till it reached their house and wet their toes;
It was late to choose
What ship to take, you may well suppose!

Close by the door was a wooden shoe,
And they hopped on that, the one, and the two;
For nobody knew what else to do —
Not even the bragging "Coo-ca-doo,"
Who sprang to the roof and seemed to say,
In his pompous way, —
"You silly birds, see! as I do, do *you*!"
Some old folks think that their babies may.

Adrift, adrift, now slow, now swift,
The little scared sailors go,
Ever and ever adown the river
Along the overflow,
Till by and by they are high and dry
In a garden far below!



A little miss found them there alone,
And she took them in to be her own,
Made them a bed, and gave them bread,
And, "Little chicks, what have you seen?"
she said



"You have travelled so far I am sure you are
As wise as owls!" But, poor little fowls,
They had travelled and travelled, and
knew no more
Than they did before!



RHODE ISLAND.

GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

NEP AND THE BABY.

NEPTUNE lives next door to our house. I mean Nep, Doctor Lane's dog. He is half Saint Bernard, and is eight years old. Some one gave him to the doctor a few months ago, and he soon made himself at home. The butcher comes



three times a week with meat, and Nep found out about this in a very few days. When meat-day comes he trots down to the corner of the road and waits for the butcher. Other days he stays at home.

He is very fond of the doctor's baby, who is two years old. He takes care of him almost as well as a nurse. One day Mrs. Lane was roasting oysters in the kitchen. The baby was

playing about the floor, and Nep was looking on. Just for sport, Mrs. Lane snapped the tongs at the baby. Nep sprang up at once, with a deep growl, and showed all his teeth to Mrs. Lane. He seemed to say, "You shall not harm this baby, if he is yours." The baby's mamma feels sure now that her pet is safe when he is in Nep's care.

But the strangest thing is that Nep is fond of picture-books. He will stand up, with his fore feet upon the table, and paw open the leaves of Mother Goose, or some other little book. When he finds the picture of a dog, he will wag his tail and say, "Bow-wow!" Sometimes he pulls the



book upon the floor. Then he lies down, and turns over the leaves, and he and the baby look at the pictures together. It would make you laugh to see them.

KHAM.

CONNECTICUT.





GOOD WORK FOR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS.

I **AM** the mother of three little children,—not three chickens. I am quite sure the little chickens would be easier to take of, for all they wish is plenty to eat and drink, and a warm nest to sleep in.



I never heard of a chicken that wished to be amused or played with. They never say, "Mamma, what can I do now?" I wish to help the little girls and boys, who, like my own, are sometimes at a loss what to do. I must first of all ask one question. Can you use scissors?

I wish you to make a book, — not to write it, but to make it all of pictures. This is the way to go about it. Ask your mother and

friends for illustrated papers and books which they would be willing to give you to cut the pictures from. Black and white pictures are as good as colored, and the two look well together.

Cut these out neatly and carefully, with smooth edges. Torn and worn-out picture-books usually have something left which will do to cut out, and thus save from being wholly lost. Then there are



the Christmas, New-Year, and Birthday cards, of which nearly all of us have some.

Take for the pages of your book paper, muslin, or common glazed cambric; cut this into pieces ten inches long and eight inches wide. Three or four pages will make a book large enough to begin with. The cambric may be all white, or any color you prefer; pink, blue, red, or a part of each color.

On these pages paste the pictures neatly, on both sides, using your taste as to which pictures look well together and fit in nicely.

For the covers, take light pasteboard covered on both sides with

cambric and sewed together over and over, or, what is better, in buttonhole stitch with colored worsted.

Then with the scissors make holes through all, and tie the covers and pages together with a narrow ribbon or twisted worsted. Children like this kind of book very much, as it is full of variety, and every page gives many a new thought.

It is also very strong, so that mischievous little hands cannot easily tear it, and so light that feeble and weary little hands can easily hold it. To the poor little children in hospitals nothing could be more welcome.

All it costs is patient and loving work. Then there is the pleasure of doing it. There are the happy moments spent in making a really useful and pretty thing. To this may be added the well-known pleasure of giving.

For God has placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill,
And that Thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.
Mean are all offerings we can make;
But thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

M. F. K.

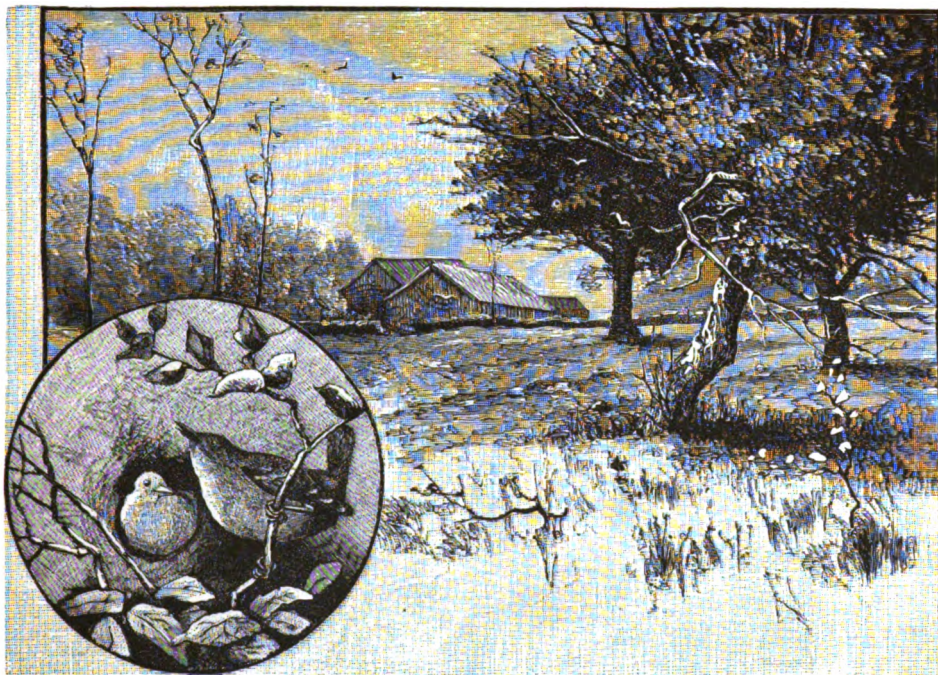
PENNSYLVANIA.

THE WREN'S NEST.

"COME, come, Mrs. Brownie," says young Mr. Wren,
"T is time to be building our nest;
For the winter has gone, the spring blossoms have come,
And the trees in green beauty are dressed,
Dressed, dressed, —
And the trees in green beauty are dressed.

"O, where shall we build it, my dear little wife,
O, where shall we build it?" says he, —

"In the sweet woodbine bower, in the rose by the door,
 Or way up in the old apple-tree,
 Tree, tree, —
 Or way up in the old apple-tree?"



"From woodbine," says Brownie, "my dear Mr. Wren,
 The sparrows would drive us away,
 In the rose by the door cats would eat us, I'm sure;
 Let us build in the apple-tree, pray,
 Pray, pray, —
 Let us build in the apple-tree, pray."

So away high up in the old apple-tree
 Mr. Wren built Brownie a nest,
 And 'tis there she sits now, in the white-blossomed bough,
 With the baby birds under her breast,
 Breast, breast, —
 With the baby birds under her breast.

NELLIE M. GARABRANT.

NEW JERSEY.



IT WON'T BITE.

FIE, fie! little maid;
 Do not be afraid!
 Come! go up with me
 And touch it. There, see!
 'Tis nothing at all

But dark on the wall;
 The light can't shine through
 The bronze horse or you.
 A shame on such fright!
 A shadow can't bite.

JENNY JOY.

MICHIGAN.

CHARLIE'S GOLD DOLLAR.

It was Charlie's birthday. His father gave him a gold dollar for his own.

"What will you do with it?" asked Bert.

"I don't know," said Charlie.

"Buy candy," said Bert; "I would if it were mine."

In the afternoon Charlie went to town with papa.

"I want to spend my dollar," said he, "but I don't know what to buy."

Just then they passed a florist's and Charlie called out, "Let's stop, papa. I want some violets and a rosebud."

Papa stopped, and Charlie got them. Then he bought some oranges, a couple of lemons, some candy, and half a dozen little seed-cakes.



"Now let us get a doll, a pretty one with blue eyes, papa, and a picture-book," said Charlie.

"What are you going to do with them?" asked his father.

"You'll see," said Charlie.

By and by they came to a little old house. Charlie stopped and wanted to go in. A little girl lived here who was very sick. She was one of Charlie's school-mates. He gave her the flowers and an orange. How happy they made her!

"Now I shall have something to look at all day long," she said.

At the next house was a poor little lame boy. Charlie gave him the pretty picture-book, and he clapped his hands for joy. Then Charlie gave him a lemon, for some lemonade, a big orange, and some candy. Little Jamie was very happy.

A little girl who had never had one got the pretty blue-eyed doll. Charlie gave the cakes and the rest of the candy to two little ragged boys in the street. Then he went home.

"What did you buy?" asked Bert.

"O, nothing for myself, but I am



so happy! I never had such a good time in my life," said Charlie.

"That was because you made a good time for others, my boy," added his papa.

ELIZA M. SHERMAN.

WISCONSIN.



DAIRY-MAIDS.

PEEPING through the nursery door,
 Such a pretty sight
 Met my gaze,—upon the floor
 Four girls, dressed in white,
 "Making cheeses," so they said,
 Raising such a breeze,
 Each wee, charming dairy-maid,
 Whirling out a cheese.

M. J. T.



TWO LITTLE BEARS.

Two little cub-bears,
 Frisky and strong —
 Hair brown and shaggy,
 Claws sharp and long!

In the green grass rolling,
 Snapping their jaws;
 Now standing upright,
 Licking their paws.

Two little cub-bears
 In a child's breast;
 Fawn-like and gentle,
 Bringing us rest.

Why, how can that be?
 Not strange you stare;
 Where was there ever
 A gentle bear?

Two little cub-bears
 In a child's breast,
 Called *bear* and *for-bear*!
 They bring us rest.

CLAIRE INGELow.





THE TWO DOGS.



VOL. I.

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No. 12.

THE TWO DOGS.

LITTLE May and Effie's mamma bought them two dogs one day. One was a woolly dog on wheels, the other a saucy-looking wooden dog that barked. May was three years old, and Effie only a year younger.

As mamma came in holding the two dogs, both children ran to meet her. She told May to take her choice of them. First May took the white woolly dog, which was the most costly. It had a blue collar with bells. Then she took the saucy-looking wooden dog. It did look so bright and pert that she wanted both. Finally she took one under each arm, and seated herself in her little chair. Effie stood waiting, with hands held out. But May clasped the dogs tighter. She nodded to Effie, and called her a very nice baby.

They looked very funny. Mamma could not help laughing. Soon Effie's little lip began to roll with a grieved look. Mamma said May must give Effie one of the dogs. May looked at each. At last, with a sigh, she gave the woolly dog to Effie. The funny pert look of the wooden dog took her fancy, and she called him "Pert." Effie was all smiles when she took her dog. His name was "Floss." That night the two dogs were taken to bed with the children. Early in the morning May waked the whole house with her barking dog.

AUNT CARRIE.

MASSACHUSETTS.



A LITTLE ROGUE.

“Run, Carl, run, and see what that puppy has got now!”

It was the baby's clean bib this time. The wind blew it off the chair. Fido saw it and pulled it through the mud. It was not very clean then.

In the morning Carl could not find his shoe. He had to eat his breakfast with one shoe on.

He hunted all over the house for it. At last the meat-man brought it in when he came with the dinner. He found it by the gate.



Last week so many things were lost that Carl's mamma put an old frock on him and told him to crawl under the house and see what he could find.

“O, here is my other hat!” Carl shouted.

“And here is papa's sock! and Aunt Sue's glove! and baby's rattle! Here's a tidy! and my bird book! and grandma's cap!”

When Carl came out with the things Fido sat with his ears up, looking as if he thought it was the best joke he ever heard of.

Mamma says she cannot stand it any longer. She must send for the dog-man to come and take Fido away. That dirty bib is more than she can bear.

But Carl cries, and says if she will not send for the dog-man, he will keep Fido tied up in the shed.

Aunt Sue says she is sure that Fido will soon get over these bad tricks.

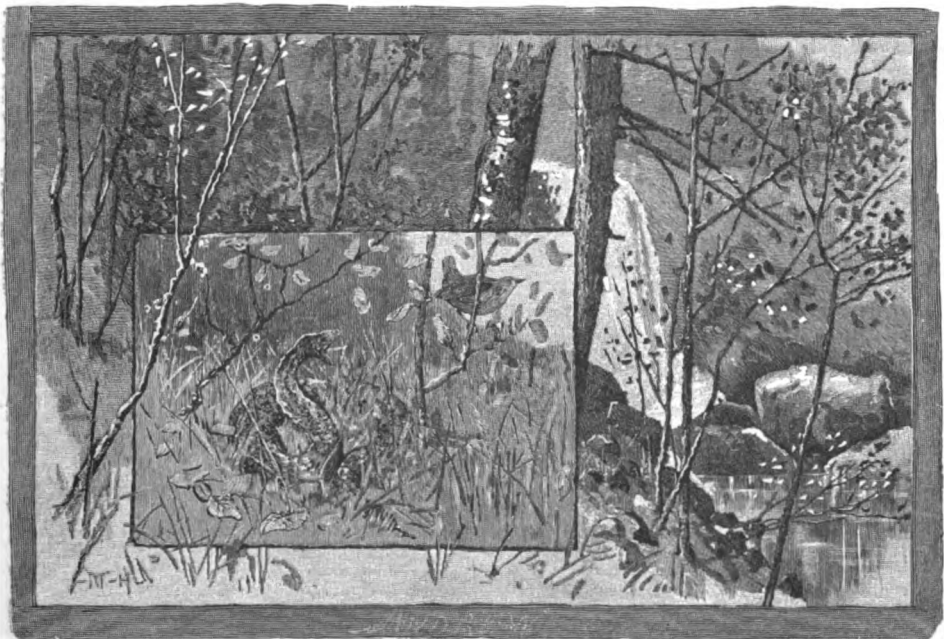
I think mamma will try and stand it a little longer; for Fido is such a funny, happy little fellow that we all love him.

L. A. B. C.

CALIFORNIA.

LITTLE WRENNIE.

"TWEET-TLE-DE, Tweet-tle-de," down in the glen,
"Tweet-tle-de," whistled the gay little wren,
Flitting and frisking her short little tail,
Down in the brown leaves which carpet the vale.



Look, look, little wren, you had better not make
Such a fuss in the leaves, — don't you see that old snake?
His eyes gleam like beads beneath those oak roots,
And from his wide jaws his forkéd tongue shoots.

He sees you! he's coming! fly, fly, little wren,
He'll catch you, and take you away to his den.
O my, what a big snake! he'll swallow you whole,
From the tip of your beak to your foot's little sole.

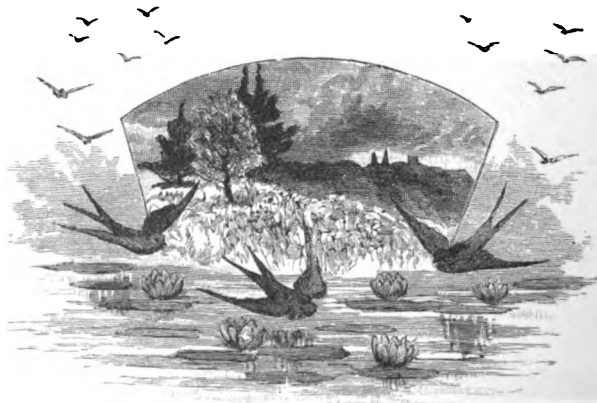
But no! poor Miss Wrennie is finding sweet seed,
And far too intent any danger to heed;
The vile snake already has coiled up to spring,
And never again shall we hear Wrennie sing.

But hark! a deliverer all panting with rage
Rushes, grunting and snorting, a battle to wage;
The old sow, that roots for her pigs in the wood,
Has seen Mr. Snaky, and thirsts for his blood.

She shakes him, she breaks him, she tears him in twain,
Then seizes the pieces and rends them again;
While safe little Wrennie, now high in the tree,
Bursts forth in delight with a loud tweet-tle-de.

R. T. H.

VIRGINIA.



JOHNNIE AND THE GOPHER.

THE common gopher is a fine little fellow about the size of our striped squirrel, and is found at the West. He is full of mischief, and steals the farmer's corn. Some of these pests are destroyed by the hen-hawk, which is fond of gopher-meat. The smart boys of the West catch many of them.

This is the way that Johnnie caught one a short time ago. He



saw an active young one on the prairie, and was ready for a chase. He ran, and so did the gopher, which was in a hurry to get home. Johnnie gained on him and was near him, when the gopher stopped. He turned around, sat up straight, folded his paws as a boy does his arms, and looked at Johnnie. He seemed to say, as well as he could, "Now, my boy, I am ready for you, if you choose to risk my teeth."

Just as Johnnie stopped to take his prize by the nape of the neck, Gopher was missing. He had stopped just on the edge of his hole. He went down to see about his dinner, or because he felt like doing so.

Johnnie knew he would come up again to see how he liked being fooled in that way. He was soon ready to receive him. He made a slip-noose with a string, placed it over the hole, and waited.

Gopher soon peeped slyly out, and looked around to see the boy who liked to chase a gopher. But before he knew of the trick, Johnnie pulled the string. Gopher was caught, and was dangling at the end of it. It was Johnnie's turn then to laugh at him for his folly in coming out of his house.

When Johnnie had no string in his pocket, he filled Gopher's house with water by pouring it in at the hole-door. Then the gopher ran out in great haste to see where all of the rain came from. His eyes blinked, and his hair was as smooth as if it had been just brushed. He found Johnnie waiting for him, and ready to carry him home to that naughty pup. Gopher must not think Johnnie a foolish boy, or be too sure he is safe in his burrow.

DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

MASSACHUSETTS.



ROLY POLY.

ROLY POLY : is n't he fat !

Plump as a pear, — yes, more than that.

Pudding was his hourly cry,

Pudding was his bosom's sigh.

Roly Poly broadened soon,
Rounded like a small balloon.
Buttons flew off in a shower,
Pudding has such magic power.



Roly Poly ceased to talk,
No ambition had to walk;
Stop his pudding, he felt hurt,
Though he'd more than his
desert.

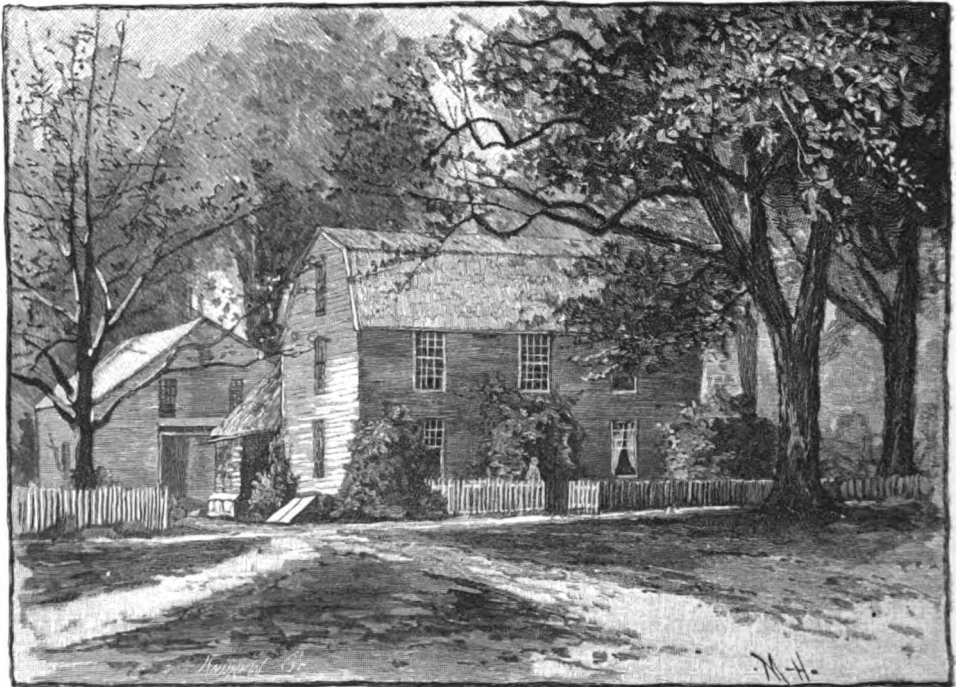
NEW YORK.

Roly Poly up the stair
Now is rolled with special care.
This, no doubt, 's the reason
solely
Why they call him Roly Poly!

GEORGE COOPER.

ROBBY'S FUR BABY.

AN old elm-tree grew near the house where Robert Winn lived. It was a very tall tree ; its branches touched the highest windows, and swayed against the chimneys. A pair of brown squirrels had



found, among these branches, a corner suited to their minds. As squirrels never get tired of leaping and jumping, they made their funny little nest among the topmost boughs.

Mamma Squirrel had gathered leaves and moss and small sticks, and they were so nicely put together that not a drop of rain could ever get in. It was a lovely egg-shaped cradle. This cunning little hammock was so gently rocked by the winds that very sweet sleep came to the small fur babies. There were four of them.

One bright, sunny day one of these brisk little fellows thought

he would take a look at the great world outside. He ran away without leave. Up one branch he went, and down another, hiding in a leafy pathway if he thought any of the others were near. He meant to have his own way.

Presently he came to an open window, and in he ran; he bobbed his funny bit of a head all about, then crept along and jumped into a bureau-drawer. Robert's mother had left it open to put away some laces and ribbons. When she came back she did not see the small stranger; he had hidden away under a pile of soft linen, and was sound asleep.

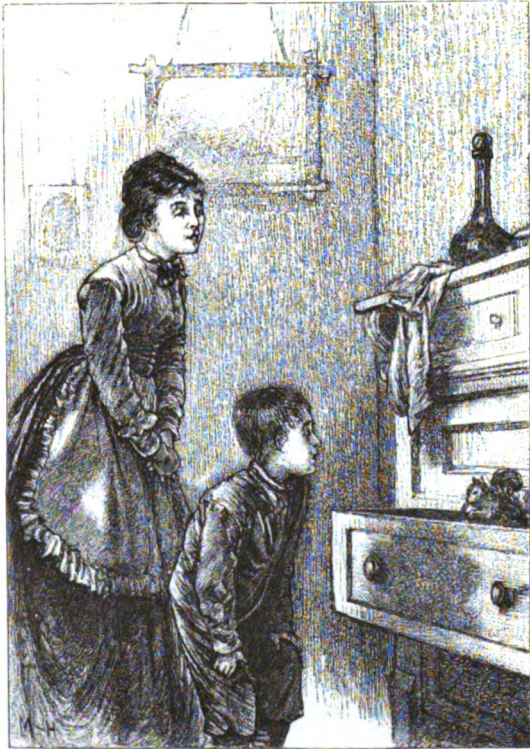
Robert's mamma put in her laces, locked the drawer, and went down stairs.

Late in the afternoon there was great hunting up and down and all about for the new collar Robert was to wear on his journey to the city; in half an hour the house would be shut, and every one living there then away for the winter.

"In the blue chamber, upper bureau-drawer, look there, Betty," said Mamma Winn; "I may have left it with mine."

How Betty jumped and Robby screamed when the drawer was opened! The little fur prisoner leaped out and ran over Robby's shoulder, and then perched upon his curly head. He did not like to be shut up.

"My own, my own, my very own!" cried Master Robby with great delight. "And you shall have my dead bird's golden cage," he added, "and lots of nuts and nice things."



"And a little bed," said kind Betty.

"Are you glad, Mr. Fur Baby?" asked Robby.

The small pet looked into Robby's blue eyes. Perhaps he was thinking of Mamma Squirrel and his pretty cradle-home. Then he nestled up a little closer, and that afternoon rode to the city in his golden cage, opening his eyes in great wonder at the outside world.

MASSACHUSETTS.

S. A. N.

DAISY, THE PET LAMB.

ONE day a cross man drove up to the fence and threw something over into the yard. It was a poor lamb, with its two fore feet and its two hind feet tied together. All its



wool had been sheared off. The lamb lay on the ground bleating sadly until papa came home.

When he came, Charlie and Minnie led him to the place where the lamb lay. He cut the cruel ropes and then the

children fed it. Papa had bought the lamb for his little ones, but he did not think the man would treat it so badly.

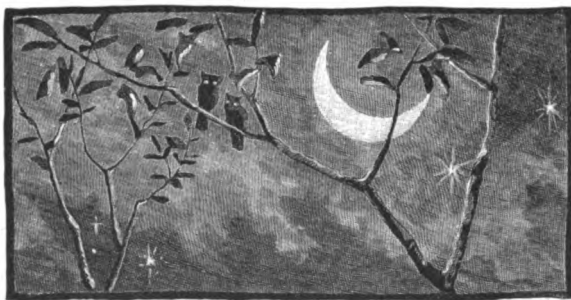
In a few weeks the lamb had become so gentle that he ran after the children. They called him Daisy. He would butt at them for fun until they gave him something to eat. One day he saw Charlie coming with a tin pail. He ran after the boy until they came to the woodpile. The lamb butted at Charlie until he fell over on the wood. Then he could get what was in the tin pail. The lamb was only in fun, but papa thought it was rather rough sport. As Daisy grew rougher and rougher every day, he had to be sold.

The children were sorry ; but papa soon got them a gentle lamb that did not butt, so they were not long without a pet.

It is far better to be gentle than it is to be rough.

RUTH ARGYLE.

ALABAMA.

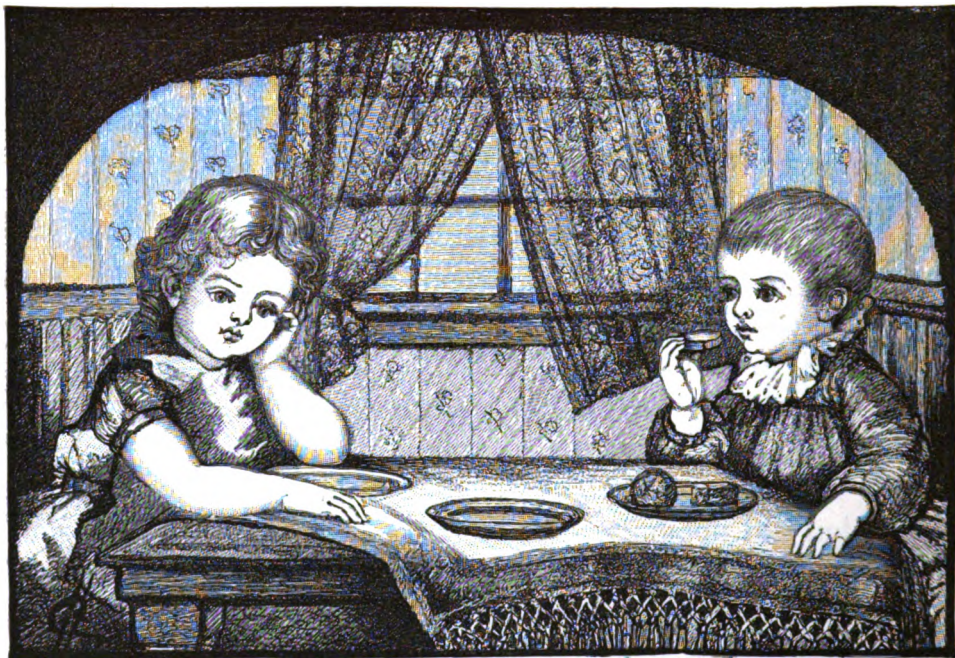


CAN OUR LITTLE ONES TELL ?

O, THE moon, like a silver boat,
On the blue of the sky is afloat,
'Mong the beautiful cloud islands going,
O, but who, with the unseen oar,
Guides her safely from shore to shore?
Can Our Little Ones tell who is rowing?

M. J. T.

MICHIGAN.



HER MATCH.

LITTLE Flossie was five years old. She had a little brother Johnnie who was two and a half years old. They were playing party. Flossie had eaten all her goodies. Seeing Johnnie's spread out before him in most tempting array, she raised her large gray eyes, and said, "Johnnie, play you said, 'Sister, won't you have some o' my goodies?'"

Little Johnnie, looking as grave as a judge, replied, "Flossie, play I said, 'I sha' n't do it.'"

Flossie dropped her head, feeling she had met her match.

THE LITTLE DUCK THAT WAS DROWNED.

Two little white ducks swam out on the pond
When the days were long and bright;
They seemed of each other so proud and fond
That they made a pretty sight.



The children watched them as they swam,
With shouts of merry glee;
And when one fell over the foaming dam
Their grief was sad to see.

But the safe duck cried to his ruffled mate,
And told her the path to take,
And then he stood on the shore to wait
Till she waddled back to the lake.

One day she was lost again, they said ;
So we went and looked around,
And lo ! in the deep pond's weedy bed
The dear little duck we found.

She had tried to dive for a fish or bug,
But the weeds her neck had bound ;
We fished her out, and a grave we dug
For the dear little duck that was drowned.

MRS. KATE UPSON CLARK.

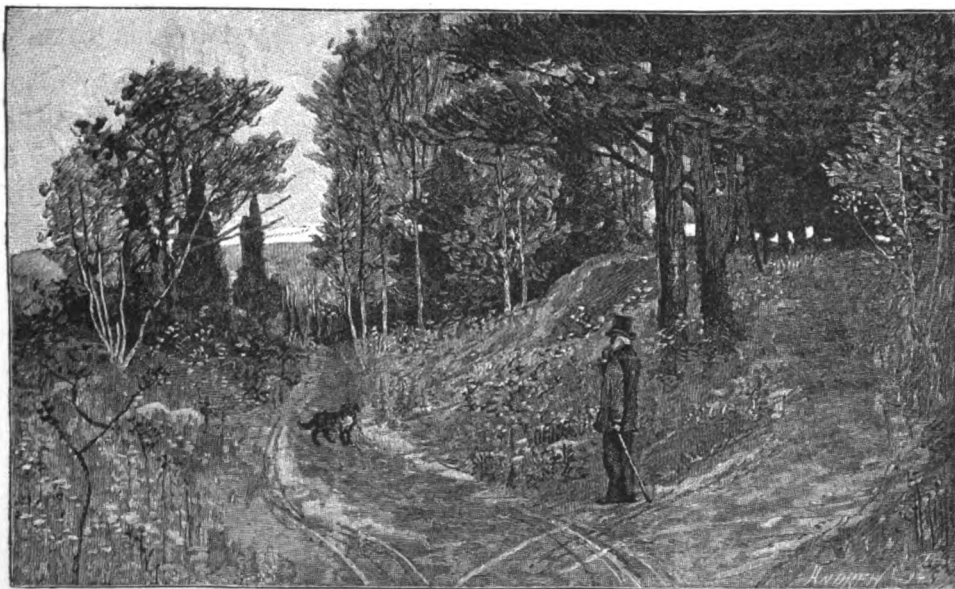
MASSACHUSETTS.



THE DOG THAT WENT TO CHURCH.

Fido is a "Down East" dog. He is now old, dark, and brindled, but as good as he is old. He has watched the cattle, pigs, fowls, the house and Charlie-boy, and kept away the "tramps" at night, for many years. He is now too old to do much. He is almost blind, and cannot wear glasses. But he tries to take care of his young friend Charlie.

Fido is a dog of good habits. He stays at home in the evening, instead of being out in the company of bad dogs, and getting into mischief. On Sunday he does not go off into the fields and woods, stealing chickens or chasing the lambs—the little dears! Like an orderly and well “brought up” dog, he goes to meeting with the rest of the family. He seems to know when Sunday comes as well as Charlie does. He does not like to stay at home. For fear that he may be shut up in the kitchen, he is sure to be out of sight when



the family get ready for church; but in a few moments after the carriage starts he comes from his hiding-place. He then trips along as fast as his aged legs can carry him, trying to keep ahead. When they get to the meeting-house—they do not have churches in the country—he walks slowly in with the rest, and lies down in the pew.

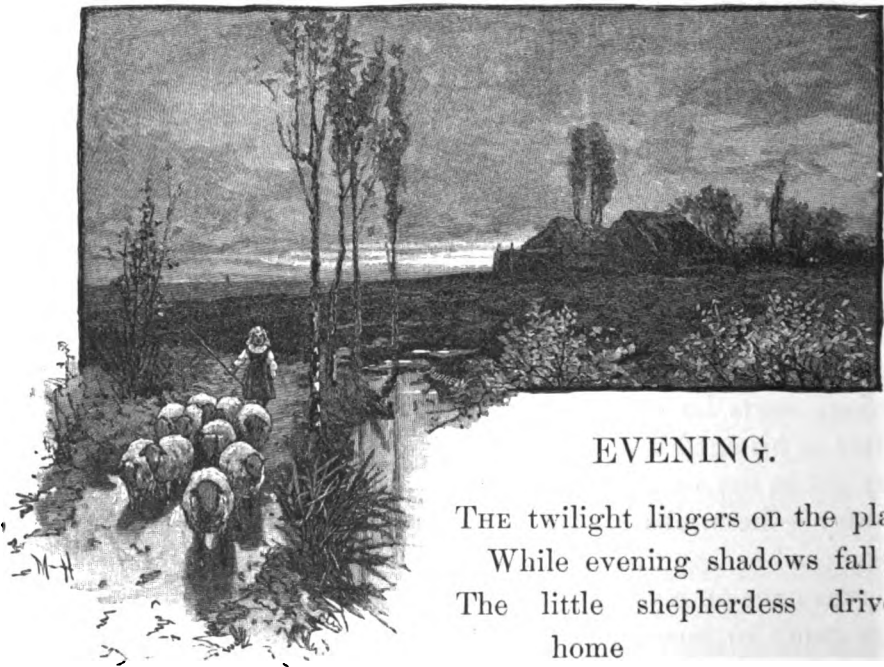
I was once on a visit to his master's house. As none of the family were going to meeting that day, Fido and I started alone; and as I did not know the way, he was to be my guide. We went some distance and came to where there were two roads, and I did not know which one to take, and kept on. But Fido turned, looking

toward me as if trying to say, as dogs talk, "That is not the way to my meeting. This is the right way." I followed him, and soon he turned up a hill and led me to the right place. Fido took me to the right pew. He went in and lay down till the meeting was done.

I will say to the credit of Fido, that when the family stay at home, as on a rainy day (Fido is not afraid of rain), he goes alone and lies in the pew, and behaves as well as any of the people. He is a dear, good dog, and knows how to set a good example to others. He proves that he has been well trained by his friend Charlie.

DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

MASSACHUSETTS.



EVENING.

THE twilight lingers on the plain
While evening shadows fall;
The little shepherdess drives
home

The flock that heeds her call.

A.

AUNT LOUISA'S PUDDING.

"ONE — two — three — four — five! O, what beauties! Which biddy do you think laid 'em? I'm almost certain sure it was dear old Fluffy. Bless her heart! is n't she just the darlingest —"

"Whew! Mill. You quite take my breath away. But have a care! Those eggs are not cobble-stones."

The warning came too late. Crash! went the eggs gathered in in Nellie's white apron. She had, without thinking, leaned against the barrel that held the nest, in her effort to discover additions to her store.

"O Lenny! Do you think Aunt Sice will scold awful?" exclaimed Milly, looking ruefully down at her apron. The yellow fluid was already oozing through the pretty barred muslin.

"I dare say you'll catch it," Lenny replied. There was not a spark of sympathy in his tones; yet Lenny was not a bad boy.



Milly did not quite understand what her cousin meant when he said she would catch it, but she felt that it was something to be dreaded. Two great round tears gathered in her eyes.

"I wish — papa would come and fetch me home," she cried. "Who would ever think the nasty eggs could smash so easy? O dear! what shall I do?"

Just then the pleasant voice of Aunt Louisa was heard at the kitchen door calling, "Come, dears, be quick! I'm waiting for the eggs. The pudding will be spoilt if you don't make haste."

"And I do so love Aunt Sice's puddings!" cried little Milly. Choking back a sob, she answered, "I can't come, Aunt Sice! I'm awful!"

She had dropped her apron, and its sticky contents were streaming down to her very toes. The soft laugh that greeted her as Aunt Louisa discovered the woful plight she was in at once reassured her and put her at her ease.

"Am I not a funny pudding, Aunt Sice? I hope you won't get frightened and give me to the beggar-man, like Mrs. Tom Thumb did, you know!"

"Run, Lenny," her aunt cried playfully, "and see if there happens to be a beggar passing!"

Then she caught Milly up in her big calico apron and ran with her to the house. There she was soon made as clean and sweet as ever. Lenny found a new nest of eggs, and Aunt Louisa's pudding turned out a famous one.

M. J. TAYLOR.

MICHIGAN.



DASH AND HERO.

DASH was the name of little Alice Cox's dog. She loved him dearly, though her brother Tom laughed at him because he was so rough and clumsy.

"Dick Stacey's dog drives the cows to pasture," said Tom; "but Dash does n't know enough to do that; and if rats ran under his nose all day he would not catch one."

"We have n't any cow for him to drive," said Alice; "and I am glad he don't catch rats, horrid things!"



One morning Dash went into the kitchen, and putting his forepaws on the table seized a piece of meat.

"Let that alone," cried the cook; but Dash ran out of the kitchen with the meat in his mouth. Tom and Alice were in the yard, and saw the dog with the meat.

"Dash! Dash!" called little Alice.

But Dash did not stop. He pushed open the gate of the yard, and trotted down the road.

Tom and Alice ran after him. They saw him stop by a big tree. Under the tree lay a large dog, with a deep gash in his thigh. The wound was clotted with blood and caked with dirt, and the poor

dog was half dead with hunger. He wagged his tail when he saw Dash with the meat. Dash tried to help him up, but the poor dog could not walk.

"Dash can't drive cows or catch rats," said Tom, "but he has a kind heart."

Tom put the strange dog in a wheelbarrow, and wheeled him



home. He washed the wound, and bound it up with a cloth. Dash looked on and seemed to know what Tom was doing.

"This new dog shall be mine," said Tom. "I will call him Hero, because he looks brave."

Hero was soon well again, and was such a good dog that everybody liked him. But he would not catch rats. Tom could not teach him to do so.

But one night he caught something much larger than a rat. Mr. Cox was waked by a noise down stairs. He went down, and found Hero holding a man by the throat. The man had taken Mr. Cox's money out of a drawer. He was a thief.

"You see," said Tom, "that my dog is brave. He is of use to watch the house. We should have lost that money if Hero had not caught the thief."

"And if it had not been for Dash, we never should have had Hero," said Alice; and she put her arms around the neck of her big dog.

Dash wagged his tail, and rubbed his head on Alice's arm. He seemed to know what she said, and he loved her because she was so kind to him.

FLORENCE H. BIRNEY.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

TOM'S WISH.

"I WISH I could always, always play,
Every minute of every day,
Just as long as I ever shall live!"
Cried little Tom Temple one day. "I'd give
My dollar bill and my old dog Turk,
If I never again should have to work!"



"Ho, ho! ha, ha!" laughed Tom's grandpapa,
"I can fix that, sir, with your good mamma;
Give me the dog and your dollar bill,
And I pledge you my word you may have your will, —

No more work, but just play, play, play,
Every minute of every day."

"I guess, mamma," said our Tom that night,
"That just all play is n't — well, not quite
So very nice as I thought 't would be,
Because — because — well, don't you see,
You work, and *I* ought to help some, too,
Because, — to show how much I love you!"

COLORADO.

WILLIAM NORRIS BURR.



CHARLEY'S HORSE PRINCE.

CHARLEY'S father brought him a horse from Canada. His name is Prince. Prince likes apples. Charley takes a basketful and goes to the pasture fence and calls, "Prince, Prince." The horse pricks up his ears and listens a minute. Then he gallops up to the fence to get the apples.

Charley has a very fine dog. His name is Don. Don knows a great deal. When Prince is at the farther part of the pasture he cannot hear Charley call. His master says, "Go find him, Don." Don bounds away as fast as he can, and drives Prince up to the fence.

Charley's colt, Lady June, is in the pasture, with a cow. Lady June smells of the apples, but she is too small to eat them, so she stands and watches Prince.

The cow loves apples, and wants to eat them, but Charley cannot let her. They may choke her.

Don drives the cow into the barn shed and keeps her there while Prince eats. Prince is a very playful horse.



He and Charley play together a great deal. He runs after Charley, and takes him up by his jacket and shakes him, but he does not hurt him. Charley has a nice new saddle, and he takes pleasant rides on Prince's back.

F. S. LOVEJOY.

MASSACHUSETTS.



TWINS AND TAFFY.

MRS. GREGORY was the mother. Her twin babies were so much alike no one knew them apart. Mrs. Gregory knew them, and never made a mistake. Mr. Gregory often kissed Dotty and called her Daisy. Sometimes he called Daisy, Dotty. The little ones did not care.

Every morning, when the weather was fine, the twins went out for a ride. Their little carriage was made for them. Daisy sat in one end, and Dotty in the other. Many people stopped to look at them.

One morning Mrs. Gregory went out with the little nurse-girl. The lady wished to buy the girl a pair of new shoes. When they reached the store they left the carriage by the door. No one would harm two dear little baby girls. A man sold candy in the next store. His little boy saw the babies, and he was much pleased.

"O papa, papa, you never saw such lovely babies," he said. "May I give them some taffy?" His papa was busy doing up some candy in a pretty box. When the little boy asked him again he said, "O yes, yes, give them some if you wish to."

The little boy ran out and gave each baby a large piece. Dotty put hers in her mouth and then held it out to Daisy. Daisy did the same. The candy was new, and the little mouths made it very soft. When Dotty tried to give some to Daisy she put it on her pretty little hood. When Daisy tried to feed Dotty she soiled her nice cloak. The little boy thought it great fun.

Mrs. Gregory found it quite hard to fit the nurse-girl with shoes. When at last she came out, she could not speak. Her two pretty babies were a sight to behold. They had taffy on their cloaks, taffy on their hoods, and taffy all over the lap-rug. The rug was a very fine one Grandma Gregory bought in Paris.

"Dear, dear me," said Mrs. Gregory, "what looking children!"

"I gave it to them," said the little boy; "my pa let me."

He was so pleased he jumped up and down by the side of the carriage.

"I know you wanted to be kind, little boy," said Mrs. Gregory, "but my babies are frights."

The little nurse-girl went into the store and asked for a tumbler of water. The man gave it to her. Then Mrs. Gregory dipped her handkerchief in and wiped the sticky faces.



All the way home she wondered how she could clean the little hoods. Mr.

Gregory laughed when she told him, and said he would buy new hoods.

The twins eat taffy now without feeding each other.

K. T. W.

MASSACHUSETTS.



PICTURE LESSON.

ONE,

TWO,

Letters in Lu;



THREE,

FOUR,

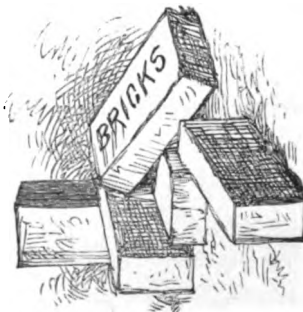
Letters in door;



FIVE,

SIX,

Letters in bricks;



SEVEN,
EIGHT,
In play-mate ;



NINE,
TEN,
In mid-ship-men.

PENNSYLVANIA.

JULIA P. BALLARD.



LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.

I WAS watching Willie and Grouse at play on the lawn a few days since. I saw in the poor dumb brute a spirit that is too seldom found in man.



Grouse is an old bird-dog,—a setter. He was bought before Willie came to be his little master. He has soft, brown hair, and is a very clever, good-natured dog. Willie can do anything with him, and he never gets angry; but when Willie hurts him he only looks up and pleads with his large, misty eyes.

They had been playing a long while. Grouse got tired and lay down on the grass. Pretty soon I saw Willie get some water in a basin. I wondered what he was going to do with

it. Then he walked close up to Grouse, who lay on the lawn, and threw the water all over him.

It was very unkind for Willie to do so, don't you think it was? I called Willie to me, and told him it was too bad for him to plague such a good old dog. I told him he was a very naughty boy to do so.

Willie said he supposed it was wrong to plague Grouse, but he did n't mean to hurt him much.

So Willie went back to where Grouse lay in the sun drying himself. He patted the poor dog on the head, and asked him if he would forgive him for his unkindness.

Then Grouse, as if he knew what was said, licked Willie's hand. He looked up forgivingly into his face with his dewy eyes, as much as to say, "I am one who can love his enemies."

FRANK H. SELDEN.

CONNECTICUT.

THE MERCIFUL PRINCE.

MORE than two thousand years ago, in a far-off country, a prince was born. While he was yet a child every care was taken that he should be made happy, and sights of sorrow were carefully kept from him. He was of a very kind, loving, and tender disposition.

But the care even of a king for a prince could not keep away all sorrowful sights. His watchful eyes sometimes saw suffering that filled his heart with pity.

As he was playing with his cousin in the palace ground, a flock of wild swans flew over their heads. His cousin drew his bow and wounded one. It fell at his feet. The prince with pity drew the arrow from the wounded bird, nursed it, and saved its life.

While his child life was one of tenderness and mercy, the years passed by and he became a man. His heart was still filled with pity for every suffering creature. He went from the palace, from home and dear friends, to become poor and a wanderer, that he might help the suffering. It is beautifully told that in his wanderings

he came upon a flock of sheep driven along the dusty highway. There was one poor wounded, bleeding lamb, which he took tenderly in his arms and carried. And so through life his pity and his



help were given to the weak, whether men or beasts. From his tender and beautiful life, men came to worship him after his death.

The prince was Prince Gautama, of India, who is worshipped as Buddha. Is not his loving and merciful life, from a little child to an old man, a beautiful example to us?

MINNESOTA.

CHARLES T. JEROME





